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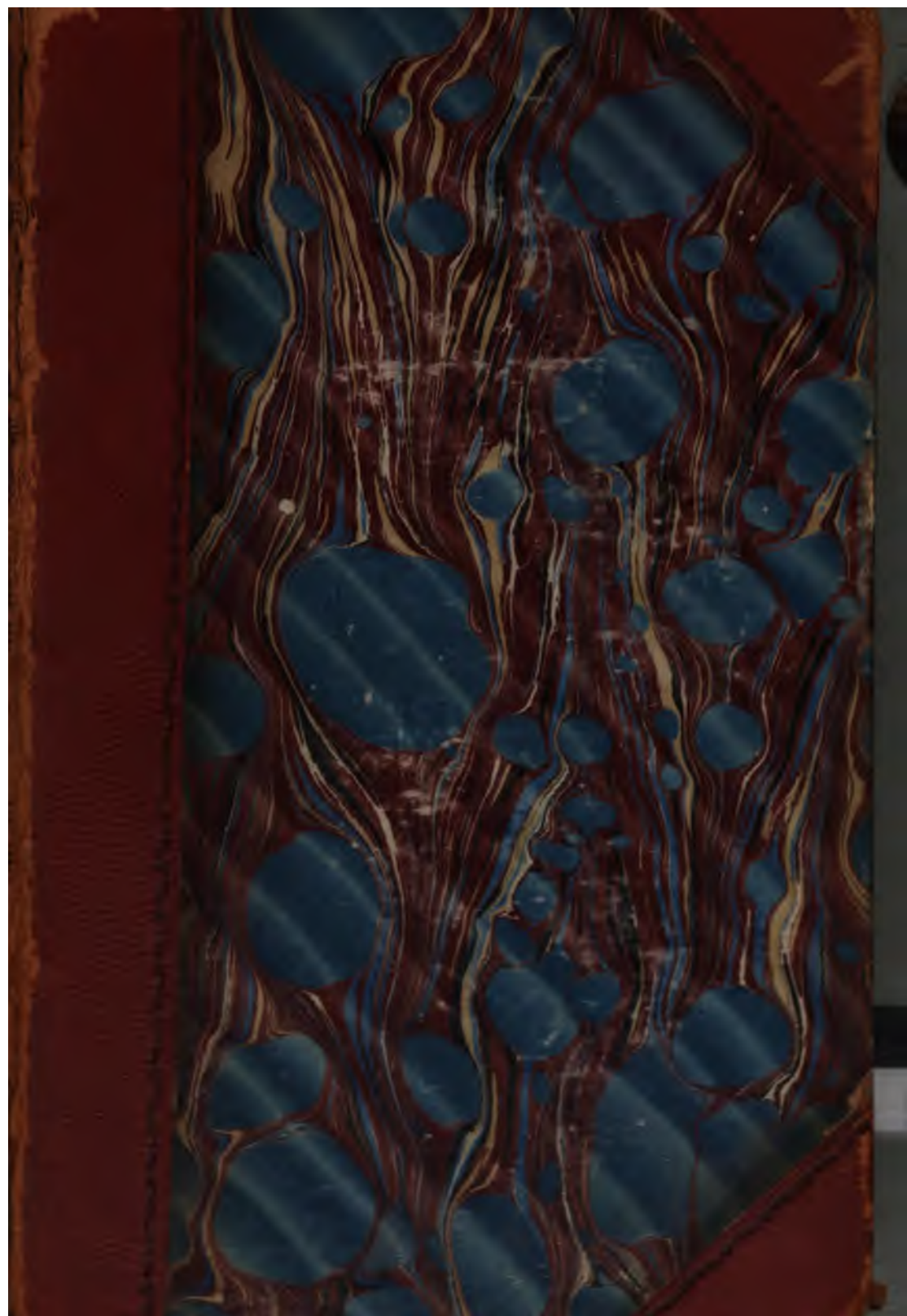
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Wm E. Horn

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

ENTIRELY NEW SERIES.

VOL. X.
JANUARY—JUNE.



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PREFACE.

THE other day, at the Literary Fund dinner, in an eloquent and practical address, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone condemned the encouragement too often given to an aspirant for literary honours simply on the ground of the disadvantages under which said aspirant had written. The Premier said that to support and encourage a book simply because it was written by a mechanic, or by some person who could not be expected from his position to write a book, was an injury to the man himself and to society. All literary works should stand on their own merits, and no man has a right to claim indulgence because of the educational disadvantages under which his book may be produced.

I commend this practical philosophy to some of my numerous correspondents. An editor suffers much at the hands of uncommissioned contributors; but most from amateur writers, from men and women and young people who, somehow discovering that they can turn a rhyme or build up a reasonably good sentence, suddenly believe they have a call to the world of Letters. Thereupon they commence to pester editors everywhere; but as I am here and there credited with the weakness of editorial courtesy, they all seem to fix upon me for their first or last efforts at publication.

In many cases their MSS. are accompanied by long confidential letters, appeals to one's feelings, attacks on one's sympathy. Now and then I detect something of merit in an amateur article; but too often the merit lies in the evident disadvantages of the circumstances under which the paper has been written. Misled on this tack, I return a civil reply and say, "Try again; you may succeed." The writer tries again. He does not succeed. I say so. His MS. goes back. Then I have been unkind; I have raised hopes only to blight them. Sometimes the MS. is lost or mislaid, the writer having omitted to put his name or address upon it. Then it cannot be returned; and the young author pours out his wrath wildly upon the editor. I sympathise with him, despite the suffering he causes; but I tell him now, as I have told him before, that if he would retain his literary treasures, he must keep copies of them. This is easily done; the manifold letter writer and the copying press are old institutions.

Another troublesome contributor is the young author whose first

article is accepted. Seeing himself in print, he thinks he has not only become famous, but has laid the foundation of his fortune. He launches out in social expenses; he suddenly appears in literary society, and wants to join an Art Club. He has read those wonderful paragraphs of London Correspondents about the vast sums which are paid to successful authors; he expects for his article a cheque equal to a king's ransom; like the Scotchman (who made a guinea joke in *Punch*, and came from Edinburgh to spend a week in London, on the strength of having all his expenses paid), he is disappointed. He gets over this, however, on the hope of becoming a constant contributor; but finding his other MSS. rejected, he comes to the conclusion that the editor is jealous of his success, and at the same time pounces on the discovery, and declares it in writing, that the editor is not a gentleman. Solemnly I caution this vast crowd of young and old that literature, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is a forlorn hope. It makes my heart ache to see the pale faces, the anxious eyes that haunt the outer passages of editorial rooms, and the offices of publishing houses. Everybody seems to think, not only that he can write, but that he can live by his pen. The young aspirant is jostled by an army of parsons and barristers, and gentlemen in Government employment, educated men not wholly dependent upon journalism and literature; as a rule, this active and clever army writes well; its industry is enormous; it makes the profession utterly impossible for thousands of other outsiders who swarm up from the country in the hope of taking a place in the ranks. At best, literature gives even comparatively successful men but a hard crust, though Mr. Jacox, in "Aspects of Authorship," very properly contends that the loaf of bread earned by the competent author is not so hard and crusty as it was. Nevertheless, he cannot help quoting some of the best known instances of disappointment, even among successful men:—"Mr. Carlyle glances grimly at the Heynes dining on boiled peasecods; the Jean Pauls on water; the Johnsons bedded and boarded on fourpence halfpenny a day. So does Longfellow at Johnson and Savage rambling about the streets of London at midnight, without a place to sleep in; at Otway, starved like a dog; at Goldsmith, penniless in Green Arbour Court. *Next to the 'Newgate Calendar,' the biography of authors is the most sickening chapter in history.*" In spite of modern successes, I would repeat the question asked by Thackeray in 1843: "How much money has all the literature in England in the Three per Cents.?" Look in *our own times at the widows of eminent men who are living on the scanty pittance of the Civil List.* I could mention a score of

modern instances of so-called successful men, leaving their families in want—not that they were spendthrifts, but simply on account of the miserable pittance which is the wage even of prosperous writers. Ellesmere, in “Friends in Council,” did not exaggerate the experience of many clever men now wandering about the streets of London: “Authorship is the last trade I should think of taking up. Sooner would I elect to be one of those men who carry advertising boards, like tabards, before and behind them . . . This would be very superior to making a living by literature.” Milverton agreed with Ellesmere, and it would not be difficult to point out scores of dead and living illustrations of all that can be said against any man selecting literature as a profession with the hope of substantial pecuniary reward. The people of England who buy newspapers and magazines do not pay for the paper and printing, let alone the authors’ fees. In these enlightened days, when kings and queens even enter the literary lists with scholars and shoemakers, periodicals and newspapers have actually to be sold at a loss. It is the tradesman and the shopkeeper, the merchant, the financier—in short, the *advertiser*, who pays for the current literature of the day. It is the great pillman, the starchmaker, the cocoa dealer, the jeweller, the insurance agent, the company monger, who present palace and cottage with their periodical literature, with their daily journals, their religious magazines, their literary papers; and this is the danger which threatens the independence of British journalism. It was not so in the early days of newspapers; it was not so when Mr. Cave first introduced SYLVANUS URBAN to the world. Journalists then had value for their broadsheets, and with all one’s respect and admiration for the press of England, it must be admitted that the age of cheap journalism has not tended to strengthen the impartiality of general newspaper criticism.

There are many changes—most of them for the better, it must be confessed—since my ancient predecessor wrote his Preface in 1752, wherein he says, referring to his cleverest and best contributors,—“Much the greater part of them conceal themselves with such secrecy, that we correspond with them by the *Magazine*, and can make no other than this public acknowledgment for favours, which are equally the support and honour of our collection.” What an enviable state of things! How vastly surprised would the writer be if he could return to editorial duties in the present day for only a week. I feel sure he would soon desire to go back to the Shades. Apart from the troubles hinted at in the early part of this article, one encounter with the semi-professional gentleman who insists on seeing you, talks to you of good subjects for articles, and then

swears you commissioned them, and threatens all sorts of legal proceedings if you do not print them and pay for them whether you print them or not, would settle him. He would surely curse the degeneracy of the age, sigh for the good old times (though they were bad old times in many respects), and be glad to leave the new series of the *Gentleman's Magazine* in the hands of the shilling editor.

I feel that I owe an apology to many of my readers for devoting so much space to what may seem mere personal matter. Perhaps they may forgive me on the ground that, at all events, this preface is outside the ordinary and established groove. If it induces any young man or woman to pause before adopting literature as a profession, it is worth the printing. In these days, when everybody is to be educated, and looking to a future in which a scholar will be the rule and not the exception, I fear authorship must come more and more to be considered as the luxury of those who can afford to disregard its pecuniary rewards; more of a mere help than a crutch; a thing to be proud of for its fame, but not to live upon, more especially in an age of wealth and luxury, when successful business men make fortunes without apparent effort, while the *littérateur* struggles miserably and in vain to keep up as good an appearance as the rich who patronise him. Of course these words will not discourage the child of genius burning to use his God-gifted powers; and I would be the last to stay his hand. Nevertheless, I warn him; for what can he expect when he counts upon his fingers the most successful of our authors, and carefully studies their most popular books?

I commend this present volume of the oldest of all magazines to the friendly criticism of its numerous readers. In the new volume upon which we are now entering I hope to introduce to their notice, in addition to the general attractions of the work, some hitherto unpublished correspondence of Charles Lamb, arranged in the shape of an article by an authoress of distinction; and also some interesting biographical notes of the early life of the late Napoleon III., translated from the private diary of a Prussian lady, by the Countess of Harrington. A new novel will follow the short tale, "Making the Worst of it"; "Clytie" will run, I hope, through another volume; the "Life in London" sketches will be continued; and I have, in addition, arranged for the publication of many important and interesting papers in the several departments of history, biography, sports and pastimes, literature, the drama, and society, from the pens of writers accustomed to treat such subjects ably, thoughtfully, and with authority.

JOSEPH HATTON.

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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE
JANUARY, 1873.

ISLES OF THE AMAZONS.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

PART V.

Well, we have threaded through and through
The gloaming forests. Fairy Isles,
Begirt in God's eternal smiles,
As fallen stars in fields of blue ;
Some futile wars with subtle love
That mortal never vanquished yet,
Some symphonies by angels set
In wave below, in bough above,
Were yours and mine ; but here adieu.

And if it come to pass some days
That you grow weary, sad, and you
Lift up deep eyes from dusty ways
Of mart and moneys, to the blue
And pure cool waters, isle and vine,
And bathe you there, and then arise
Refreshed by one fresh thought of mine,
I rest content ; I kiss your eyes,
I kiss your hair in my delight :
I kiss my hand to say " Good night."

May love be thine by sun or moon,
May peace be thine by stormy way
Through all the darling days of May,
Through all the genial days of June,
To golden days that die in smiles
Of sunset on the blessed Isles.



HAT way is familiar when journeyed in first?
The new roads are rugged, the pilgrimage hard ;
No storied names lure you, nor deeds as they erst
Allured you in songs of the gray Scian bard.

But when spires shall shine on the Amazon's shore,
 From temples of God, and time shall have rolled
 Like a scroll from the border the limitless wold ;
 When the tiger is tamed, and the *mono* no more

Swings over the waters to chatter and call
 To the crocodile sleeping in rushes and fern ;
 When cities shall gleam, and their battlements burn
 In the sunsets of gold, where the cocoa-nuts fall :

And the mountains flash back from their mantles of snow
 The reflection of splendours from tower and dome
 Of temples where art has established a home
 More royal than aught that the moderns may show :

'Twill be something to lean from the stars and to know
 That the engine, red-mouthing with turbulent tongue,
 The white ships that come, and the cargoes that go,
 We invoked them of old when the nations were young :

'Twill be something to know that we named them of old—
 That we said to the nations, Lo ! here is the fleece
 That allures to the rest, and the perfectest peace,
 With its foldings of sunlight shed mellow like gold :

That we were the Carsons in kingdoms untrod,
 We followed the trail through the rustle of leaves,
 We stood by the waves where solitude weaves
 Her garments of mosses, and lonely as God :

That we have made venture when singers were young,
 Inviting from Grecia, from long-trodden lands
 That are easy of journeys, and holy from hands
 Laid upon by the Masters when giants had tongue :

Yea, rugged the hills, and most hard of defeat
 Are the difficult journeys to bountiful song,
 Through places not hallowed by fame, and the feet
 Of the classical singers, made sacred to song.

But prophets should lead, to discover the grand
And the beautiful hidden in quarries of stone ;
Be leaders to point to the fair and unknown,
And the far, and allure to the sweets of a land.

Behold my Sierras ! new mountains of song !
The Andes shall break through wings of the night
As the fierce condor breaks through the clouds in his flight ;
And we here plant the cross. How long ? and how long ?

Aye, idle indeed ! And yet to have dared
On an unsailed sea may deserve some grace. . . .
But the harvest will come, and behold, my place
Shall be filled with prophets, to my fullest reward.

* * * * *

I reckon that love is the bitterest sweet
That ever laid hold on the heart of a man,
A chain to the soul, and to slumber a ban,
And a bane to the brain, and a snare to the feet.

Who would ascend on the hollow white wings
Of love but to fall ; to fall and to learn,
Like a moth and a man, that the lights lure to burn,
That the roses have thorns, that the honey bee stings ?

I say to you surely that grief shall befall ;
I lift you my finger, I caution you true,
And yet you go forward, laugh gaily, and you
Must learn for yourself, and then mourn for us all.

You had better be drown'd than to love and to dream ;
It were better to sit on a moss-grown stone,
And away from the sun, and forever alone,
Slow pitching white pebbles at trout in the stream,

Than to dream for a day, then awake for an age,
 And to walk through the world like a ghost, and to start,
 Then suddenly stop, with the hand to the heart
 Pressed hard, and the teeth set savage with rage.

* * * * *

The clouds are above us, and snowy and cold,
 And what is beyond but the steel-gray sky,
 And the still far stars that twinkle and lie
 Like the eyes of a love or delusions of gold !

Ah ! who would ascend ? The clouds are above.
 Aye ! all things perish ; to rise is to fall.
 And alack for loving, and alas for love,
 And alas that there ever are lovers at all.

And alas for a heart that is left forlorn !
 If you live you must love ; if you love, regret—
 It were better, perhaps, we had never been born,
 Or better, at least, we could well forget.

And yet, after all, it is harder to die
 Of a broken up heart than one would suppose. . . .
 The clouds blow on, and we see that the rose
 Of heaven is born of a turbulent sky.

* * * * *

The singer stood forth in the fragrance of wood,
 But not as alone, and he chid in his heart,
 And subdued his soul, and assumed his part
 With a passionate will, in the palms where he stood ;

Then he reached his hand, like to one made strong
 In a strange resolve to a questionable good,
 And he shook his hair, made free from his mood,
Forgot his silence and resumed his song :

Isles of the Amasons.

5

"She is sweet as the breath of the Castile rose,
She is warm to the heart as a world of wine,
And as rich to behold as the rose that grows
With its red heart bent to the tide of the Rhine.

"O hot blood born of the heavens above !
I shall drain her soul, I shall drink her up.
I shall love with a searching and merciless love,
I shall sip her lips as the brown bees sup

"From the great gold heart of the buttercup !
I shall live and love ! I shall have my day.
Let the suns fall down or the moons rise up,
And die in my time, and who shall gainsay ?

"What boots me the battles that I have fought
With self for honour ? My brave resolve ;
And who takes note ? The senses dissolve
In a sea of love, and the land is forgot.

"And the march of men and the drift of ships,
And the dreams of fame, and desires for gold,
They shall go for aye, as a tale that is told,
Nor divide for a day my lips from her lips.

"And a knight shall rest, and none shall say nay,
In a green Isle washed by an arm of the seas,
And walled from the world by the white Andes,
For the years are of age and can go their way."

* * * * *

The sentinel stood on the farthest land,
And shouted aloud to the shadowy forms. . . .
"He comes," she cried, "in the strength of storms,"
And struck her shield, and, her sword in hand,

The Gentleman's Magazine.

She cried, " O Queen of the sun-kissed Isle,
He comes as a wind comes, blown from the seas,
In a cloud of canoes, on the curling breeze,
With his shields of tortoise and of crocodile,

" He is girt in copper, with silver spears,
With flint-tipped arrows and bended bows,
To take our blood, though we give him tears,
And to flood our Isle in a world of woes."

She rushed her down where the white tide ran,
She breasted away where the breakers reeled,
She shook her sword at the foeman's van,
And beat, as the waves beat, sword on shield.

She dared them come like a storm of seas,
To come as the winds come fierce and frantic—
As sounding down to the far Atlantic,
And sounding away to the deep Andes.

* * * * *

Sweeter than swans are a maiden's graces !
Sweeter than fruits are the kisses of morn !
Sweeter than babes is a love new-born,
But sweeter than all are a love's embraces.

She slept at peace in the holy places,
Sacred alone to the splendid Queen ;
She slept in peace in the opaline
Hush and blush of the tropic graces.

And bound about by the twining glory,
Vine and trellis in the vernal morn,
As still and as sweet as a babe new-born,
The brown Queen listens to the old new story.

But hark ! her sentry's passionate words,
The sound of shields, and the clash of swords !
And slow she comes with her head on her breast,
And her two hands held as to plead for rest.

Where, O where, are the Juno graces ?
Where, O where, is the glance of Jove,
When the Queen comes forth from the sacred places,
Hidden away in the heart of the grove ?

* * * * *

They rallied around as of old—they besought her,
With swords to the sun and the sounding shield,
To lead them again to the glorious field,
So sacred to Freedom ; and, breathless, they brought her

Her buckler and sword, and her armour all bright
With a thousand gems enjewelled in gold.
She lifted her head with the look of old,
For an instant only ; with all of her might

She strove to be strong and majestic again :
She bared them her arms and her ample breast,
They lifted her armour, they strove their best
To clasp it about her ; but they strove in vain.

It closed no more, but clanged on the ground,
Like the fall of a king, with an ominous sound,
And she cried, " Alas ! "—and she smote her breast—
" For the nights of love and the noons of rest."

And her warriors wondered ; but they stood apart,
And trailed their swords, and subdued their eyes
To earth in sorrow and in hushed surprise,
And forgot themselves *in their pity* of heart.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

“ O Isles of the Sun,” cried the blue-eyed youth,
“ O Edens new-made and let down from above !
Be sacred to peace and to passionate love,
Made happy in tears and made holy with truth.

“ O gardens of God, new-planted below !
Shall rivers be red ? Shall day be night ?”
And he stood in the wood with his face to the foe,
And apart with his buckler and sword for the fight.

But the fair Isle filled with the fierce invader ;
He formed on the strand, he lifted his spears,
Where never was man for years and for years,
And moved on the Queen. She lifted and laid her

Finger-tip to her lips. And O sweet
Was the song of love, and the song new-born,
That the minstrel blew in the virgin morn,
Away where the trees and the soft sands meet.

The strong men leaned and their shields let fall,
And slowly they moved with their trailing spears,
And heads bowed down as if bent with years,
And an air of gentleness over them all.

And the men grew glad as the song ascended,
They leaned their lances against the palms,
And they reached their arms as to reach for alms,
And the Amazons came—and their reign was ended.

They reached their arms to the arms extended,
Put by their swords, and no more seemed sad,
But moved as the men moved, tall and splendid—
Mingled together, and were all made glad.

Then the Queen stood tall, as of old she had stood,
With her face to the sun and her breast to the foe ;
Then moved like a king, unheeding and slow,
And aside to the singer in the fringe of the wood.

She led him forth, and she bade him sing :

Then bade him cease ; and the gold of his hair
She touched with her hands ; she embraced him there,
Then lifted her voice and proclaimed him King.

And the men made fair in their new-found loves,
They all cried “ King ! ” and again and again,
Cried “ Long may they live, and long may they reign,
And be true to their loves as the red-billed doves :

“ Ay, long may they live, and long may they love,
And their blue-eyed babes with the years increase,
And we all have love, and we all have peace,
While the seas are below or the sun is above.

“ Let the winds blow fair and the fruits be gold,
And the gods be gracious to King and Queen,
While the tides are gray or the Isles are green,
Or the moons wax new, or the moons wane old ! ”

FINIS.

~~~~~

## LEAVES FROM A LOST DIARY.

BY M. BETHAM-EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "KITTY," "DR. JACOB," &c.

*June 15th, Morning.*

**I**T is hardly light, and yet I am up and dressed, counting with anxious heart the hours that must elapse before my husband's return. All night long I lay awake, trying to see some way of escape out of the misery and shame before me; but could discover none. Before nightfall he will be here, and will have learned all from my own lips. As I look at myself in the glass I start back, horrified at the ghost of the once happy creature I used to see there. Will Harry recognise in this woe-begone, hollow-eyed spectre the young wife he left a few months ago? Were my hair only grey I should look quite old.

How shall I tell him? In the first hour of his home-coming, or a little later, when we sit before the fire in the twilight? Will he send me away from him, and bid me never cross his path again? Will he let me stay in his home still, his wife in name, in all else his burden, his curse, his enemy? I do not know; I have never yet seen my husband angry.

As I look back I can recall the beginning of temptation. We had been married only a few months when we went to London, and Harry introduced me to his friends and relations. He was not rich, and in marrying a country vicar's daughter without a penny had affronted his own family, who had hitherto boasted of having no poor relations belonging to them. I was now that poor relation. "Put on all your finery," he said to me a day or two before my introduction was to take place; "my cousin John's wife is a grand personage, and I do not wish her to say that I have married a dowdy." I ransacked my poor little wardrobe with dismay. What else could I be but a dowdy? I cried with vexation as I saw how poor a figure I should make at Lady Mary's in my cheap silk dress and coral ornaments. No; to go in such attire was impossible. I sat on my trunk, debating in my mind which of two things was best to do—to *go sullenly to Harry* and say that unless he could give me some *money for a new dress* I must stay at home, or, what was much *easier, to procure a dress and jewels* without saying anything about the

matter, and to pay for them by quarterly instalments of my allowance. Surely there would be nothing wrong in that! When Harry promised to give me fifty pounds a year he made no bargain as to the manner of spending it. I put on my bonnet and shawl and went straight to a jeweller's shop, whither Harry had taken me to choose my betrothal ring. The man recognised me, and when I asked, blushing and hesitating, if I might pay for the things I wished to buy in a short time hence, he assured me nothing would be more agreeable to him. I was persuaded to take away what seemed, amidst the splendour before me, a very modest set of pearl and ruby ornaments; then I went to a milliner and ordered a white satin dress, returning home intoxicated with the foretaste of my triumphs.

All that Harry said on seeing me ready dressed to go with him was, "So; you have got some new clothes—and they well become you! But you must make your allowance do, my poor little girl, and not get into trouble." I suppose the bare suspicion of debt just occurred to him. This was the beginning of harm. My first appearance was successful, and Harry came away better pleased with me than ever.

"It is highly desirable that you impress my relations favourably," he said, as we drove home. "They are all rich, and half of them are childless"—and then he stopped, as if shocked at his own suggestion. It was a worldly thought, but I could not help dwelling upon it; and the more I saw of the luxurious world outside our own, the more discontented I felt. Bouquets, flowers, jewels, and perfumes never tired me. I looked upon our little home as a prison-house; and Harry, who had the reputation of being a wit, liked society for different reasons, and was welcome wherever he went. Thus we soon saw ourselves dragged into a round of dinners, soirées, and balls.

I suppose jewels excite the same passion in women as cards and wine do in men. I know that from the first time of procuring those fatal ornaments I felt an insatiable craving for others. Two or three gifts from my husband's aunts, mostly antiquated ear-rings and brooches, did not satisfy me. I wanted something more in keeping with my youth, that youth of which I had heard nothing in my country home, but which was always being praised now; to have smooth cheeks, red lips and dimples, seemed a virtue among my husband's relations, and to compensate in some degree for my sinful poverty; they petted me and flattered me—especially the *men*—till I took great credit to myself for being pretty, and thought it only right that I should do justice to such good qualities. Thus

it came about that from small beginnings I grew to be overwhelmed with debt. I never got a new dress or ornament without making some virtuous resolve, just as upon the heel of any poor little economy I was sure to commit some fresh extravagance. There was always the hope that Harry's income would increase. It seemed impossible that Government would let us go on starving much longer upon six hundred a year! Again, there was the chance of a legacy any day. When real anxiety stared me in the face, it was staved off with such arguments as these; though for the most part I lived in happy unconcern. A year ago I began to be uneasy because I was asked to pay a milliner by whom I had at first been begged to get into debt. Harry was just then very much worried about his own affairs, and I felt that I would rather part with every one of my beloved jewels than go to any of his family. I racked my brain, and at last could only hit upon my sister Janey as the person likely to help me. She kept house for my father, and though they had only a hundred and fifty pounds a year to live upon, they were so careful that they always had a little to give away to the poor. Janey's answer and five pounds came back by return of post. "Dearest Lucy," she wrote, "I send all I have; but I dare not mention what you have done to our father. It would break his heart."

That letter made me laugh and cry. Kind, simple Janey! What was such a sum as five pounds to poor debt-burdened me? I felt half disposed to send it back, and only refrained because I knew how greatly it would vex my sister. The milliner was appeased by some device for a time, however, and then my worries began afresh. Now it was a jeweller, now a hairdresser, now a lace-cleaner, who showed growing signs of uneasiness. Again and again, I was on the point of going to my husband and confessing all, but could not summon courage. At last he was sent abroad for a few months on official business, and I determined somehow to set things right before he came home. How the time has passed I cannot tell. It seems only yesterday that there remained a long reprieve before me, but now it is gone! Looking back, I feel that if I had strained every nerve I might still have avoided this disgrace. I might have urged upon the jewellers to take back their goods. I might have humbled myself before some of my husband's relations, and borrowed the necessary money of them. It seems to me, as I sit here in despair, that I might have done a hundred things to avert the ruin hanging over me. Oh! *father, father!* what would you say if you could see your poor little Lucy now? *Would you believe her if she told the reason of her tears and self-abasement?* As I write this, the remembrance of my wedding-

day comes back to me ; the pride of it, the joy of it, the hope of it ! My father could hardly have felt prouder had he married me to a prince. Harry was so handsome, so clever, so well-born ! Compared to ourselves, too, he seemed quite rich, and whenever he took me home on a visit, we were looked upon as grand folks by all the neighbours. Ah, me ! how shall I ever bear to go home again ?

\* \* \* \* \*

*Evening.*—Whilst I was writing this morning Harry came. He had travelled all night in order to get home a few hours sooner, having great news to communicate to me. I listened without a word, and in his elation he did not notice how I trembled. I had never before seen him so gay and so eager.

"Lucy," he cried, "Fortune smiles upon us at last, and if we choose, the days of our poverty and insignificance are over. I have had a Government appointment in India and a thousand a year offered me. Yes or no ? Shall we stay here, beggars, or go to a new country, and live in ease all the rest of our lives ?"

There was not a trace of the indifference and coldness of manner habitual with him as he said this, and, without waiting for my answer, he went on enthusiastically:—

"You, Lucy, will be a little queen out there, and I shall no longer be a mere drudging clerk, a bond slave of routine. I have always been ambitious, as you know, and at last I see a chance of doing something with my life. But what is the matter ? you are white as death. Oh ! child, what can have happened ?"

"I am not ill, Harry ; don't be frightened ; but I have done something very wrong, and the dread of telling you has made me like this."

He dropped my hand, and turning very pale, scrutinised me for a second, I know not with what dreadful thought in his mind ; then we sat down side by side on the sofa, and I told him as best I could.

"How much do you owe altogether ?" he asked.

"Fifteen hundred pounds," I faltered out.

"Fifteen hundred pounds ! Income of two years and a half ! Oh, Lucy !"

That was all he said, but his manner of saying it I shall never forget. Then he left me, saying that he must have a quarter of an hour to himself to think of what could be done ; and at the end of that time he came back to me.

"Lucy," he said, quite calmly, and almost without looking at me, "to accept that post is now impossible. I cannot begin a new life

with a clog of debt round my neck ; and moreover, it would be dishonourable. The best thing we can do is to give up housekeeping for the present. You can stay with your father ; I will ask to be sent abroad again for a few months ; and by this means we may set things straight in time. Take what books and clothes you like with you to the vicarage, because all the other things will, of course, be sold."

I stood aghast.

"Have you anything better to suggest?" he asked in the same calm voice.

"Oh! Harry, must we be separated after this long absence? Must you give up that appointment?" I asked with suppressed tears.

"I am sure it is better that we should be separated," he answered ; "and as to the appointment, I would rather lose the viceroyalty of India than go about borrowing money to pay my wife's debts with. No, Lucy, we have a little pride left us yet."

With that he turned to go, looking back on the threshold to add : "You had better apprise your father of your arrival by telegraph, and go to-night."

"Won't to-morrow do?" I said. "My father will think something terrible has happened by such a sudden appearance."

"And has nothing terrible happened? Such as the truth is, we must look it in the face. We are ruined, Lucy."

He took out his watch.

"It is now quite early, only mid-day. You can surely pack your clothes by six o'clock, when I will be back, if possible, to take you to the station. I must go out at once."

He went away, and in less than two hours I got the following letter :—

"DEAR LUCY,—It is impossible for me to be home soon enough to see you off. Your maid will do it very well. I enclose twenty pounds, and will send you as much more in two months' time : but please make it last as long as that. I have telegraphed to your sister. God bless you.

"HARRY."

I read over those three kind words—"God bless you!" again and again, trying to console myself with them for the severity of the rest. Was my punishment greater than I deserved? No ; how could that be, after deceiving him as I had done? I felt rather that if he went for a year without forgiving me I should still have no right to complain ; but I longed to say that, to have his assurance that by-and-by all would be with us as of old. I could not bear the thought that another long parting was before us ; and, as yet, I had said nothing about my shame and sorrow.

I had to leave off writing to get ready for my journey, and now I am home again. What Harry had said in his telegram I did not know, but I saw from Janey's face, when she met me at the station, that she guessed something was wrong. She said very little as we walked home in the summer twilight—wild roses shedding perfume—nightingales singing—the evening star shining—everything peaceful but my heart. Janey whispered, as we reached the little garden gate, "Lucy, darling, let us say as little as we can to frighten father. He is much feebler than when you were here last."

"Did Harry tell you—all?" I asked.

"Hush, there is father," she said, and the next moment I was in my father's arms, and he was crying partly from joy to see me again and partly from some vague suspicion that I had come because I was in trouble. We sat down to supper, as usual, in the homely little parlour, all three trying to be cheerful. After prayers—which Janey read now because of our father's failing voice—he blessed us both, and said to me:—

"Trust in God, Lolo"—my pet home-name—"and do your duty to your husband, then all will come right in time."

"Father suspects that you and Harry have quarrelled," Janey said, when we were alone in the little old-fashioned bed room we had occupied as children. "Oh! Lolo, is that so?"

Harry, then, had not told her. For a moment I hesitated—but for a moment only. I could not deceive my sister Janey, who had loved me from childhood with a perfect love; and with cheek laid to cheek, and arms entwined, we sat together and I confessed all. Janey, instead of reproaching, tried to comfort and strengthen me by holding out a hope of atonement and reconciliation. She said she was sure that Harry would soon forgive if he saw me determined to amend, and she blamed me, though in the tenderest manner, for not having prepared him by a letter, instead of permitting him to come home buoyed up with hope and expectation. "No man," she said, "could help feeling it hard that the very good fortune he had longed for, when put within hand's reach, should be dashed aside, perhaps for ever, by his own wife—especially a wife who owes all to her husband, as you do." Janey went on in the same tone of quiet reproach. "Think how penniless you went to Harry, and how generous he was. Why, even your wedding gown was his gift, and in everything he behaved as liberally as a man could do. But you can help him to get clear of difficulties. Send back that twenty pounds to begin with; we are rich enough to entertain our Lolo, and perhaps *you and I may even devise some plan of earning a little.*"

With these last comforting words she left me, and after having written for an hour I feel as if I could go to sleep. When I am happy again I shall not want to keep a diary, but during Harry's absence I feel it like a friend in sympathy with me. I dared not speak of my troubles to any one. If things never do come right between us two I will keep what I have written, and Harry will read it when I am dead and forgive me.

*June 28th.*

How dreary and unfamiliar seems the old home life to me now! What happens one day happens the next, and no more important event ever takes place than an invitation to the neighbouring rectory or a village funeral. I wonder at Janey's cheerfulness as she gets up every morning to the same dull round of duties—helping in the Sunday school, reading to the old women, attending to her garden, and so on. She never seems to think that there is another world outside this—a world of bouquets and music, balls and operas; and looks distressed whenever I recall it. "Try to make yourself happy with simple pleasures," she says to me again and again, "and in helping others. There is the secret of a really contented mind." What simple pleasures can I make myself happy with? And what can I do to help others—I mean Harry? Janey has racked her brain to discover some method of earning money, and the only one we have hit upon will bring in just twenty-five pounds a year—that is, by having the little girls of some neighbours here every day to teach. At first Janey would not hear of my helping her; Harry would be vexed, she said; but I insisted upon teaching music, for which Harry had given me masters in London; and now we teach three dull children every morning for the sake of ten shillings a week! The only thing I can smile at is the contrast between our ambition and our achievement. I dare not let poor Janey see this, for she is always hopeful.

I wish I could be happy, but I never wake in the morning without longing that the day was already at an end. We have prayers at eight o'clock, then breakfast, teach and do parish work till dinner-time, after which we sit in the summer-house with our books and needlework. On Sundays we put on our best clothes and go twice to church. This is our ordinary life, and in spite of father's kindness and Janey's devotion, I weary of it—I almost hate it.

And all this time Harry does not write!

*To-night Janey came into our room pale and trembling. I was sitting on the bed in the twilight—we go to bed so early that we*



want no candles—thinking how much pleasanter it would be to be dressing for a ball at that hour, when she sat down beside me and began to cry.

“Lolo,” she said, “father knows all. I have tried to keep it from him, but he heard something that awakened his suspicions when at the rector’s this afternoon, and on being questioned I could not deceive him.”

My heart sank within me; to have Harry bitter and unforgiving seemed punishment enough. Janey went on, very sadly:—

“I never told father anything except that you and Harry had got into money difficulties and had not been quite happy together of late, and he naturally guessed it was your husband who was in the wrong. You he never suspected—his youngest, his favourite.” Here she clasped me close with many kisses. “But now there is nothing to conceal, Lolo, and we must bear his sorrow as best we can.”

“Is he very angry?” I asked.

“Oh, Lolo! was our father ever angry with us when we did wrong as children? He is grieved and ashamed, that is all. He says that he can never lift up his head again.”

“Janey, let me go away. I will ask Harry to take me in, or I will earn my living as a governess. I will beg in the streets rather than bring disgrace upon you all.”

“As if we minded disgrace or anything so long as we could make things right between you two! Do you think Harry would accept aid from him?” Janey asked, in a timid voice.

“Never, never!”

“Because there is the hundred pounds he has saved up, besides a small sum deposited in the bank. Don’t you think you could persuade Harry to take this little help from us? It is so very little.”

“I will not ask him,” I answered. “It would be mean to rob you of all the money you have in the world. No, Janey, don’t want me to do that.”

Janey said no more, and we went to bed, but I think neither of us got much sleep that night. The next morning was Sunday, such a perfect summer Sunday that it seemed as if every one must be happy! The birds were singing, the roses were out, the soft tinted clouds were sailing across the bright blue sky; the bells were ringing. As I opened my window, I saw father walking about the garden with his head bent down drearily. I dressed as fast as I could, and went down to him.

He kissed me as usual, and said he was tired. Would I sit down in the summer-house with him till breakfast was ready? We sat

down, Janey kissing her hand to us from the breakfast-parlour, which she was putting in order.

"Dear Janey!" father said; "never was a more devoted child than she." Then he turned to me and said, as if apologising for what looked like reproach, "And you, Lolo, have always been good to your father." We clasped each other's hands, and were both full of thoughts we hardly knew how to utter. At last father began, now in a voice that was heavy with tears:

"You must try henceforth to be as good to your husband, my dear. I don't ask more of you"——

"Oh, father! How can I make amends for what I have done? and if I could, Harry would never forgive me."

"Lolo, I know it is very hard to make amends for wrong doing; but amends must be made—first to God, then to our fellow-creatures, without thinking of their forgiveness towards ourselves. Your husband has indeed cause to be angry."

"But surely not to be angry always, father?" I said, passionately. "What I did was done without thinking; I never meant to ruin him."

"It is no excuse for sin that we rush into it, wilfully blind to the consequences."

"Oh! father, do you call my folly a sin?"

"Folly is sin," father went on, "and the least wise of us have rules of conduct imprinted on our hearts by God that we cannot violate without knowing it. But I do not want to chide you, Lolo; I only want you to see that your husband's anger is justifiable."

"How can I soften it?" I cried in the same vehement tone. "He does not write, he does not come, he gives me no opportunity of telling him what I feel"——

"Listen, Lolo, I have thought of a plan for bringing you two together again. I have made up my mind to go to London tomorrow morning, taking what money I have with me. I shall see your husband; I shall tell him—shall I not?—that you want to go back to him, to share his anxieties and privations, and to be henceforth his good, true, helpful wife."

Here Janey called us to breakfast, and nothing more was said then about the proposed journey till I told her of it on our way to church. She merely said:—

"Father is sure to do what is kind and wise."

Then we went through the day's duties as usual, teaching the catechism in the Sunday school, Janey leading the choir, I playing the harmonium; then coming home to cold dinner afterwards, and *quiet reading in the garden*. On the whole it was a cheerful day.

*Monday.*—My father set off to London early this morning, Janey and I carrying his cloak and bag to the station. He persisted in travelling third-class, nodding adieu to us quite cheerfully from the hot, dusty, crowded carriage. We walked home without speaking. I do not know, as little could Janey guess, all that I feared. We did not say a word about father's errand throughout the day. And what a long day it was! Our little scholars had a holiday, so we had only parish work and the housekeeping to attend to. Whilst Janey went her rounds I ironed our muslin dresses and father's shirts, and after dinner she asked me to play to her. I flew joyfully to the old piano, for music was now my only pleasure, and, quite forgetting poor Janey's favourite pieces, practised some new music till she called me to her. The long afternoon was gone!

"What extraordinary music you have been playing," Janey said, good-naturedly, "but I must have my tunes after tea all the same." We had quite a happy evening, and did not go to bed till late. There seemed so many things to talk about on that first evening we had been alone since my marriage. The next morning I was up and dressed by six o'clock, wondering how the hours would pass till our father's return at midday. Janey proposed that, as she had a little shopping to do at Bridgewood, our market town, we should walk there directly after breakfast, and accompany father home by rail. I caught at the idea joyfully, and by eight o'clock we set off on our three-mile walk.

How welcome seemed the stir and noise of even quiet little Bridgewood after the seclusion of the last few weeks! But as we passed the gay shop-windows, displaying jewellery, bonnets, and shawls, I turned suddenly cold and sick, remembering that for such trumpery as this I had made myself, and all dear to me, ashamed and unhappy. When we reached the station, however, and I caught a glimpse of father's white head in a third-class compartment, I ran towards it with a feeling of hope.

We had just time to find seats when the train moved off. The carriage was crowded, and we were separated from father, so that talking was out of the question; and what with the heat, noise, and discomfort, I almost forgot my suspense. When we got out father asked for a little water, and we took him into the station-master's parlour, as he seemed quite overcome with the heat. "I am afraid the journey to London this weather has been too much for the vicar," the good station-master said, anxiously. "Had we not better borrow Mr. Jones's gig to drive him to the vicarage?"

"No, no, thank you; indeed, I am quite refreshed," father said, and

taking Janey's arm, set out ; I, carrying his little bag, walked on the other side. I guessed all now. His mission must have failed, or he would have spoken at first.

When we were safe out of hearing he stopped a moment, took each of us by the hand, and said in a trembling voice, "God bless you, my children. I have done my best, but that has failed. You must comfort each other."

We walked home very sadly. On the threshold my father took me in his arms and kissed me, unable to speak. I knew what he wanted to say—dear father !

It was a bitter day. I cannot bear to write of it.

Later, Janey told me that father had seen Harry, and that he had coldly, though courteously, refused his money, and also his mediations on my behalf. What exactly took place between the two we never knew, but I felt sure, from the little my father said, that Harry must have behaved to him in a proud, hard manner. How could I help resenting such behaviour ? The more I thought of it the more I blamed my husband, and the less I felt disposed to make any more attempts at reconciliation.

*December 1st.*

Weeks and months have passed, bringing nothing but trouble. That journey to London made our father very ill, and, though he got over it, he has never been the same since. Sometimes Janey and I fear that he will have to give up the Sunday duties altogether, in which case we must engage a curate, a great expense to us. His memory seems to be going gradually, and we sit nervously through the services, dreading lest he should make some painful blunder. The poor people are very good, and do not grumble when the sermon is omitted, or when Farmer Jones reads the lessons ; but of course this cannot go on much longer. Yesterday a child was buried, and at the last moment Janey had to send off for a neighbouring clergyman to officiate, the funeral having to wait till he came. To-day there is a baptism, and very likely that will have to be put off too. Poor Janey's hair has grown grey with so many anxieties. And I feel sometimes as if I ought to wish myself dead, being the occasion of them all.

Meantime, Harry has only written two short letters ; in the first he said that he had so far settled affairs as to be able to accept the temporary post abroad he had before filled ; and in the second, which came a few months later, and which was more cheerful in tone, *that he was gradually paying off our debt, and hoped to be clear in two years' time.*

There was not a word of tenderness, not a hope held out to me of reconciliation ; and I could only answer him in his own key. Of what use to humble myself a second time in vain ?

We try to make the best of things, but the prospect is dreary.

*December 8th.*

This morning, as Janey glanced over the newspaper, she let it fall from her hands with a sudden start. Harry's eldest brother had died abroad suddenly, and my husband was now the head of the house, and the possessor of an estate. My father and Janey were almost wild with joy, seeing in this turn of affairs certain and speedy reconciliation between Harry and myself. His brother we did not know, and we could but think of ourselves just then. I shut myself up in my room, and tried to realise my new position. It was not all exultation that I felt after a little while.

I had pictured to myself quite another kind of regeneration in store for myself, and another kind of forgiveness from my husband, and thought how good it would be to share the burdens I had placed upon his shoulders : to show, by every possible act of forethought and self denial, how entirely I had repented of my folly, and how determined I was upon atoning for it. To be suddenly rich, free from the necessity of sacrifice, to have my husband compelled against his will to be generous. I could not bear the thought of it.

He would fetch me to his new home and coldly ignore all that had passed ; he would never reproach me either in word, thought, or deed. He would never let the world know what had divided us. Of this much I felt assured. But would he now believe in the sincerity of my penitence ? Would he credit without the testimony of facts that I was the wiser for my sorrow ? Yet to look at the other side of the picture was pleasant. Harry loved leisure, ease, elegance, and I could but think that in time we should be happier for having all these. Poverty had not made us generous or good, perhaps prosperity might do so ; and if, in time to come, Heaven sent us children to share our good fortune, what husband and wife need be happier than we two ?

I was roused from these thoughts by Janey, who wanted me to help her in making up the Christmas doles for the poor people. She seemed rather frightened now at the excess of her own rejoicing. "We can't be quite sure how Harry may receive the news," she said ; "he may still prefer not to come to England yet awhile, and, after all, we ought to wait till we hear more." That day passed, and the next, and *no news came of him.* I listened breathlessly at every sound of carriage wheels. I made an excuse to go to the station whenever a

London train was to come. I never heard the garden gate click without expecting him.

Nothing has happened, as I thought. A short, cold note came to-day from my husband, saying that, under the circumstances, it is better he should fetch me as soon as possible, and that he hopes to be here by Christmas. This is all. Not a word to intimate that his heart is softening towards me.

\* \* \* \* \*

We were just sitting down to our poor little Christmas dinner, decorated with holly in honour of our single guest, the neighbouring curate, who has dined with us since my childhood, when Harry arrived. As we had heard nothing since that first letter, we had not looked for him, and Janey and my father were quite ashamed of the poverty of our Christmas fare. "We would, at least, have had a turkey," poor Janey said, trying to improve the appearance of the table, whilst father went to the door, and received our visitor with grave ceremoniousness. I drew back trembling and weeping. He came in calmly, kissed me on the cheek, shook hands cordially with the others; then we reseated ourselves at the dinner-table, as if nothing had happened.

"It is but poor fare we have to offer you, sir," my father said. "Had you apprised us of your coming, we should have killed the fatted calf for so welcome a guest." This formal speech put everything wrong, and poor Janey, in trying to improve matters, only made them worse. We got through the dreary little dinner as best we could; after that, things mended a little. When my father rose to go to his study, Harry seemed to notice for the first time how feeble and changed he was, and, with a touched expression, gave him his arm. The two talked a little, then Harry came back to me.

"Lucy," he said, "I have told your father that I am sorry for having been hard upon you. Let us think no more of the past, but make the best we can of the present."

He immediately began talking of his plans for the future, and said that he must return in two days' time, as our presence in London was necessary. I tried again and again to bring him to talk of ourselves, but I saw that he had steadfastly set his face against anything like an explanation. And as it did not come then, it is not likely to come at all. Ah, me! can I show in my life what Harry has never *allowed me to express in words*, the remorse that makes me at times *feel miserable in the midst of our prosperity?* Will he ever know *ow sorry I am for the suffering I have caused?*

It was very hard to leave my father and Janey. They had shared my troubles, but were to have no part in my good fortune. They are very proud, and though we have urged them to share of our abundance, they will not do so. They are too high-spirited to accept anything from the man their Lucy has wronged.

This is another reason why as yet I find our new wealth rather a dreary thing. I have always in my mind's eye the picture of my old home—Janey anxiously trying to eke out the scanty income, my father growing feebler and feebler and wanting numberless comforts he cannot have.

But I cannot despair of things coming right in time. My husband and I are trying our best to do what is right without thinking of ourselves; and every day the task seems easier. His old confidence in me is gradually coming back, and, with that, will not the old affection come too?

As I have no longer any secrets from him, I close my diary.



## OFFENBACH IN LONDON.



ACQUES OFFENBACH, whatever be his merits or demerits, must certainly be counted among those who have helped "to increase the public stock of harmless pleasure." Few have enjoyed such a universal popularity: and the "Grande Duchesse," with its tunes and situations, was perhaps the best known "thing" of art or politics in the world. Even the most piquant and sensational piece of news was scarcely known so well or travelled over such a distance. During that strange season of delusion, when emperors and sultans were crowding to Paris, certain of these august personages were said to have telegraphed on their journey for a box at the Variétés, where Schneider was reigning. Setting aside all shaking of heads and sagacious condemnation by the professors, such enormous success deserves at least recognition, and the world is the author's debtor for thus "increasing the public stock of pleasure." Rossini, introducing his last work with an affected modesty, might say that it was neither "in the style of Bach nor of Offenbach"—hinting that the first was highest, the last lowest in the musical scale. Fétis in his great critical work might be contemptuously arrogant in his judgment of one he considered a mere musical scribbler. But still the man who could address all countries in the one tongue and find it exquisitely relished, and who has contrived hours of airy enjoyment for the world, is not to be so lightly dismissed.

The Offenbachian opera represents a distinct department of human enjoyment, and is a development of a particular form of social "fun." An observer is present at a party where are wits and savants deeply skilled in knowledge of human experience and human nature, and where *character* is made under this treatment to exhibit itself in a natural and genuine fashion. There he finds a display of comedy. In another set he hears droll remarks, wild, spontaneous wit, strange stories and incidents, which make him roar, and is entertained with farce. But there is a third and rarer kind of *merry meeting*, where the performers, in boisterous spirits, become *extravagant*—can be content with nothing but the most far-fetched and grotesque conceits. Their most effective subjects are of the



gravest and most solemn kind, whose gravity and solemnity are found tedious and oppressive in the ordinary course of things. Their aim, then, is not merely to bring down to a natural level, but to set such things as much below that level as they were once above it: and the sudden degradation produces a most ridiculous effect. Such is the aim of masqued ball costumers, where ridiculous noses and distorted uniforms express the intention in a coarse way. Such is the meaning of those mock official ceremonies on "crossing the line," on the admission of new hands in the old prisons, and other such rites. There is no logic, no coherence; boisterous spirits and gaiety are the chief essentials. This in a rude way is the foundation of the opera bouffe; and Offenbach, though supposed to be confined to his musical illustration, must be a burlesque humourist of a high order. This is shown by the class of writers he has called into existence to supply him with stories, and who felt that in him they had found an exact interpreter. This, too, is evident in his face, which has a roguish, naive, and even a Voltairean expression—a union of grave finesse and quaintness, with the *farceur* in ambush. The double eyeglass suggests a mock professional air.

His career suggests advancement through address. He was born at Cologne, and is but fifty years old. He came to Paris in 1842 as a violoncello player, and though he failed in that department, succeeded in becoming leader of the orchestra at the Théâtre Français in five years. It was not long before his taste for the peculiar line of composition in which he was to become famous was developed. His first efforts were the setting of some fables of La Fontaine—which, if not very deep, were at least gay and sparkling. The very choice of such a subject shows a true relish for comedy, and the famous fables, if married to suitable music, would become at once a sort of opera bouffe. This taste developed yet more and more, and in 1855 he opened the little theatre which is at the end of the Passage Choiseul, and which he and his works have made famous as the "Bouffes Parisiens." The notion was clearly suggested by the style of music—not the music by the notion. A comic story had often been set to music; but in the opera bouffe it wore a humorous tone of mind—an exaggerated burlesque that was expressed in music. Again, the musical expression aimed at giving the tone of a situation, not of a narrative. An example of this could be given in "Les Deux Aveugles," one of the earliest of his attempts, and lately presented at the Gaiety. Two blind men meet on a bridge to beg. Both being impostors, and each believing that the other is really afflicted, a most absurd situation

arises, worked up after the Box and Cox fashion. Each has his musical instrument—one a trombone, the other a fiddle or guitar; and the characteristics of such rude music under such conditions are translated into real music with great art. In short, the "fun" flows from the situation as logically as a conclusion follows the premises. Having once struck the vein, the stream of his pieces began to flow in a full and rapid current. Here is a tolerably complete list representing the work of seventeen years:—"Les Deux Aveugles," "Une Nuit Blanche," "Bataclan," "Le Violoncelliste," for the year 1855; "Trombalcazar," "Le Postillon en Cage," "La Rose de Saint Flour," "Le Financier et le Savetier," "La Bonne d'Enfant," in 1856; and "Crochefer" in 1857. In 1861 came "Orphée aux Enfers," his first important work, which took the town by storm, and, after being performed three hundred times, went the round of civilised Europe. In the same year was given "Les Trois Baisers du Diable," "L'Apothicaire et le Perruquier," and "Le Roman Comique;" in 1862 "Monsieur et Madame Denis," and in 1864-5, "La Belle Hélène," another European success. In 1866 followed "La Barbe Bleue;" in 1867, "La Grande Duchesse," the most famous of his works; in 1868, "La Périchole," "L'Île de Tulipatan," and "Geneviève de Brabant." In 1869 came "Les Brigands" and "La Princesse de Trébizonde." The disastrous war of 1870 was not favourable to the enjoyment of opera bouffe, but he resumed work in 1871 with "Fortunatus" and nearly half a dozen other pieces, besides *supplying* music to Sardou's "Le Roi Carotte." It would be difficult to enumerate all his minor trifles, such as "Le Mariage aux Lanternes" and others; but there remains the extraordinary feat of his having scored at least six great triumphs in succession, commencing with the "Belle Hélène." It is a great proof of the theory that good pieces supply good actors, that all his "hits" have been inspired by perfect successes in the way of humorous subjects. Where he has found "weak-kneed" pieces the music has not "walked," and has proved "weak-kneed" itself.

"La Belle Hélène" is perhaps the freshest and most truly humorous of all his works, and the book itself is conceived in the genuine spirit of legitimate burlesque, for it does not assume that these Greek characters were so remote and unfamiliar to us that the only method of presenting them would be under the most grotesque and impossible conditions of dress and behaviour. The true and natural method *would* be to assume that they were men and women like those of the *present time, and fit to be ridiculed as our contemporaries could be ridiculed.* The result was an interest and a far more racy description

of "fun," while the earnestness of treatment was strengthened by snatches of sweet and taking music, which gave a dignity and growth to the whole. We say nothing of the improprieties for which so many of the Offenbachian pieces are remarkable, because these may be often looked on as vulgar excrescences. There is never anything humorous in allusions or situations of this kind, as it appears to us. Even some of the great French pieces, such as "Nos Intimes," seem to be positively injured in an artistic sense by this introduction. Sterne can always be pointed to as a special warning, for he has lost two-thirds of his audience by going out of his way to tickle this vulgar fancy.

To look at a score of Offenbach's music is like looking at a stage by daylight. Nothing more meagre or poorer can be conceived than some of those "galloping" choruses which were once the rage. It is like a bottle of champagne; once the cork has been taken out, no art can bring back the sparkle and effervescence. This music will be a mere *caput mortuum* when the school that grew up and developed with it has passed away and the fashion has gone out. The vivacity and the roystering style necessary for its interpretation cannot be conjured up at will, or be "got up" like ordinary stage "business." The music belonged to an era—to the days of the Empire—when "high jinks" reigned at Court, and when a notorious dance called the Cancan symbolised a great deal. The Offenbachian opera was but the spirit of the Cancan refined. The serious music may have a longer lease of popularity, but the relish of this class of entertainment is founded in the tone of manners of the time, and when these actors have passed away, and with them the inspiration, will be as hard to recall to life as to revive an old and popular burlesque. Already the "tunes" in "La Grande Duchesse" sound flat, and when Madame Schneider shall have gone herself only Mrs. Howard Paul will be found tolerable in the part. And it must be said the popularity of Madame Schneider, in spite of the coarseness and something worse which distinguishes her performance, deserves the praise of being highly artistic and dramatic. In its way her Duchesse, her country girl in the "Barbe Bleue," and her vagabond singer in the "Périchole," have a certain finish, a dramatic character, and give the highest entertainment. It is when these characters fall into the hands of English players that we see the contrast, and that they become ponderous and unmeaning. "La Périchole," with Dupuis to assist, was a most charming and entertaining performance. Even one single little street ballad, "Le Conquérant," was simply perfect in its dramatic propriety and spirit, and the fashion in which it was interpreted by both. But in this

piece again he was assisted by the genuine humour of the authors of the story. All the Offenbachian stories are delightful and full of a droll humour. What could be more funny than that of the Princess of Trebizonde? A strolling party of tumblers and mountebanks, who are seen in their booth, with their drum, spangles, &c., suddenly come into a fortune, and their behaviour under the new conditions—the head of the family not being able to resist the temptation of spinning a plate on a stick at dinner—is in itself, as a mere picture and without narrative a droll basis for a story. We know what the regulation treatment of a burlesque on “Blue Beard” would be in our country—a roaring, grotesque figure, with a false nose, ordering his wives to be decapitated one after the other. It showed a somewhat higher order of humour to exhibit him as a plaintive and almost æsthetic creature, the victim of the tender passion, but inconstant—getting rid of the successive ladies because they did not answer his high ideal. So with “Boule de Neige,” one of his latest productions, where, in some impossible kingdom, the Oracle, or some other power, has declared that a bear was to ascend the throne, and certain adventurers contrive to make the bear the organ of all their schemes. This would be the humorous way of looking at such a subject; but our native workmen, who present similar things on the stage, go to work after a fashion of their own which is utterly meaningless. Lately a burlesque of Coleridge’s “Christabel” was given at a London theatre. All the reading world knows what the original poem is—how mystical, romantic, graceful, but unintelligible; above all, how comparatively unpopular and little known it is to the vulgar. There is no story, and it is more a dream than a narrative. Yet it is chosen for a burlesque, the average audience of the place not knowing what *is* burlesqued. The result is something perfectly incoherent and unintelligible. There are foresters in green, a baron and his daughter, an inconsequential “Bracey the Bard,” and a couple of ladies—one in white, the other in gold. These figures are, as it were, labelled and shuffled together, but what they do or what they mean in their relations with one another no one can understand. Each, however, has a song and dance, buffoons to the best of his or her ability, independent of one another or of the story; and such is all that is claimed by English burlesque. This has grown up into a system; it has its traditions and conventional style, and anything more coherent would be rejected by the actors as not supplying “business.”

*The adoption by the English public of Offenbachian opera bouffe has been remarkably slow; but the truth is, it was never presented under fair conditions until last year. The tunes are*

familiar, and have been twisted and tangled into quadrilles and waltzes—have been “ground” on the organs, and sung and whistled in the streets: the plays themselves have been subjected to the hewing and hacking process of adaptation—prepared for the English market much as foreign wines are. We know the “Grand Duchess,” “Blue Beard,” “Princess of Trebizonde,” and others: and it is the greatest proof of their merit that in this maimed condition—after being mangled and racked both in the adapter’s cabinet and on the stage by the actors—their power and meaning should have been so thoroughly appreciated. The “Grand Duchess” was the first that was introduced; but it was brought on at Covent Garden as a pompous *spectacle*, and was dealt with as a grand opera. It might have been the Russian army in “L’Etoile du Nord” that was under review, instead of the dwindled band that makes up the force of a tiny Grand Duchy. The canvas was too large, and the actors had no more notion than the clown and pantaloons of the pantomime that was so handsomely mounted the following Christmas of dealing with the grotesque satire of the piece. The Gaiety Theatre then followed up this introduction, and steadily relied on Offenbach for its chief dainties. But the humour of Mr. Toole and Mr. Stoye is too realistic to suit this class of entertainment. The English “comique” must have everything distinctly set down for him—everything must be “business,” and capable of interpretation by his stock-in-trade of arts and devices. That sentence can be given with a favourite droll intonation or grimace—that situation can be illustrated by comic gestures. But that impalpable, indescribable finesse—that underlying humour which is akin to the sly seriousness which looked out of the eyes of Talleyrand when he uttered his serious witticisms—that is an unknown art. Miss Constance Loseby and Miss Tremaine have no pretensions to humour of any kind, and fill their parts with a gravity that is in itself amusing, or with an enforced vivacity that might be called “lumbering.” In such hands Offenbach at the Gaiety, though splendidly mounted and even spiritedly carried through, became an entertainment of a different kind, though highly amusing and popular: a mixture of good singing, particularly good orchestra—who does not approve Herr Meyer Lütz?—splendid scenery, and *spectacle*. It thus fulfilled the aims of the management. As for those poverty-stricken attempts, “Falsacappa” at the Globe, and the “Vie Parisienne” at the Holborn—they do not deserve serious notice. But any one who wished to see the nearest approach that has been made in English to the French style of presenting *this style of humour* should have been at the *Gaiety Theatre during one of the Saturday afternoons when*

"Geneviève de Brabant" was transported bodily, singers, orchestra, dresses, and decorations, from the Philharmonic Theatre, hard by the New River at Islington. A brighter, more spirited, and more entertaining performance has not been seen in London for many a day. Much of this perfection is of course owing to the piece itself, and to the music—both of which are supremely good, and fitted to each other in the true spirit. But much, too, is owing to the fact that the actors and directors of the "business" have worked seriously—or rather earnestly—although they had to take a part *in a series of coherent events*. To this understanding fairly adhered to may be traced the stupendous success of the piece. The result is, firstly, the audience is interested in the story, and is pleased at following it; secondly, it is not affronted by acts of "tomfoolery," akin to the sort of amusement we furnish a child by making "rabbits on the wall," paper cocked hats, and the like; thirdly, there is no undue exhibition of particular actors in the direction of dresses and "make up" as absurd as what is seen in the street on the First of May—no personal exhibition of prowess in dancing or tumbling; while fourthly, the humour and absurdity is of a natural kind, arising out of the view people of a different age and country, such as the audience belonged to, would take of the manners and customs of another age.

The story alone of "Geneviève de Brabant," or "Jennyveeve" as she was often called at the Philharmonic, is excellently treated. Its outline is familiar—the heir to the throne wanted, the fascinating cook, and the departure for the Crusades. There is a grandeur and simplicity in these broader features—the seriousness in the Crusaders, the pomp of their marching forth, the background of the mediæval town, and the genuineness of the love of the cook for his mistress, illustrated by sweet and charming music—these add an unexpected force and burlesque to the professedly comic portions. It may be doubted, too, if there is any modern piece so full of original and funny devices. The charming "Cup of Tea" song, with its tinkling accompaniment of spoons on the cups (which, by the way, is a deviation from the original), the arming of the Duke and the "practicable" door in his helmet, the repair of the armour, the droll gensd'armes and their remarkable song, which, as a mere tune, is a masterpiece for its suitability in character and humour to the persons and the situation, to say nothing of the burgomaster and his speech—the whole is a most agreeable and enlivening *entertainment that sends every one away in good spirits and good humour, and furnishes him for a week after with cheerful thoughts*

and cheerful tunes and a restless desire to send other persons to see it, or to go oneself and bring others. Too much praise cannot be given to the chief actors concerned for their admirable self-restraint and for not "o'erstepping the modesty of Nature," or at least of natural humour.

Allusion has been made to "La Vie Parisienne in London," which is really a wholesome specimen of the rough carpentry known as adaptation. The story turned on the mystification (or properly, "humbugging") of a foreigner who has arrived in the great capital, and in the English version this is twisted into a pantomimic figure with long coat-tails streaming behind him, while every one engaged is dressed after some outrageous pattern. The piece is so full of boisterous "fun" that with good acting it would have gone safely through; but the result has been the limiting of the fun. Mr. Brough in the Baron did wonders, contributing the whole stock of all his various arts and devices, which are abundant. Still a word of remonstrance might be offered to this sterling and excellent actor, whose Tony Lumpkin and sottish uncle in "Dearer than Life" will not be soon forgotten. Such aids to diversion as rolling in the dust of the stage, tumbling head over heels, belong to an inferior walk altogether, and no one likes to see one of his dramatic favourites encroaching on the department of pantomime.

On the whole it may be said that Offenbach has the proud distinction of contributing more than any man of his time to the diversion of the world. It is to be lamented that, like so many other men of power, he should now have begun to think that his genius lies in another direction. Mr. Ruskin, after delighting the public with his speculations on art, has now taken it into his head that he is a social regenerator, and talks notoriously weak platitudes on political economy. Liston fancied that after all tragedy was his line. Mr. Gladstone has believed that he was meant to enlighten the world on Homer, though perhaps now his delusion may not be so strong. Offenbach seems to have begun to believe that romantic opera is his *forte*, though any attempts he may have made have failed disastrously. Let us hope that he will come back to where his strength is really to be found. We will be bold enough even to suggest a subject of genuine humour—namely, the first of Alexandre Dumas' pieces—"La Noce et l'Enterrement"—which long ago *found* its way to our stage as "The Illustrious Stranger."

## THE REPUBLICAN IMPEACHMENT

**I**N the November issue of the *Gentleman's Magazine* my pamphlet, "The Impeachment of the House of Brunswick," is the subject of a special criticism by Mr. John Baker Hopkins. Some of the points raised in the article, in reply to my pamphlet, seem to require answer and explanation at my hands, and I therefore gladly avail myself of the permission so generously accorded me to partially justify myself to the readers of this magazine. I say "partially justify myself," because a complete and thorough justification would involve greater indulgence of space than I have any right to ask.

Mr. Hopkins contends that no law can be made without the Sovereign, that Parliament cannot "prevent the succession of the lawful heir to the throne;" that Parliament has no power to subvert the constitution, and that, according to the constitution, the throne is hereditary. I submit that in this country there is no other constitution than the law; that every Act of Parliament in its enactment becomes part and parcel of the constitution. In America there is a written constitution, and an Act of Congress may not only be unconstitutional, but the judges may disregard it as unconstitutional. In Great Britain there is no written constitution; the constitution is the will of the nation, as expressed from day to day through the representatives in Parliament. However absurd any statute may be the English judges are bound to enforce it. Each statute as it is passed modifies the common and statute law in force prior to its enactment. That the British Parliament can prevent the succession of the "lawful heir to the throne" is certain. It has done so repeatedly. The last instance was on the 28th January, 1688, when it declared the throne vacant, thus excluding the then reigning monarch, James II., and entirely ignoring his son, the Prince of Wales. If Parliament has and had no right to exclude or prevent the succession of a "lawful heir," then the members of the present House of Brunswick are illegally on the throne—in fact, usurpers. I contend that they are lawfully on the throne, and may be as lawfully ejected from it. I deny that by law or practice the throne of this country is hereditary, except so far as *created by Parliament*. To quote the language of the Marquis of *Lansdowne*, used in the House of Lords on the 26th December,



1788:—"One of the best constitutional writers we have had was Mr. Justice Foster, who in his book on the 'Principles of the Constitution,' denies the right even of hereditary succession, and says it is no right whatsoever, but a mere political expedient. The crown, Mr. Justice Foster said, was not a mere descendible property, like a laystall, or a pigsty; but was put in trust for millions, and for the happiness of ages yet unborn, which Parliament has it always in its power to mould, to shape, to alter, and to fashion just as it shall think proper. And in speaking of Parliament, Mr. Justice Foster," his lordship said, "repeatedly spoke of the two Houses of Parliament only;" and Lord Loughborough following in the same debate was compelled "to admit that a right to hereditary succession to the throne was not an original vested right that belonged, in the first instance, to one of a family, and was descendible to the heirs." It is true that Lord Loughborough contended that the crown had been "made hereditary," but this could only be by the act of Parliament, and I submit that the power to repeal is as complete as the authority to enact; that whatever Parliament can give, Parliament is competent to take away. The Earl of Abingdon on the same day, in the House of Lords, discussing the cases of disability provided for in the Act of Settlement, said: "Will a king exclude himself? No! no! my lords, that exclusion appertains to us and to the other House of Parliament exclusively. It is to us it belongs—it is our duty. It is the business of the Lords and Commons of Great Britain, and of us alone, as the trustees and representatives of the nation." And again, the same lord declared that "The right to new model or alter the succession vests in the Parliament of England, without the King, in the Lords and Commons of Great Britain solely and exclusively." On the 22nd December, 1788, the Right Hon. William Pitt, then Prime Minister, said that "It had been argued that, according to the Act 13 Charles II. the two Houses of Parliament cannot proceed to legislate without a king; the conduct of the Revolution had contradicted that assertion; they had acted legislatively, and no king being present, they consequently must have acted without a king." Mr. Hardinge, a lawyer of the highest repute, afterwards Solicitor-General, said in the same debate that "The virtue of our ancestors, and the genius of the Government, accurately understood, a century ago, had prompted the Lords and Commons of the realm to pass a law without a king; and a law which, as he had always read it, had put upon record this principle: "that whenever the supreme executive hand shall have lost its power to act, the people of the land, fully and freely represented, can alone repair the defect." In the same debate Mr. Pitt

reminded the House that "Mr. Somers and other great men declared that no person had a right to the throne independent of the consent of the two Houses." Mr. Macdonald, the then Attorney-General, said in the House, on the same evening, that "The powers of the Government must be derived from the community at large." The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., in writing, conceded all that I contend for, by admitting "That the powers and prerogatives of the crown are vested there as a trust for the benefit of the people," and by saying "that the plea of public utility ought to be strong, manifest, and urgent, which calls for the extinction or suspension of any of those essential rights in the supreme power or its representative." I contend that there is strong, manifest, and urgent ground for the extinction or suspension of the trusteeship at present permitted in the House of Brunswick. The Honourable Temple Luttrell, in a speech made in the House of Commons on the 7th November, 1775, showed that "Of thirty-three Sovereigns since William the Conqueror, thirteen only have ascended the throne by divine hereditary right . . . . The will of the people," he said, "superseding any hereditary claim to succession, at the commencement of the twelfth century placed Henry I. on the throne," and this subject to conditions as to laws to be made by Henry. King John was compelled "solemnly to register an assurance of the ancient rights of the people in a formal manner; and this necessary work was accomplished by the Congress at Runnymede, in the year 1115 . . . . Sir, in the reign of Henry III. (about the year 1223), the barons, clergy, and freeholders, understanding that the King, as Earl of Poictou, had landed some of his continental troops in the western parts of England, with a design to strengthen a most odious and arbitrary set of Ministers, they assembled in a Convention or Congress, from whence they despatched deputies to King Henry, declaring that if he did not immediately send back those Poictouvians, and remove from his person and councils evil advisers, they would place upon the throne a prince who should better observe the laws of the land. Sir, the King not only harkened to that Congress, but shortly after complied with every article of their demand, and publicly notified his reformation. Now, sir, what are we to call that assembly which dethroned Edward II. when the Archbishop of Canterbury preached a sermon on the text, '*The voice of the people is the voice of God!*' . . . . A Prince of the House of Lancaster was invited over from banishment, and elected by the people *to the throne, on the fall of Richard II.* I shall next proceed to *the general Convention and Congress, which in 1461 enthroned the*

Earl of March by the name of Edward IV., the Primate of all England collecting the suffrages of the people . . . In 1659 a Convention or Congress restored legal monarchy in the person of Charles II."

Many more authorities might be collected if your space permitted, but at least I have done something to show that my opinions are not so wildly absurd as Mr. Hopkins pretends. Mr. Hopkins alleges that "many of the scandalous stories" contained in my impeachment pamphlet "are false." I am unaware that any are false. I believe the whole to be true, and have taken pains to be accurate. As no instances of the alleged untruth are offered, it is only possible to make this general reply. Mr. Hopkins is mistaken in supposing that "kings and princes" of the House of Brunswick "cannot notice the wicked stories about them." They have, over and over again, denied and prosecuted, since 1714, accusations varying from falsehood to a crime so black that the pen hesitates to record it. They have even prosecuted Leigh Hunt for describing a Brunswick as "a fat Adonis of fifty." Scores of prosecutions for libel might be given, besides affidavits sworn, and pledges of honour given by princes of the blood, to ineffectually rebut charges of disgraceful conduct against the Brunswick family. But, it is asked, ought the fact that George IV. was "a very bad man," to be urged as a ground for hindering the succession of Albert Edward? Certainly not; but the fact that the Four Georges were all very bad kings, and that William IV. was not a good one, ought not to be a ground for elevating Albert Edward to the throne. Let him be elected or rejected on his own merits and qualifications for the kingly office. It is Mr. Hopkins who would visit the sins of the father on the children. He would always inflict on us a family selected by our aristocratic Whig ancestors in haste, and repented at leisure. Mr. Hopkins makes a merit for the Brunswicks as our monarchs, that "they never finally opposed the will of the people . . . when the crisis came, the Sovereign gave way." But what merit for the monarch to have resisted until a crisis resulted. How much misery might have been spared to Ireland if George II. and George III. had not each resisted all mention of Catholic Emancipation! What evils might have been avoided if George III., George IV., and William IV. had not resolutely determined never to concede political life to the masses! How much sparing of agony, bloodshed, ruin, and waste of wealth if George III. had not so madly resolved to insist on the taxation from here of the *American colonies!* *What less of wrong and rapine, and, since, of mutiny and murder in India, if the king had not determined to prevent the passing of Fox's India Bill!* Surely a king might

sometimes be the leader of his people, not a continuous dead weight, only giving way when the pressure was threatening to force away the obstruction. Mr. Hopkins, who says that fifteen-sixteenths of the national debt has been created to carry on wars which "were sometimes necessary and always popular," asks how this is to be made an item in the impeachment of the House of Brunswick. I may here say that I do not advocate the repudiation of any national obligation. I am of opinion that a nation ought to repay to third persons any moneys it permits a Government to borrow on the national credit. But I should like to know which of the wars under the Four Georges Mr. Hopkins considers to have been necessary; and I utterly deny his "always popular." I allege with Hallam that treaties were entered into in the reigns of the first and second Georges solely for Hanoverian defence and profit, and which engaged England in disadvantageous and dishonouring wars. One early act of George I. was to purchase for the sum of £250,000 Bremen and Verdun. This £250,000 helped to swell our debt and taxes. But, says Mr. Hopkins, it was voted by the House of Commons. He forgot that the vote was procured by the direct falsehood of George I. and Lord Carteret; the money being voted nominally as subsidies and arrears to land forces. This purchase involved us in what proved in the end a costly quarrel, in which Denmark, Sweden, and Russia were mixed up. Were the wars in which we plunged under George II. just or necessary? and, if either of the wars can be justified, is it not most clearly shown in the Pelham correspondence that they were conducted in the Hanoverian and not at all in the English interest? And when Mr. Hopkins says that Parliament voted the money for these wars, I remind him first, that George II. repeatedly signed treaties pledging England to the payments of enormous subsidies, and then sent such treaties to England, where a Parliament, the property of the governing families, endorsed that which even a free Parliament would have found it difficult to cancel without giving battle to the monarchy. It is true that the Tories and the "Great Commoner," while out of office, repeatedly protested against the subsidies to German princes, and against the pro-Hanoverian treaties. Can it be pretended that the war with the American colonies was just or necessary, or even that it was popular, except with the clergy, the landed aristocracy, and the Government? The evidence is overwhelming that this war was persisted in against even the advice of the Cabinet Ministers, solely from the wilful wickedness of George III. I say nothing here of the war with France, which forms one of the *features* dealt with in my pamphlet. That after the wars were *entered upon* or the enterprise decided, popular opinion was


manipulated, I have little doubt, but should like to have the opportunity of examining the facts which Mr. Hopkins would urge in favour of the "always" popularity of our wars under the Brunswicks.

To my contention that during the 158 years of Brunswick rule the governing power of the country has been practically limited to a few families, Mr. Hopkins answers by taking the present Ministry. Surely, if his case were perfect as he states it, this would be no answer to me. But in truth even here Mr. Hopkins conveniently omits half a dozen peers actually in the Cabinet, and the host of titled official surroundings exercising often irresistible influence in the nomination of members of the Government for the time being, or in determining their measures while in office. In a speech which he puts into the mouth of a member of the House of Brunswick, Mr. Hopkins makes claim to "Our hearty applause and gratitude" for the "increase in extent and population" of the British Empire. Does he think of America, or does he refer to India? Does he mean that Australia and New Zealand are to be counted as Brunswick-won jewels? For the growth of commerce and multiplication of riches, how is it shown that the Brunswicks have aided either? For our freedom of speech and writing, we only have won them now in England by constantly repealing during the last forty years the restrictive legislation of the preceding hundred years. To be told that there are no class privileges or monopolies in England, with the evidence alone of Parliamentary Committees to guide us as to the influence of the landed aristocracy in elections, is to declare for a most indefensible proposition.

I have refrained from retorting any of the unpleasant adjectives personal to myself scattered through Mr. Hopkins's paper, and as to the allegation of the scant number of those who think with me, I will only suggest to that gentleman the need of visiting a score of English towns on occasions when our friends gather before he again commits himself too strongly. One word more and I lay down the pen. I am not the chief of the English Republicans. I am only a plain, poor-born man, with the odium of heresy resting on me and the weight of an unequal struggle in life burdening me as I move on. I have, I may boast, won the love and affection of many of the people; that is the whole of my chieftainship. I can affirm that I never flattered the masses I address. That I have ambition to rise in the political strife around me, until I play some small part in the legislative assembly of my country, is true. If I live, I will; but I desire to climb step by step, resting the ladder by whose rounds I ascend firmly on Parliament-made laws, and avoiding those appeals to force of arms which make *victory bloody and disastrous.*

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

## FROM LONDON TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

LOSE upon Christmas last year my friend and I, having determined on making a tour of inspection to Colorado and the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains, found ourselves, at the close of a winter day, in the midst of a bustle of people and portmanteaus at the Euston terminus of the London and North Western Railway, in time for the down express. Presently we were flying through Willesden and making rapid progress towards Liverpool, where we hoped to spend a quiet night preparatory to trusting ourselves to "a ship at sea."

The express bore us gallantly, and at half-past eleven the following morning we were swaying with the tide at Prince's landing stage, and opposite us, about a mile away, lay the *Abyssinia*, sending forth clouds of smoke, and looking, as she is, the perfection of a mighty steamer. Soon we were on board her amidst a crowd of passengers, and then the whistle sounded, the tugs cleared off, the people waved good-byes till they were far away, and we steamed slowly down the river with heavier hearts than we expected, for as the tall masts of Liverpool faded gradually away, and the soft, dirty weather beat on us ahead, the waves grew rougher and the great ship rose gently to them, and then we were out in the open channel, bound for New York, with anything but promising-looking weather. The glass in the saloon was falling rapidly and the wind freshened every moment, but no one seemed to notice it, and the *Abyssinia* bent her great head steadily forwards, in spite of the whistling in her masts and rigging, and one by one the saloon passengers found their way "below." That night the wind rose into a gale, and detained us considerably on our way to Queenstown, where we arrived, however, in time to meet the mails, and after two hours of peace in that snug harbour, we set forth again on our western journey, and at sunset we were fairly out on the great Atlantic. The *Abyssinia* proved to be a glorious sea-going boat; gales seemed nothing to her, nor do they, I suppose, to her competitors on the rough Atlantic, for be the weather what it may they still sail out and in, never deigning to do anything but close their portholes; and though violent storms may detain them a day or two on an unlucky passage, their power is so

great that usually they steam through everything, fearing nothing but fogs and icebergs, and using no safeguards against even these but the dismal fog whistle and a sharp "look out" ahead—a fact to wonder at in these enlightened ages. I am told the French steamers have set a worthy example in the use of a strong electric light, which shows an iceberg at a great distance, and thus renders it comparatively harmless. Our voyage proved anything but lively, and we were glad enough, after twelve days at sea, when we steamed past the American forts with the "almighty eagle" floating proudly over them, and soon after dropped anchor fairly in New York. New York? Yes! but a wide gulf still lay between us and that mighty city—a gulf called "Customs," only to be crossed by golden bridges. "These your boxes? Guess you'd better unlock them." And then the box is opened, and our well-packed treasures scattered far and wide, till human nature can stand no more, and we display beneath the cover a sovereign. Then a sepulchral whisper, "Drop it," and a strong hand seizes on the coin. "Guess you had better place them goods back; nothing dutiable here;" and we, growing braver, unlock a large portmanteau, and the great hands grope under and over our treasured stores again till, stooping, we whisper, "There's another for you when they are all through," and the sepulchral voice answers, "You don't know who's a looking," but astonishing is the difference in the mode of handling; no more tossing and tumbling, no more searching in secret-looking corners, nothing now but a confidential whisper as the mark goes on the last portmanteau, "Put it in my hand, sir, as you take the keys," and forthwith the passing is over, and we are free to roam America.

With great kindness an American friend whom we had met on board had volunteered to put us in the way of "doing" New York, and, according to his advice, we took our way in a hired carriage to "The Hoffman House." We were not to bother about paying the carriage, as the hotel clerks always manage such things in America, but when, after a few days in that luxurious hotel, we came to pay our bill, the item, "carriage and luggage express," struck us with considerable astonishment; for we had sixteen dollars (a sum equivalent to three pounds sterling in English money) to pay for our four mile drive and the conveyance of our luggage, which was not pleasing to our British notions, but which I find is not at all an extraordinary price even for Americans themselves to pay. It served us as an early warning never again to hire a carriage without first making secure arrangements, and to travel in future on board the five cent tramways, which run to every place within the city, and never vary

from one fixed price. We found New York a splendid city, though it scarcely came up to our notions of a second Paris, in spite of the lengthy Broadway and the grand Fifth Avenue ; but we experienced great kindness at the hands of some of its inhabitants, and after "doing" the gold room and a few of the city lions we set to work to take our passage westwards, which we at last did at one of the many ticket stores scattered widely over Broadway, easily to be distinguished by flaming advertisements outside their doorways, proving their own line to be the nearest route to every imaginable district, till at last, after inquiry at a good many, from the gradually decreasing distance, one begins to hope that, unlike Mahomet's mountain, the desired spot may at length come to our very feet. We finally decided on the Erie line, the president of which lately met with such an untimely fate, and, accordingly, at half-past eight at night we found ourselves in a Pullman's sleeping car on board the train. As it was night when we started we missed the opportunity of seeing the country we passed through, which has a great reputation for glorious scenery. When morning came we found the line we took covered with snow, and till we neared Chicago (a journey of two nights and one day—900 miles) the same character existed.

It was early in the morning when we reached Chicago, and our drive from the railway depôt took us through a scene of the most disastrous ruin possible to imagine, a chaos of broken bricks, 'iron girders, and burnt up safes, filling great pits which were once cellars, with here and there the shell of a massive building gutted and blackened, still standing, a relic of former grandeur. In every open space, however, men were at work building, hammering, and clearing. Stores had sprung up and were still springing up in every imaginable quarter—not only wooden ones, but great massive piles of brick and stone work, had already reared high above the ruins, and some large buildings were even finished, in spite of the cold and frost and snow ; and whoever sees Chicago in five years' time, will probably see a finer city than it ever was before. We were astonished to see the wooden pavements being put down again, for there are stringent rules against wooden buildings in the leading streets, and a thing that struck me more than any other was, that during my stay in Chicago, where every street had its hundreds of masons hard at work, there was not a sign of scaffolding or anything outside the buildings to tell of work going on within ; everything being done *inside*, and all materials hoisted by pulleys, supported by gigantic beams in the centre of the works. We stayed here one night to break the *monotony of our lengthy journey*, though it occasioned us no fatigue—



thanks to the efforts of the mighty Pullman, who has indeed done his utmost to benefit mankind. A more comfortable mode of travelling than his cars afford cannot be imagined. He himself runs the sleeping cars at his own risk, and works them at his own expense, upon the different lines, the company granting him the right; the extra charge for a sleeping car being a dollar and a half per night, and for day cars one dollar; the latter are called drawing-room cars, and are fitted up with luxurious easy chairs, one for each person, on which you can swing round at pleasure and look out of the large plate-glass windows, which are about four feet by two, an immense improvement on the smaller ones in England. I was told that one of Pullman's Palace Cars costs in making about twenty-five thousand dollars (nearly five thousand pounds); they are so strongly built that none have ever been known to smash; one individual went so far as to say that no one had ever been killed in a Pullman car. By day the sleeping cars resemble a long narrow room with about twenty velvet seats on either side, leaving a good wide passage down the middle. Over the seats the beds unfold at night, encroaching but little on the passage room; still the beds are wide enough to accommodate two grown people, and they are infinitely more comfortable than any ship's berth.

There is one great drawback, and that is that no portion is set apart for ladies, so that the limited amount of dressing and undressing that goes on must be done sitting up in bed with the curtains drawn; a man can manage this, but for a lady it has many drawbacks. Men appear through the curtains attired only in shirt and trousers, their toilet being completed in the open space, but ladies, who come out wholly dressed, have to tug and pull and shake when fairly on the floor to get their garments straight.

The same objection will apply to the lavatories; of course when breakfast is looming in the distance, "perhaps but twenty minutes ahead," there is a rush for places, ladies and gentlemen coming quite indiscriminately; perhaps a man may be before you brushing frantically at his hair, or perhaps a lady may be smoothing out her tresses with the bright metallic comb chained on to the looking glass. Whoever it is, no one can afford to wait except the husbands, whose devotion in the States seems to be very great. Even where so many brides are travelling constantly, it is impossible to distinguish them from the more sober matrons, and never have I seen so much "spooning" as in the American trains.

Most of the companies have given up using the dining-cars (which were simply ordinary sleeping cars with cooks and cooking places on

board), for they prefer to build eating houses at given stations, thus placing the profits in their own hands instead of in the Pullman company's. When the train draws near a meal, the conductor walks through and shouts the time he will wait for whatever meal it is, generally twenty to twenty-five minutes; and a gong beaten loudly leads one to the smoking viands, the price of which varies according to locality, from seventy-five cents to a dollar currency (about four shillings in English money), and generally the sharp air and rapid travelling help one to do justice to his money's worth.

The cars are kept very warm, too warm in fact, by pipes filled from a boiler containing salt, glycerine, and water, which will not freeze above zero; and, generally speaking, even in the coldest weather they are uncomfortably hot, being thoroughly draught-tight and doubly glassed in every window.

After leaving Chicago we travelled by the Burlington and Quincy line as far as Quincy, then by the Hannibal and San Joe line to Kansas City, from whence by the Kansas Pacific line to Denver. It would require an endless memory to remember over what lines one travels, and to keep them from clashing with the lines over which one *might* have travelled. We found the Burlington and Quincy a very comfortable line, smooth and well managed, passing through glorious agricultural country, not great in scenery (for one cannot see a mile ahead), but undulating land with rich black soil, and the most comfortable, prosperous looking farm houses I have ever seen, a fact speaking in itself for the richness of the soil. At Quincy we crossed the Mississippi by the beautiful bridge, a triumph of light iron architecture only equalled by one other bridge in the States, its span being more than a mile from bank to bank. We crossed it in brilliant moonlight, and the river looked lovely, so broad and placid, unequalled by anything I have ever seen, forming a striking contrast to the muddy Missouri, a mere stream in comparison, which we saw next morning at Kansas City. We crossed the Missouri by a lumbering wooden bridge, which has the virtue of being the only one yet built on the river, and then we were in Kansas City, a growing town, *not* in Kansas, but in the State of Missouri.

Opposite it on the bank of the river lower down is a town formed by John Brown himself, which the guard pointed out to us as one of the Western sights. On this occasion, however, there was nothing to be seen save a few low muddy-looking buildings, and unless John Brown's soul has pleasanter quarters than had his body, one cannot wonder at it "marching on."

*Eighty miles from Kansas City comes Topeka, a much younger*

and still more rapidly rising town. We had to wait here ten hours for the Denver train, and whilst waiting we saw our first Indians. At this place the rough frontier manners may be said fairly to commence.

Before we had walked a hundred yards from the station a drunken man, with a revolver poking out between his coat tails, staggered against us, and to our relief passed on; then three Englishmen recognised us as what they termed "Johnny Bulls," and insisted on our drinking for the sake of the "old country," immediately marching us into a horrid pot-house, from whence we escaped after swallowing three "drinks," much to our countrymen's disgust, who stayed to make a *night* of it. This occurred about three in the afternoon, and our train was not due till one in the morning; however, the time melted away at last, and at half-past one we heard the welcome bellow. In America the trains do not whistle, but bellow like a young calf, and ring a bell on approaching a station. These bells remind one of chapels, and so different is their tone that the station-master knows what engine is coming, and thus recognises the various trains.

Once fairly on board (this time it was the Kansas Pacific) we turned into our berths and slept the sound sleep of weary travellers until near Fort Ellis, where breakfast awaited us. At the table sat a tall soldierly looking man who proved to be a captain of American cavalry—a noted man in this part of the country, having the reputation of being one of the few men who could make the niggers fight in the war, and who is at present employed with about four hundred horse in keeping the Apachés in order on the extreme borders of New Mexico. His fort is the nearest civilised point to the old Aztec towns, to which he gave me a very kind invitation, and a promise that if I came down he would escort me to the said towns with a troop of cavalry. I found out afterwards that he was wounded by the Indians last year and his life despaired of by his men, but all my endeavours to draw him out about his Indian experience proved futile.

Here we first struck the forts and prairies. The latter are immense, inhabited solely by Coyôtes, prairie dogs, buffalo, antelopes, Indians, and soldiers, all in constant warfare one with another. For a hundred miles the line is thickly strewed with skeletons of buffalo, shot either by the soldiers for food or by the passengers in the trains for amusement. Sometimes in the autumn a train has to stop and allow bands of buffalos to cross the line, none of them caring to do more than canter out of the way, a single man on foot frightening them more than the fastest train.

These prairies, approached by the Kansas line, must be the nearest buffalo grounds to England, distant from London about fifteen days,

at a cost, say, of £40, and perhaps Englishmen have to account for a great many of the whitening bones. However, the sooner the buffalos are gone the sooner the Indians will be peaceful, and when they are, the whole of this boundless area of country, capable of fattening a million or so of buffalos yearly, will be made use of. The small forts on the prairies by the side of the railways are worthy of description. To begin with they are under ground, so that one sees nothing but a roof raised slightly above the plain, covered with earth, and made perfectly fire-proof; underneath this roof is about eighteen inches of wall, loop-holed at intervals, through which the unfortunate soldiers can peer before venturing on the plain, or shoot if necessary; the whole forming a simple though ample stronghold which a few soldiers can hold against any number of Indians, who, having purchased their experience, eschew these places religiously, knowing full well that a bright "Spencer" may poke its nose through the muddy aperture at a moment's notice.

At Pond Creek Station I noticed a man standing on the prairie leaning against a gun, and on inquiring I found that this was not a sportsman but a "figure" (as my informant put it) stuffed by the soldiers "to scare Injuns," and I have no doubt it has answered admirably.

At the edge of the buffalo country comes "Kit Carson," a small town formed by freighters before the railway was made, and now trying hard to hold its own, but the Arapahoes make life there difficult, having only a few months ago (so I was told by a resident doctor) pounced upon twenty weary travellers and killed them within sight of the town buildings! This town was the scene of the snowing-up excitement: the train crawled in one night during an awful snowstorm, and it was found impossible to proceed. By the morning the snow reached the carriage windows, and the train was detained there fourteen days, while the passengers passed a miserable Christmas, and were nearly famished by cold and hunger. The eating house, well provided at first, grew short of provisions, and even buffalo meat at last waxed scarce, so that the price of food became marvellously high, and these poor travellers were left starving and shivering in the intense cold, until at last some kind-hearted man, with an eye, perhaps, to trade as well as charity, offered them the use of a cargo of spokes and fellies which happened to be on board the train, to be used as firewood in their dire necessity.

From Carson to Denver we journeyed by night, and arrived at seven in the morning; there we found the ground covered with *snow and the cold intense*, but the air so clear and light that I

began to have faith in some of the Western tales. As an instance of the extreme rarity of the atmosphere, I may mention that on our way from the station to the hotel my companion suggested a walk after breakfast to the Rocky Mountains, which lay apparently four or five miles distant, and without doubt we should have started had we not found on inquiry that they were twenty-five miles away!

Denver is a nice clean town, like all Western towns, young and fast improving, containing already some handsome buildings and about seven thousand inhabitants. Standing close, even now, to the "American Hotel" is a kind of "shanty," at present used as a blacksmith's shop, which, twelve years ago, was the first house in Denver. Twelve years ago they had neither post-office nor coach communication; now they have two trains daily in and out, and stage communication to every necessary point. Denver is moreover rapidly losing its name as a "hard" town, unlike some of its Western neighbours—thanks, perhaps, to its "Vigilance Committee;" at any rate, one can walk about there in perfect safety, and though there are many rough gentry who winter there from the mountain mines, where they are unable to remain on account of the extreme cold, they mind their own business, and let honest folk alone.

In Denver there are gambling hells, saloons, billiard rooms, and one theatre. We remained there three days, riding about the country, and making inquiries relative to our journey southwards, and on Sunday morning took coach for Pueblo, distant about a hundred and twenty miles, having made every preparation to keep out the intense cold then existing. For days the thermometer had been many degrees below zero, and though the coach was crowded with six full-sized much bewrapped men, each moustache was frozen. The horses on the line are changed every ten miles, and their appearance would do credit to the Windsor coach. They are driven most carefully, never exceeding five miles an hour, decidedly slow to passengers. One man drives about forty miles: he is then replaced. Not so the guard, or rather "messenger," who has charge of the mails and receives all letters on the route, remaining with them to the journey's end, travelling three days and four nights consecutively, and sleeping only when the road permits, going on through frost and snow, without even the privilege of an inside seat, save when the coach is empty. The guard on our journey was making his second trip, and suffering fearfully from exposure; but a month later, when I met him in Denver, he expressed himself as being quite used to it, and was able to laugh at his former sufferings. After travelling a day and a night, we arrived at our journey's end, our route having taken us

through a capital sheep and cattle country, all of which is occupied. In the night we passed Colorado City, a miserable little town, situated in close proximity to the "Garden of the Gods," a place much renowned for its beauty and the virtues of its mineral waters, which bubble up at almost boiling heat, and are supposed to possess great medicinal power; so great is their fame that speculators have already stepped in and purchased every available inch of land, predicting for the place a great future as a resort for the Eastern multitudes.

At Pueblo we found the sessions going on, and not even the most remote chance of a bed for love or money, so we were fain to be content to leave that festive city, and journey on some five-and-twenty miles through a bitter snowstorm to a ranche on the Muddy Creek (beneath the Green Horn Peak of the Rocky Mountains), the property of a buxom widow. Here we stayed nearly three weeks, in the vicinity of capital shooting.

Here, too, we spent our Christmas; our quarters, though scarcely fashionable, being sometimes very crowded. One evening we had nineteen sleepers in the sitting room: fifteen on the floor, and the remainder in beds by the wall side, in one of which my companion and I were lucky enough to obtain quarters. Down here class distinction ceases; one man is as good as another—"perhaps better than another," as Lord Dundreary says—and each one carries weapons sufficient to give account of at least five of his brethren. I once saw ten revolvers deposited on the sofa at dinner time, and most of their owners were represented by at least one other protector in the shape of a tiny "Derringer," no bigger than a man's thumb, but as deadly at close quarters as the largest blunderbuss. They say an Englishman, little knowing their power, was once threatened by one of these Lilliputian pistols: seeing the pistol pointed at him, and a finger even then upon the trigger, he shouted "Look here, my man, if you hit me with that thing, and I happen to find it out, I'll smash every bone in your body."

In the mountains about here elk are very plentiful; one often passes their cast-off antlers blanched upon the hills. Bears, also, are numerous, besides black and white tailed deer, wolves, foxes, and beavers, whose dams will save the settlers many a hard day's work. The puma, too, is sometimes found, and whilst at Denver I saw a magnificent specimen of the great mountain sheep brought in for sale. Dog towns are everywhere to be seen, with the little sentinels barking above the holes; here there are no game laws, and no lack of shooting ground. Pueblo, the nearest town, is composed of

about two hundred houses, those in the main street being principally saloons, billiard rooms, and stores, and two or three hotels, of which the "Drovers" carries off the palm. South of Pueblo comes Trinidad, and south of Trinidad, Santa Fé, seven hundred miles from Denver. Here mail communication ceases, and the route into Texas is fraught with Indian dangers on every side. Large parties, however, go down every year, and bring back droves of cattle, though occasionally the Indians make a bad raid, overpower the men, and stampede the stock, thus rendering the journey full of peril. In Texas there are men who possess enormous droves of stock, some holding a hundred thousand head! In Denver I saw Mr. Hitson, who is one of the largest owners. He is a fine looking man, evidently accustomed to the hardest life, and as much at home on the prairie as in his own stock yard. On his saddle he carries a magnificent "Winchester," the latest American rifle, holding nineteen cartridges, and firing them at will, a most perfect piece of mechanism, and I could not help thinking that the Indians must have experienced a great difference between this rapid "Winchester" and the old brown rifle he carried out years ago.

Whilst in the south of Colorado I spent one evening with three judges and some members of the Colorado bar, who were very good fellows, convivial to a degree, regaling us with strong whisky and many an amusing anecdote. They were then on their journey to Trinidad, to hold court, their work having no doubt largely increased since the vigilance committee ceased their labours. These same vigilance committees are grand organisations, composed of a large number of members working very quietly, but who, when once sure of their man, take the law entirely into their own hands, and having arrested him, dispose of him at once.

The bridge at Denver was the favourite scaffold, but there are trees and telegraph poles which have assisted at many a well deserved execution. As far as I could judge, the vigilance committees have answered well, working usually with great justice, though there are instances where the ruffian element has prevailed and honest men have suffered; but such exceptions are most rare, and the larger part of the community have such faith in the committees that they are sorry to see them dying out. At a small fort, on the Kansas Pacific line, a little enclosure can be seen, about twenty feet square, containing the bodies of twelve wretched men, who were executed by the committee during the formation of the railway! It would be interesting to read a history of these prairie railways. The body of men employed to make them represented, I should think, the greatest lot of ruffians ever

congregated together, whose number can be to some extent appreciated by the fact that they built and completed sometimes five miles a day. I must give one tale current in the States as a worthy but assuredly overdrawn illustration of their doings. This tale is of Julesburg, a small town on the Union Pacific line, which for some time was the head quarters of the railway builders. Six weeks—six frosty healthy weeks they stayed there, and then went on to another station, leaving behind them fifty-three dead comrades; fifty-two had died from pistol wounds, the last from a *natural* death—delirium tremens.

The Indians of the mountains here are the Utes, generally considered as the lowest of all the Indian tribes, but the inhabitants of Colorado know them better, and although they do not hold them in high esteem, except as peaceful neighbours, they look on them as a warlike, manly tribe, infinitely better and stronger than their neighbours on the plains—the Arapahoes, Cheyennes, and Sioux—with all of whom they are at constant enmity, an enmity of great service to the whites, for the Utes are so dreaded that they form an invaluable protection to the parks and valleys, the hostile Indians seldom venturing beyond the limits of their own prairies; when occasionally they have so ventured, there has been war, and the Utes invariably have been the conquerors. In Colorado the Ute tribe is estimated at twenty-five thousand strong, and their hunting grounds extend over a vast extent of country. A large portion of the territory is set aside for their use by the States Government, upon which no American is allowed to settle. This plan has been adopted with all the different tribes, some of whom are content to remain on their reserves, whilst others object strongly, and are usually on the war-path. The Utes have been dissatisfied, but Uray, their head chief, is a man of sound sense and clear judgment, and he has hitherto succeeded in keeping them in capital order. It is his boast that his tribe has always been peaceable to the whites, and though there have been rumours of a breaking out, it has never come, and every year the great influx of American emigration renders the chance of its coming less, and the security of the white man infinitely greater. I saw my first Utes in Denver; they arrived in one of the coaches on a particularly cold day, and walked boldly up to the stove in the hotel reception room, taking chairs and sitting themselves down without a word to anybody. Here they remained for some time, whilst I was occupied in taking stock of their appearance. *They were short, powerfully built men, with reddish-brown faces, peculiarly low foreheads, and hard, cruel-looking eyes—evidently great*



swells in their own individual opinions. One was dressed in tanned deerskin, with fringed seams, and stained devices, composed of many coloured lines, up and down his buckskin trousers; the other wore the proud costume of an American soldier, and on his breast there rested a medal about the size of an ordinary saucer, no doubt a pearl of great value in the tribe.

Here they sat gazing fixedly at the stove fire, never deigning so much as a glance at the people who kept walking in, till at last I gave up watching them and went out, and on my return they had departed. I must not leave Denver without a glance at the hotels, of which there are several, but foremost amongst them comes "The American House," capable I should think of accommodating a hundred and fifty guests, and it is generally pretty well filled. It stands on a hill (as does nearly the whole of Denver) and commands a splendid view of the Rocky Mountains. The charge is four dollars a day, which includes everything, mine host providing a most excellent table, at which all the delicacies of the season are represented—buffalo hump, venison (deer and antelope), jack, rabbit, mountain sheep, and bear's meat in its proper season.

At the prairie eating houses along the road I found the tables well supplied; the bills of fare are sometimes quite astounding, but on partaking of the various dishes a sameness pervades them, and after a few meals one comes to the sorrowful conclusion that the staple article is buffalo. Nor is the fact to be wondered at, as the price of buffalo meat is three cents a carcase (about a penny farthing) with the hide thrown in, this being the cost of a Spencer cartridge; whilst beef or mutton would be eight or ten cents a pound, with the chance of it going bad on the railway journey. There was a dinner some time ago in London composed entirely of American articles (brought over frozen in the steamers), and the buffalo meat was spoken of in high terms of praise. In the Far West, however, one meets it under different circumstances, which accounts, perhaps, for a diversity of opinion: at any rate, after a few days the coarse brown meat becomes anything but a luxury.

On the hotel book at "The American House" are a good many English names, and now that Denver is on one of the principal routes to India and China it will be quite a halting place on the long through journey.

One morning at breakfast one of Her Majesty's Consuls on his road to China was seated at a table close to ours, and in the snowed up train we heard there was an English officer trying to catch the Indian steamer to save his leave; but whilst detained, he had the

satisfaction of knowing that the steamer which leaves San Francisco only every second month was gone, and that he had nothing to do but recross the Atlantic and take the Indian mail from England. My companion still remains among the game in the Rocky Mountains, whilst I returned by the Kansas Pacific line to Chicago, thence taking the Michigan Central line to Niagara, there crossing by the Suspension Bridge. On the road we had been detained by snow, and missed the proper halting stations, so that we arrived hungry at Niagara. Having crossed to the American side our train stopped, leaving us with time and opportunity to work our wicked will on the viands afforded at one of the hotels.

Here we stayed long enough to do ample justice to our dollar's worth, and then proceeded towards our train again, which we found had recrossed the river, and was then lying on the Canadian side. Of course we thought we had nothing to do but walk over and explain the matter to the bridge-keeper, as the bridge is the property of the railway company. With this intent we walked boldly on, only to be signally defeated, for the toll-taker knew nothing about any trains, and he had only to collect twenty-five cents from every one who crossed ; so we talked in vain, till some one suggested that our tickets would free us, to which the man assented, " If you hev tickets you are right ;" but we were not right by any means, for our inexorable enemy found that our tickets were for the reverse way ; so he said " It won't do, so you must jest pay," and we were paying and looking anything but pleasant, when a smart-looking young American shouted out " Look here, stranger, I have you where the hair's short," and immediately he produced a ticket for the opposite way, hitherto lying crumpled and forgotten in his pocket-book, which ticket was scrutinised minutely, and after a close examination its owner was allowed to cross.

Of Niagara I shall say nothing, but reiterate the words of this young American—" There's falling water there !" So there is at Genessee for the matter of that, which we passed at Rochester early the following morning, and after a journey down the lovely scenery of the Hudson, our train arrived safely at New York.

A fortnight after I was in London, having travelled about four thousand miles by train ; the whole journey (including a month in the Rocky Mountains) having been accomplished in seventy-four days.

## AN EDITORIAL MYSTERY.

"I'm a devil, I'm a devil."—*Dickens's Raven.*

**N**ICODEMUS DAWSON was a devil. There was no mistake about that. He was not so impish as Barnaby's feathered friend; he had none of the graces which distinguished the—

Tall Figurant—all in black!

who astonished the Lord Keeper and Dame Alice Hatton; he was not a croaker like Poe's raven; he did not bear the smallest resemblance to His Brimstonian Majesty who visited Hole-cum-Corner; he was altogether unlike Dante's devil in chief, or the theatrical representation thereof; neither did the burlesque Pluto who has become popular of late years resemble him; yet was he a devil, and forsooth with a tale. He was known as a devil from his youth up.

— Ever on the hoof,

For "ass," or "pig," or author's proof.

Do you take me? Of course you do. You remember that picture of Kenny Meadows's in which Nic, as a boy, is represented with two antique inking balls under his arms, dinner plates and pewter pot in both his hands, blotches of ink upon his neck and face. More than that, you remember Douglas Jerrold's pen and ink portrait of the same individual; and you exclaim at once "Of course, Nic Dawson was a printer's devil." You are right, my friend; "let us liquor; we live in a free country!"

"In the days of darkness, in the hour of superstition, was our subject christened." Suggestive of many perils and dangers passed, is this little fact; and we keep our devil still as a memento of Dr. Faustus and the old times. But it is not often you see such a devil as Nic Dawson. The P. Ds. whom you may have seen are nearly as objectionable as "those nasty dirty little boys" to whom Elizabeth Lentington objected; but N. D.—our P. D. !—all honour to the old boy, is grey with years, and he hobbles like the actors who "do" Mephistopheles in strict accordance with "the fall." He was the devil at "our office" in the days of wooden presses and leather inking balls; it was he who used to meet the coach for the "express" papers; it was he who used to run to and fro between our office and

Mr. Jobson, F.A.S., who succeeded in writing half a dozen paragraphs during the week, and producing a newspaper nearly as large as a sheet of foolscap.

He says he is the last of the devils as devils went in his early days ; and so he is, and the first of devils too, as you will admit by-and-by. But printers will always keep up the pleasant fiction of "the familiar," and few who knew him will forget the many virtues of Nicodemus Dawson.

It was a dark and boisterous night, at Christmas-tide a year ago ; just—

At the hour when midnight ghosts assume  
Some frightful shape, and sweep along the gloom,

there came a tapping at my chamber door.

While I pondered weak and weary  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping  
As of some one gently rapping—rapping at my chamber door.  
" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, " tapping at my chamber door—  
Only this and nothing more."

Not to be mysterious, it was a visitor, and something more—for Nic the devil was not a visitor in the general acceptance of the term. He entered so quietly, and with such an impressive limp, that I involuntarily exclaimed, "What's the matter, Nic?" It was not the night before publication; he could not come for "copy;" he certainly would not call in the middle of the night for his Christmas box; if the office had been on fire he would have shown some signs of strong excitement. But Nic only sat down and looked at me, and his manner was so alarming that I wondered for a moment if the poor old fellow had really departed this life and had sent his ghost to make me acquainted with the melancholy fact.

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,

I stood upon my feet, and in a voice of thunder exclaimed, "Why the devil don't you speak?" Being frightened, I spoke loud and angrily that I might take courage from the strength of my voice, assuming something of that bravado which I could not feel.

"Don't put yourself out, sir," said Nic.

"I will not, my friend, but I shall put you out if you don't at once throw aside that Pepper's-ghost manner of yours."

"Ah, sir," said Nic, looking at me very earnestly in the face, "do u remember the story of Velasquez?"

"No," I said, recoiling under the old man's glance. "Who the

deuce was Velasquez? What have I to do with Velasquez at this time of night?"

"You know what night it is," said Nic. "It is Christmas Eve."

"Even so," I replied.

Wretched as the attempt at humour undoubtedly was, it helped me to keep my spirits up, for now I felt sure that this was Nic's ghost.

The wind moaned down the chimney, and brought with it a thousand weird fancies, in which I saw "sheeted ghosts wandering through the storm."

"I could not rest," said Nic.

"Alas, poor ghost," I would have replied, had I dared.

"I have felt so miserable these last few years—so very miserable—and when I read that Christmas number of yours, in which you allude so touchingly to your unknown contributor, I rushed out into the night, and came here, because I could not help it."

"Oh!" I said, feeling a little reassured; "and now you are here, Nic, what will you take?"

"I'll take the kettle off the fire, if you will allow me, sir, first," said Nic, removing the singing vessel.

He did not turn into a ghost and swallow it, but went quietly to my cupboard, and placed tumblers upon the table.

"Just a little whisky, sir," he said; "thank you."

"That's right," I said, and I touched the old boy with my hand. I found he was all there—that was a comfort; but he was all here, and that still puzzled me much.

"Surely you do know the story of Velasquez," he said again, after mixing my grog and handing it to me with his usual deferential care.

"Then I must tell you that story," he said.

"But," I remonstrated, "you surely have not come here to tell me a story, Nic?"

"I have, sir, two stories. I am like the Ancient Mariner to-night and must unburthen myself."

"And am I to be the Wedding Guest, Nic?" I said, wondering a little at Nic's simile.

"Yes, sir; but if you knew the story of Velasquez and Pareja (and I cannot help thinking you do), it would have considerably relieved my mind and saved your time."

"Indeed," I said. "I hope you have not been drinking, Nic."

"No, sir," said Nic, looking me straight in the face again, and beginning his story, which, old as it is, had on Nic's tongue a fresh and living charm.

"Pareja," he said, "was a slave, literally kicked into the studio of

Velasquez by a famous Spanish admiral, who gave the youth to the famous painter. They called the slave Pareja after his master, and the painter's pupils made a drudge of the woolly-headed curiosity. He was in fact, sir, the devil of the studio, at the beck and call of everybody; he cleaned the palettes, ground the colours, cleaned out the studio, waited on the young men, and was a slave in every respect, getting considerably more kicks than anything else. Velasquez, his master, however, treated him always with the greatest possible kindness, and the slave held him in the intensest admiration. One day Pareja, in that imitative spirit which is characteristic of man, whether he be bondsman or freeman, tried to paint. Of course he made a terrible hash of the business; but the true passion was excited, and Pareja hied himself to a deserted garret in his master's house, and there set up an easel. He had nothing but old disused brushes and the refuse of colours from the painting room to work with. Early in the morning and at odd times in the day he found a wonderful charm in daubing the colours upon his bits of board in the garret. By-and-by the slave improved, until the forms which he produced really gave him a positive delight, such as the real artist feels at his own success. You know the story, sir?"

"Go on, Nic," I said, not willing to interrupt the narrative which seemed to flow from his lips with a peculiar power that surprised me far more than anything else in this singular and unexpected interview, "Go on, Nic."

"One day Philip the Fourth and the great Rubens honoured Velasquez with a visit. In the train of the King were the highest grandees of Spain. Following Rubens were Vandyck, Sneyders, and other celebrated pupils of the King of Painters. Rubens, you remember, sir,—I see you are well up in the incidents of that glorious day"—

"Go on, Nic," I said, lost in astonishment at the old man's animated manner, and uninterrupted flow of words.

"Rubens was most favourably impressed with the works of Velasquez. The latter said his cup of happiness would be full if Signor Rubens would leave a stroke of his pencil upon one of his pictures. Presenting a palette to the great master, Velasquez pointed to his chief works. 'All these,' said Rubens, with peculiar grace, 'are finished, yet will I make an attempt.' At the same moment he picked up a piece of canvas which was lying, face to the wall, in an out of the way corner. Turning it round, he uttered an exclamation of surprise, as his eye fell upon the picture which afterwards became famous as 'The Entombment.' Shall I go on, sir?—you know what followed."

"The picture was by Pareja," I said, entering into Nic's excitement. "Painting it in the garret, he had brought it down to retouch in the morning, and in the hurry and bustle of the time had left it in the studio."

"I knew the story was familiar to you," said Nic, "you who know so much. The slave had caught inspiration from his master, had worked in secret, and Velasquez was not ashamed to embrace him. What a glorious career that day opened up to him, and how humbly he comported himself, how bravely he died at last for the husband of his master's daughter, thanking God that he had been permitted to lay down his life for the child of the great and magnanimous Velasquez."

There were tears in poor old Nic's eyes as he spoke of the slave's death, and there was a rhetorical power in his simple manner of telling the story that caused me to ask myself more than once, "Can this be old Nic Dawson?"

"I read that story, sir, in an old book which you gave me twenty years ago," he continued. "I thought of Pareja day and night. I thought of the inborn power which any man has, however lowly he may be, and I vowed to emulate the slave of Admiral Pareja. Now, sir, do you understand me?"

Nic hesitated, stammered, and fidgetted with his empty glass.

"Have some more whisky, Nic," I said; "the light is beginning to break in upon me."

"Do not, sir, for one moment think I place myself on an equality with Saint Pareja—for I have canonised him, sir, and put him in my calendar. I am but a poor ignorant fellow to be mentioned in the same year as Pareja, but his love for Signor Velasquez is not greater than mine is for you, sir."

"Then, my dear old Nic Dawson," I said, standing before him and putting out my hand, "you are"—

"Your Unknown Contributor," said Nic, bending his head and kissing my hand.

"No, no, Nic; head erect," I said, "it is the special prerogative of genius to elevate the slave to the level of gods, to raise the printer's devil above his master. God bless you, old Nic Dawson!"

I shall never forget the grateful expression which lit up the old man's face as he took my hand in his, while great tears ran down his cheeks.

"Give me time to recover my surprise, old boy, and we will talk this matter over. Meanwhile, I drink to your fame, Nicodemus, and wish you in the traditional good old fashion 'A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!'"

Nic put his glass to his lips, and pushed back the grey locks that fell over his forehead. He looked like a man who had been relieved from a weight of woe and trouble.

"I rejoice to find, Nic, that you are not a ghost, but a genius. I feared you were the former when you came in here to-night. We must republish these contributions of yours. They will make a pleasant Christmas book. And here is a capital introduction ready made for them—this interview. Aye, and a title too, Nic—a title that will take the town, depend upon it."

"I fear you are over-estimating my stories," said Nic.

"We had not published them ourselves, old friend, and made inquiries concerning the unknown writer, had they not been worth republication," I said with an air of editorial authority.

"I ask your pardon," said the old man.

"They shall be published as a Christmas book," I continued, "and its title shall be 'The Devil's Own,' though devil no longer; for you shall devil it no longer here, my friend: we must place you on equal terms with ourselves, Nic; it shall not be said that those Spanish fellows are better gentlemen than we of these colder latitudes."

"Nor shall it be said that Pareja was more grateful and had more humility than Nic Dawson, the printer's devil," said the old man.

"Then name this literary child of thine, Mr. Dawson."

"The Devil's Own," said Nic, promptly.

"So be it—here's success to 'The Devil's Own.'"

"I wish to ask one favour," said the old gentleman.

"Name it—your wishes shall be commands to-night at least."

"It is, sir, that your own beautiful story of"—

"No further compliments, Nic, an you love us," I said, interrupting his little speech; "to be likened unto Velasquez, to find in my slave a genius contributing to my famous Christmas numbers year after year in secret is enough for one night's romance."


"Pardon me, sir, the favour I still venture to ask is that you will condescend to print your beautiful story of —— first after the 'Introduction,' seeing that the contemplation of the secret and hidden woe of the leading character, coupled with your tender inquiries after an unknown writer whose story came next, excited me into this night's confession."

"Go thy ways, dear old Nic Dawson—thou hast thy will! Instruct to Printer whenever this famous Christmas book is published, let 'beautiful story of ——' stand first after the Introduction."

J. H.



## THE TEXICAN RANGERS.

T Brazos, Santiago, June, 1870, I was recruited for the Rangers. A placard in the window of a public-house announced what was wanted. I went in, and, having been medically examined, was accepted. Government advanced pay for necessary expenses. There were eighteen enlisted with me. We bought three horses each—the best that could be had, for we knew our lives would depend often on their running powers. We were then sent up the country to our detachment. The Rangers number in all about a thousand. Their head-quarters is St. Antone, a place which I never saw. They are divided into detachments of about a hundred men each, which are posted about two days' journey from each other, though the distances were variable, for we were always moving.

The sole and only duty of the Rangers is the protection of the frontier settlements against the Comanche Indians, who are perpetually breaking in upon them, and seem to set no value whatever either on their own lives or those of other people. One would expect, where a race like the Indians are destined to extinction, and where life and property are lost every day by their inroads, that they should be destroyed as fast as possible, or that by some means they should be absorbed into the dominant race. The infusion of Indian blood would not, I think, do the civilised races any harm. The Texicans themselves would extirpate them if they were allowed; but the United States Government will not permit it.

Without any previous training we were obliged at once to take part in active service, and active service with the Rangers scarcely knew any intermission. If not fighting or foraging we were minding the horses. As each man had three, there were always a large number feeding, which, of course, required a strong guard.

We were officered by Texican gentlemen, sons for the most part of extensive owners of land and cattle-ranche masters. Then we had inferior officers, corresponding I dare say to sergeants in our own army, who dealt out ammunition and provisions and did other duty of the same kind. One of these went out with us recruits when we arrived to teach us the use of the sixteen-shooter. The sixteen-shooter held that number of cartridges stowed away in the stock so

that we could fire sixteen shots without reloading. According as each was fired we pulled back the cock, which, working within, threw out the used cartridge and brought up a fresh one. We were not slow in learning to shoot. Men are quick enough in learning things most certainly useful to themselves. I have been brought up in the open air and have good sight, and though I never had a rifle in my hand before, got on well enough. But from the very commencement we had to go out with the rest. We could at all events club our guns. When we had nothing else to do we used to practise shooting: cut a circle of bark out of a tree and fire at that. We had a good deal of deer-shooting, too, and some sport at wild cows. We seldom or never had vegetables. Biscuits and the meat that we procured ourselves formed our usual fare. On an average we had a row with the Indians once a week. We generally got the best of it. Their muzzle-loading rifles and bows and arrows were no match for our sixteen-shooters. Even in a scrimmage with clubbed guns we were generally too much for them. Sometimes when they were superior in numbers we had to take to our heels. Our horses were considerably better than theirs, so that we were safe enough if an arrow or a bullet did not go through our backs. They shoot their arrows with tremendous force. Once as we were galloping away from them I saw an arrow flash right through a man riding a little before me and stick in another beyond him. The first dropped immediately; the other put back his hand and wrenched the arrow out. It was in his side, by the belt. The arrows have no barbs. He galloped on about four miles before he dropped. The Comanches take no prisoners, or if they do they burn them. Their rifles and ammunition are supplied to them by white renegades. Any of these fellows that we caught we always hanged or shot. There are white renegades living with the Indians. Old hands used often to say "Twas a renegade planned that game."

The Alapaches are Mexican Indians, separated from the Comanches by the Rio Grande. These two tribes fight whenever they meet. The Comanches are much finer men.

We had scouts out always lying about the country, but news of an inroad was generally brought to us from the settlers themselves. The extent of country is so great that it would require an immense number of men to guard it properly. Intelligence of the movements of the Indians was often brought by trappers and hunters. Of course they hunted and trapped with their lives in their hands—the Indians let no one escape. Beavers, deer, and prairie rats were the principal game.

On news reaching us of a raid we set out forthwith, and finding the tracks of the Indians followed them as far as would be safe. With our good horses, and being unencumbered with cattle, we generally overtook them. If they had merely stolen we took their prey from them and flogged them; if they had committed murder—blood for blood. Whites, too, were often caught cattle-stealing. The settlers, if they caught them, lynched without ceremony. Except old offenders, whom we hanged, we sent white cattle-stealers to the headquarters: what befell them there I don't know. The cattle-stealers used to drive their booty out into the prairie so as to avoid the settlers along the frontier; they used to make a detour to the eastern part of Texas and sell the cattle there.

Two years ago was a particularly hot time for the Rangers. The Indians were much quieter before, but this year they were angry and troublesome. We were on their tracks nearly every week. Sometimes they did not fight, and seldom unless they were superior in numbers. We generally charged them after shooting off all our cartridges. All the men had revolvers and bowie knives, but they generally battered the Indians with the stocks of their guns. The native Texicans all fought well. In addition to being magnificent riders they all had a deep ancestral hatred to the Indians. Each Texican had some friend or relation who had suffered in some way at their hands, so fighting was a thorough pleasure to them. We foreigners, who fought for pay, were not so thorough-paced.

When the Indians met us in charge they flung their little tomahawks at us, and often emptied saddles, for they threw very straight.

I was thrown from my horse once in a *mêlée*, and was embraced on the ground by a Comanche, also unhorsed. We were rolling on the ground some time. He was stronger than I, and had a terrible grip on my throat, but luckily a friend of mine, an Englishman, saw the state of affairs and tapped him on the head; I dare say I should have been done for but for that.

The Comanches are small men, but very strong and wiry. They have coarse black hair and are not at all ugly in countenance. They look very well on horseback, but they don't look well on foot. Riding, they can get down along the flank of the horse and take a shot at you under the neck. Our fellows used to shoot at the neck of the horse and sometimes hit the Indian on the other side. Constant practice had made some of our men almost perfect. The usual way in these cases was to shoot the horse, and then as he fell to try and get a shot at the Comanche before he could recover himself and get behind the fallen horse. It was when the Indians were

more numerous than us that this generally happened. We used to dismount and get together in a cluster, firing over the backs of the horses, while the Indians would gallop round and round us, shooting from the wrong side of their animals. I shot a few horses while I was with them, but never an Indian to my knowledge.

At one time all the detachments of the Rangers, by a combined movement, advanced up the country, driving the Indians before them. We drove them to the Rocky Mountains, and did not turn till we saw Santa Fé, in New Mexico. We thought that having been driven so far inland they would not take the trouble of coming all the way down to the settlements again; but I think they were just as troublesome after this as before. There was a line some distance in front of the settlements, and any Indian caught within that was flogged.

A year before I joined the Rangers the chieftains of the Comanches combined, overpowered them, and advanced into the settlements. There was tough fighting before they were expelled, but they never combined after that. There was such a distance between the detachments that any one of them could be easily overpowered before any assistance could come from the rest.

The Rangers were silent men; very little talking or fun went on amongst us, and real hard work it was for the most part. Sleeping in one's clothes night after night takes cheerfulness out of a person fast enough. There was no shaving, very little washing, no change of clothes. The men were tanned and dried. We had few quarrels, but these were generally fatal. An insulting look or word was replied to by a bullet. You might as well shoot a man at once as speak angrily to him. Our pay was forty dollars a month (about ten pounds). Besides this the men had plunder divided amongst them from time to time. Money up there was not of much avail, however. Sometimes we came down near the settlements. The settlers were hospitable fellows; we often had music and dancing at the ranches. The frontier men are all cattle-farmers and horse-breeders. The ranches are the large farms. The owner of these has native servants or slaves, called peons. The farmers of the frontier are generally very fine fellows. It requires a good deal of pluck to settle down there, for the Indians are perpetually making inroads. Even the children are armed there. Little children whom at home you would scarcely trust with a penknife wear revolvers here, and can use them well, too.

The prairies are covered with what is called mosquito grass. There are few trees, but plenty of scrub and bushes. The prairies are well supplied with living things: great herds of wild cows, horses,

donkeys, and mules, keyutah (a 'kind of wolf), rattle-snakes, and skunks, mocking-birds, wild turkeys, and owls. The owls are very large and make a great noise.

The country has no hills, but plenty of elevations. It might be said to run in waves. Mosquitoes only appear where the ground is swampy or near rivers. We had no tents. At night we rolled ourselves up in our blankets and slept by the fire. When we stayed a few days in one place we used to cut down branches and make tents. It is not by any means an unpleasant climate. In the morning a breeze sets in from the south-east and cools the whole day, dying in the evening when it is not required.

I was about a year with the Rangers; during that time we lost over a third of our number. I left them near Fort Duncan. We went there to lay in provisions and ammunition. I made a raft of trees and pushed out alone on the Rio Grande, which flows through that place. The Rio is a strong, rapid river, and I went down gaily. I only floated by night, for fear of the Indians. Towards daybreak I used to push ashore with a long pole and lie close in the reeds and flags along the banks. I used to lie there all the day, and as soon as it was dark push out. In addition to this precaution I piled up branches around me on the raft, so that the whole looked like a drift of timber collected by accident. I suppose I travelled a hundred miles each night. There are no rapids, but the river is strong and fast. For food I had a little bag of biscuits and water in great abundance.

Texas is a very promising State. The original inhabitants are a mixture of Spaniards and Indians. The language is Spanish, with a few Indian words. The Americans, however, are pouring in rapidly and going ahead everywhere. They have money, skill, and pluck.

ARTHUR CLIVE.

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# SMOKELESS EXPLOSIVES FOR SPORTING GUNS.

BY CADWALLADER WADDY.



UNPOWDER at the present epoch may be said to have reached the acme of perfection, and yet many are dissatisfied with it as a sporting explosive. Those who are accustomed to its use can urge but few facts in its favour, the chief of which are—safety from spontaneous combustion and regularity of explosive power. On the other hand, after every combustion of gunpowder a residuum is found in firearms, which in warm weather rapidly stiffens or beads, and lines the inside of the barrel with a powder crust; in damp weather, as every sportsman knows, this deposit becomes of a fluid and slimy consistency. This is produced by incomplete decomposition, and consists of the material parts thrown off on the decomposition of the gunpowder; the ashes of the charcoal, and sulphur in combination with charcoal, appear to predominate in this deposit. The more impure the ingredients which composed the gunpowder, and the greater the quantity consumed, the greater will be the deposit. With large charges proportionately less deposit is left in cannon than with lesser ones. This is accounted for by the greater force with which the former upon their discharge project a great part of the residuum out of the piece than do the latter from the proportionately longer barrels of sporting guns. In the former of these cases, in guns of great diameter, it spreads itself over the whole interior surface, and so forms a very thin layer, which readily imbibes the atmospheric air. The acids which this deposit contains act as decomposers of the metal of the interior of cannon, as well as of gun barrels. During the long and continuous use of a gun barrel the interior has been noticed to become restricted by this residuum to a prejudicial degree. Indeed, in nine cases out of ten, where sportsmen have had their hands, and in some cases their heads, blown off when in the act of loading, the *font et origo* of the mishap has been found in this deposit or residuum of which we are speaking. For instance, if a muzzle-loading sporting gun be not cleaned, with every new charge a portion of the powder slime or crust is driven into the breech or chamber of the gun, and a very dangerous increase of this deposit is occasioned, which intercepts the fire, or may,

upon loading, effect a spontaneous ignition. It not unfrequently happens in the army and navy that from not carefully "sponging" a great gun after firing, upon inserting the next charge it spontaneously explodes, and blows the "sponger" and "loader" from the muzzle. Many experiments have elicited that the residuum of the powder in the gun barrel is phosphorescent—*i.e.*, emits a light in the dark—like many other oxides, especially those deposited by fire gas; but this is not a dangerous appearance. The cause of the powerful action of inflamed gunpowder is the extraordinarily rapid expansion of the gases and vapours of the so-called powder-damp, wrought by the high degree of heat to intense elasticity, which, in its sudden effort to occupy a much greater space than it occupied in its solid and material state, strives to overpower every obstacle that would oppose its expansion. This may be exemplified by igniting a *single* thoroughly dry grain of gunpowder in the open air, when it will be found to evolve and spread around itself a heated mass of air, which at the distance of four or five times the diameter of the grain is still capable of inflaming another grain. The spherical-shaped space which at this moment, in obedience to the aerostatic law, the expanding powder takes possession of on all sides around it, and within which it is capable of communicating inflammation, is therefore from about five hundred to a thousand times greater than was the material bulk of the grain. Experiments and calculations have shown that the powder-damp, evolved by a closely-confined quantity of powder, at the moment of inflammation and completest possible combustion strives to occupy a space about five thousand times greater than it occupied before, and from which it expanded. This would denote a force or power equal to five thousand times the pressure of the surrounding atmosphere. It is a great pity, however, that this continuous and rapid combustion should all end in *smoke*. But, as all sportsmen are aware to their chagrin, such is the case, even with the best gunpowder ever made. As a natural consequence, after firing the first barrel it is difficult to "get in" the second at a "covey," as by the time the curtain of smoke has lifted and enabled the sportsman to aim again at the retreating birds they are generally at a range when his tiny projectiles fall innocuous about their feathers. To invent a sporting explosive which should be "smokeless," and at the same time shoot with the regularity of gunpowder, has been the object of numerous practical sportsmen and of chemists for the last fifty years. Until, however, within the last four or five years no "practically" safe and efficient sporting explosive resulted from the amount of attention bestowed

on the subject. Amongst these inventions, that of gun cotton is first worthy of note, inasmuch as it approached nearer to the required desiderata for a sporting explosive—*i.e.*, smokelessness—than any other invention having cellulose tissue as a basis. In 1832 M. Braconnot, a chemist of Nancy, in France, in treating starch with concentrated azotic acid was led to the discovery of a pulverulent and combustible product, to which he gave the name of icyloidine. This discovery was passed over, nevertheless, with but little notice, till in 1838 M. Pelouze, a chemist of some celebrity, resuming the labours of M. Braconnot, discovered that the very simple matters paper, cotton, linen, and a variety of tissues, as well as other substances, possess the fulminating property attributed to starch. It remained, however, for Professor Schönbein, of Basle, to adapt this discovery to firearms in the form and substance known as gun-cotton. This explosive is prepared by steeping cotton-wool for a longer or shorter period in a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids, thoroughly washing and then drying at a gentle heat. It consists, chemically, of the essential elements of gunpowder—*i.e.*, carbon, nitrogen, and oxygen; but, in addition, it contains another highly elastic gas—hydrogen. The carbon in the fibres of the wool presents to the action of flame a most extended surface in a small space, and the result is an explosion approaching as near as possible to the instantaneous: in consequence of its rapid ignition the recoil of the gun is most violent. Sufficient time is not given to put the charge in motion, hence it is not looked upon with favour as a projectile agent amongst sportsmen. In addition to such a serious defect as the foregoing, gun-cotton possesses an unhappy knack of spontaneous combustion when in the act of drying after being damped, either purposely to keep it safe in store or from the result of exposure to the atmosphere. One would imagine that the recent awful explosion at Stowmarket and dreadful loss of life was sufficient warning to our Government to desist from attempting to thrust it into the hands of the army and navy for engineering purposes. We are informed, however, that, much against the wish and expressed opinion of the most eminent engineers of the day, such is their intention. The Prussian Government, after many trials, rejected gun-cotton from their arsenals, adopting, instead, the new explosive called "*Lithofracteur*," manufactured by Messrs. Krebs and Co., of Cologne. As *Lithofracteur* cannot explode unless ignited by a detonating fuze, one would imagine that our Government would follow the example of the *Prussians* and adopt it for mining and engineering purposes. We



are given to understand, however, that a "special Act" was hurried through the Legislature to prohibit the use of nitro-glycerine in this country; and, as it happens, in a small measure, to be one of the component parts of Lithofracteur, the country at large is prohibited from traffic in the article. But to return to our "smokeless" sporting explosives. Saw-dust treated in various ways has also been tried as a substitute for gunpowder, and with varying success. Most decidedly the best of this description of explosives is Schultze's Wood Powder, which is made in the following way:—The grains, being collected in a mass, are subjected to a treatment of chemical washing, whereby calcareous and various other impurities are separated, leaving hardly anything behind save pure woody matter, cellulose or lignine. The next operation has for its end the conversion of these cellulose grains into a sort of incipient xyloidine, or gun-cotton material, by digestion with a mixture of sulphuric and nitric acids. Our readers will understand that, inasmuch as the wood used as a constituent of the Schultze gunpowder is not charred, its original hydrogen is left, and by-and-by, at the time of firing, will be necessarily utilised towards the gaseous propulsive resultant. Next, washed with carbonate of soda solution and dried, an important circumstance is now recognisable. The grains, brought to the condition just described, are stored away in bulk, not necessarily to be endowed with final explosive energy until the time of package, transport, and consignment. Only one treatment has to be carried out, and it is very simple. The ligneous grains have to be charged with a certain definite percentage of some nitrate, which is done by steeping them in the nitrate solution and drying. Ordinarily a solution of nitrate of potash (common saltpetre) is employed; but in elaborating certain varieties of white powder, nitrate of baryta is preferred.

By Clark's patent method, pyroxylinised wood grains, without being subjected to frequent washings, are combined with other constituents, with a view to neutralise the free acid. The chief fault in all these descriptions of powder is want of regularity in explosive force. Schultze's Powder as now made is much better in this respect than it used to be, more care being bestowed on its manufacture. Quite recently a discussion arose in the leading sporting journals concerning smokeless explosives for sporting purposes; from which it appeared that Reeves's gun-felt has earned for itself a considerable amount of popularity. It appears from the newspaper correspondence, to which many well-known sportsmen contributed, that, as compared with gunpowder, Reeves's gun-felt gives equal penetrative power and regularity, allied to freedom from smoke and diminution of recoil, great

cleanliness, and no corrosion of the barrels with the ordinary care bestowed on all firearms, perfect safety in use and keeping, it being incapable of active explosion, unless confined as in the barrel of a gun. The felt in a loose form may be fired with as much safety as the toy called "parlour lightning." Powder when once damp cannot be restored to its former efficacy, whereas when the felt has absorbed a great amount of moisture it can be easily and without danger re-dried and restored to all its original qualities. After removal from the fire it should be allowed to cool for one or two hours before use. These remarks are applicable to the felt when *actually* damp—otherwise it does *not* require the stimulus of being laid before the fire the night previous to shooting, as some sportsmen have recommended with regard to Schultze's powder—this precaution is not required, and therefore it would not increase the efficiency of gun-felt.

As compared with gun-cotton it has the great advantage of superior regularity, which is evidently obtained by the diversity of the manufacturing process. Gun-cotton was toned down to a safety point by the admixture of certain proportions of raw or unconverted fibre, which, being of different specific gravity, renders a perfect uniformity of mixture extremely difficult to attain. On the other hand, gun-felt is chemically treated *en masse* by various compounds, which, combined with the process of felting, endue it with the desired properties. This principle seems to have been partially adopted by Mr. Punshon in his patented gun-cotton powder, the success of which remains yet to be proved by the sporting community. In the manufacture of gun-felt the presence of any free adherent acid is rendered impossible by the various stages of the process. It is the free acid which is the cause of corrosion in the barrels, and also ignition of the material at a low temperature. Gun-felt will not ignite under a temperature of from 380 to 400 degrees. *It has also no fulminating power.* With regard to its keeping properties it leaves little to be desired, as it has been proved fully as effective after three or four years' keeping as when first filled into the cartridge. With the exception of gunpowder, it is also less affected by damp than any other of its competitors. As compared with the Schultze powder, or wood-dust, the raw material of which is necessarily from its varying densities of uncertain absorbent power, the gun-felt has the great advantage of having for basis the very purest form of cellulose. There is, however, a disadvantage connected with the gun-felt in that it requires a special machine for loading. This is remedied by buying the felt ready filled into the cases, with or without shot, or by sending cases to be filled at the manufactory,

thus doing away with all trouble, and ensuring the loading being done in the best possible manner. Another point of great importance is that no gun has been burst or damaged by it, which is more than can be said of any other explosive. With respect to rifle-shooting it has already been proved very effective, and thoroughly adapted for that purpose, and we expect to find it soon in general use for sporting and other rifles.

Reeves's gun-felt having now been on its trial among sportsmen for four seasons' shooting, and nothing disparaging to it having arisen from its use, it may fairly be regarded as the only sound smokeless explosive for sporting guns. We understand that the inventor manufactures it under his own eye at Dark Mills, Brimscombe, Gloucestershire, and that his constant attention is given to the process, so as to ensure regularity of propellant force in every cartridge sent out. This is as it should be. When companies undertake the manufacture of explosives they too often seem only to consider how a profit is to be made and a dividend ensured. As in such a case individual prestige is not at stake, there is no healthy stimulus to excellence derivable from the knowledge that one's efforts to give satisfaction are regarded with a critical and approving eye by the sporting public. Here, however, the case is different. Mr. Reeves is a sportsman, as well as an inventor, and he addresses himself directly to the sporting public from his manufactory.

Who can tell what the next advance may be in science, as applied to sport? Even grouse are killed by strategy, and after the most approved mode are driven to the shooter.

## "POOR TOPSY."

BY "PATHFINDER."

**I**T was the first day of my Christmas holidays—don't ask me how many years ago—when, after hurrying through breakfast, I repaired to the stable-yard to meet that all-important personage "Billy," our gamekeeper, who was to attend my hedge-popping expeditions for the next five weeks and three days—bar Sundays. Fresh from deep, not to say surreptitious study of the works of Fenimore Cooper, was I not about to perform in my small way many a "doughty deed" of "derring-do" (whatever that may be) in the happy hunting-grounds of the paternal acres? Oh, bliss of expectation! Had I not many a time "last half," in visionary anticipation, stalked the wily rook, even as the crafty Huron approaches his dusky enemy the Comanche? Had I not with untiring patience dogged the "hops" of the enticing blackbird, till, in desperation, it flew out screaming close to me, but, of course, the *wrong* side of the hedge? Ah! and many another sporting dream had I woven which I hoped to consummate in that approaching Christmas holiday. My first brilliant "bag" shall be accounted for in the following short story:—

"Well, Billy! Here we are again; have you got the gun in good order?"

"Aw! yes, zur; she's in caäpital order; leastwise 'Joe' mostly looks arter her."

Now "Joe" was the family coachman, to whose care was entrusted my "single barrel" during my absence at school. He kept the same stowed away in a cupboard in the saddle-room containing his "things," a most miscellaneous and odoriferous "lot;" and, I have reason to believe, won wagers at "snuffing candles" with it, from strange "coachies" on dinner-party nights, when he entertained a select circle in his "sanctum."

So we repair to the saddle-room, where I look over my favourite weapon as keenly as any mother would her infant after a five months' absence, no chance of scratch or rust-spot escaping my scrutiny, resulting in a proportionate cross-questioning of "Joe," who inevitably proves the saddle-room cat to be the culprit.

"Well, Billy, which way shall we go to-day?"

The two "beats" which I worked with alternate and relentless severity were either "The Hill," where rabbits were plentiful but generally underground, or "down below," where "fur" was scarcer; but by diligently "follerin' up" the hedgerows, on the Micawber principle, something in the "feather" line worthy of my lead used generally to "turn up." What dodgings after blackbirds did the orchards afford! What breathless stalks after flocks of rooks, red-wings, starlings, or throstle cocks!—not to mention occasional unlicensed "bangs" at wild covies or "pot-shots" at "pussy." I think "down below" was my favourite resort; it certainly "had the call" on this eventful day.

Mr. Billy having stowed away the "munch" in his capacious pockets, and I the various ammunitions in mine, I shouldered the "single" and marched out of the back-yard as full of expectation as only a long-legged, keen, gun-bitten schoolboy can be on the first day of his holidays.

Quoth Billy, as we were passing the kennel, "'Twouldn't be much harm to take out 'Topsy' wi' us; she's a caäpital good un to stan' a moorhen or a rabbut for the matter o' that, and a run 'ull do her good."

To which I replied, somewhat doubtfully at heart, that I supposed my father would not mind—that it couldn't do her any harm; so perhaps we might as well take her with us.

My father happened to be away from home for a few days; he generally kept a brace or leash of pointers, and at the time I am speaking of possessed a brace of own sisters, "Dolly" and "Topsy" by name, who, for beauty and performance, were well known to every sportsman in the neighbourhood. I need hardly say that he was extremely proud of them, and was very particular about any person hunting them in his absence. However, he was from home, and perhaps—now I was six months older than last holidays—he would not object to my taking them out; anyhow there could be no harm in taking one out; so the kennel door was unfastened, and "Dolly" being repulsed, forth sprang "Topsy," as jet black and shining a beauty as her original namesake.

And now we are off down the lane to the first rough grass-field, where we propose to begin operations. We scramble over the hedge and strike across it. "Hold up, Topsy!" And away she races, head up and her stern lashing her flanks; "Right about!" as she comes to the hedge, and again she sweeps by us, evoking an admiring question from Billy: "Daun't she just about get auver the ground?" Mark! there go some birds! How wild the beggars are! Let's see whether

she will wind them next time she crosses! Ah! did you see her swing round? There she stands, a picture of elegance in ebony that a sportsman would tramp five miles to look at! Too late, old girl; they're gone! which fact she soon ascertains for herself; for she draws on, potters for a moment where they rose, and is off again at score to seek for a fresh quarry. Here we are in a large field, through which circulates the brook that found me in piscatorial amusement in those days for the whole summer holidays. (In these degenerate days I can't stand an average of a trout and a half per diem under a July sun.) Also in winter did it afford me sport with the moorhens.

"Thur's the bitch a-stood again, zur, by the river! That's a moorhen, I'll warrant," says Billy. With cocked gun and palpitating heart I advanced to the edge of the stream. That wretched bird, instead of flying off in a respectable fashion when it was poked out of a bush on the bank, must needs pop into the water and swim and dive in various directions; whereupon Billy (like most of his tribe, utterly regardless of a dog's "form" when master isn't by) by many halloo-ins and other canine encouragements induced poor Topsy to change her vocation for that of a water spaniel. Between them they eventually induced the bird to seek safety in flight, and it came "scattering" up the stream towards me. I was standing a few yards back from the edge of the brook, which ran between rather high banks. I took aim at the bird as it flew along, just above the bank; when, just as I had pressed the trigger beyond recall (all sportsmen know the sensation), to my horror poor Topsy clambered up out of the brook between me and the bird.

Bang! A red gash in her side, just behind the shoulder—a howl, a splash, and I ran forward with a cry of horror. The disturbed eddying water, with a large blood-stain in it, showed where she had sunk, stone-dead, in some four feet of water. I never saw her again.

Pity me, kind reader! I believe I burst into tears, and felt half inclined to throw myself in after her. How could I ever face my father? Oh! what a miserable day that was; never shall I forget it. We slunk away from the river. I did not dare to go home, for fear of exciting surprise and questions as to my unusually early return. Poor Billy was almost as "down" as I was. He foresaw the sack for a certainty, for taking out the dog without his master's leave. So we wandered about the fields in a purposeless way, exhausting the time in mutual explanations and recriminations till the short January day began to close in, when we edged away towards home. We passed the kennel again. I felt like a murderer. There was "Dolly"

perched on the coping-stone of the low kennel wall, wagging her tail and expectant of the sister who was never to sweep across the "stubs" with her again. I sneaked into the house by a private entrance, fearful of meeting any of the servants, who were sure to ask me *what I had shot*. Who could I go to in my misery but my mother? I found her in her bedroom dressing for dinner, and there I gulped out my story. Poor soul! she was terribly grieved about it: she said that she really believed my father cared almost as much about those dogs as he did about his children; and that only a week ago he had refused twenty guineas—a fabulous sum in those days—for the very dog I had destroyed. However, she did her best to console me, as most mothers—bless their kind hearts!—always do when a fellow is in trouble. We agreed that we had better break the sad news to my father before he returned home; there would be just time for a letter to reach him before he started. So my mother wrote to him then and there, making out, no doubt, as strong a case as she could for her poor boy. How wretched I was during the two following days! I was ashamed to look anybody in the face; and what a state of "nerves" I was in as the hour of my father's return drew nigh. I watched him drive into the stable yard, and jump down from the dog-cart, as if in the best of spirits. I had determined to go down and meet him in a certain semi-obscure passage; so, when I heard his voice (how cheery it sounded!) in the servants' hall, I ran down the back stairs, and was about to blurt out a little speech I had prepared to mitigate his wrath, when he took the wind out of my sails by a great slap on my shoulder, a kiss on my forehead, and a hearty, "Well, Bob, my boy, how are you? How the boy's grown! Come along and let's have a look at you in the light."

A qualm shot through me. "He's never received mother's letter! Oh, how terrible! I shall have to tell him." I managed to shuffle off somehow, and ran up and broke my fears to my mother. She could give me but little consolation, but promised to ask him and let me know before dinner. Oh! what a relief did that little nod and half smile of hers afford me when I slipped into the drawing-room, just before dinner was announced.

"Yes, my dear, I got your letter! Please never to mention the poor dog's name to me again—or to Bob either." That was my father's answer to my mother's question.

For many years the subject of pointers was carefully avoided in our family circle; and, though at last my father broke the ice himself when "yarning" to me about his old favourites, and forgave me over again in his look, yet to this day we all drop our voices to a respectful whisper when we make mention of "Poor Topsy."

## LIFE IN LONDON.

### III.—A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS.

**I**T is true, every word of it. I set it down for Christmas because the peculiar grace of the season seems appropriate to the incident. It is a story of modern heroism. Poets are apt to look upon the age of chivalry as a past and almost forgotten time. With their imaginary history of great deeds they mix Scandinavian myths and Teutonic folk-lore. For nobler themes I commend them to the modern history of coal-getting, to the newspaper records of the late gales on our unprotected coasts, to the biographies of inventors and travellers, to the everyday life of London, to the "simple annals of the poor." Though he is "born in sin and shapen in iniquity," there is more in man of the angel than the devil. His instincts are good, his impulses noble; given the choice of vice or virtue in the abstract, my belief is that he would invariably be found among the lowest stratum of society. The poor is the poor man's friend. Missionaries in the wilds of East London could give you some startling illustrations of the truth of the proverb.

But this exordium on modern heroism is neither here nor there. It is always difficult to commence a story. When you have started an introduction and are fairly launched into theorising and moralising, it is far more difficult to stop than to go on. If you are courageous you will suddenly pull up the moment this thought crosses your mind, and go straight into your subject. Thus:—

I called upon a journalist and dramatic writer the other day in St. John's Wood, on my way to town.

"If you will wait ten minutes," he said, "I will drive you as far as Bond Street; I am going to take the baby to B——'s, the oculist."

"Why?" I asked, "is anything the matter?"

"No, nothing very particular."

At this juncture the baby came romping into the room. She was a pretty, dark-eyed child, and had a long story to tell about Guy Fawkes at the Zoo.

"Yes," said her father. "Now you will go to Bertha and have your things put on for a drive."



The little one scampered away, and my friend proceeded to answer my question.

"You have noticed," he said, "that I have a sort of cast in my eye—some people call it a squint."

"Your eyes are peculiar," I said; "but you see well."

"Yes, I have very good sight. That is not the point. Baby's eyes (or one of them, at all events) show symptoms of the defect you notice in mine. Her mother, as you know, is abroad, and I am sending the child's portrait to her as a Christmas present. The photographs give evidence of the peculiarity you notice in my eyes; the child will squint, I fear, if something cannot be done to check the disposition of the eye in that direction."

"I notice a defect, now you draw my attention to the child's expression; but it is very slight."

"It will grow; it may be hereditary; I am going to submit her to examination; a squint in a man is a matter of no moment; but in a woman the drawback is serious."

We drove to the oculist's, my friend, grandmama, and baby. On our way we looked in at a morning rehearsal of a piece in which my friend was interested. The transition from the London streets to the dirty daylight of the theatre and back again to the prim, proper door of the fashionable oculist left a curious impression on my mind. My friend and his child entered the house. I preferred to wait outside and keep grandmama company. We sat there for an hour, watching the people go to and fro in the wet. All sorts of men and women went in and out of the oculist's house, in all kinds of spectacles; we speculated freely upon their condition; we felt a deep interest in a graceful young lady who was led by her father; there was one face which almost appalled us—it was blue, like the lover's in "Poor Miss Finch." On the other side of the way was a Court millinery establishment; a wedding party came there to try on bonnets; for a time they entertained us mightily, but our mirth was destroyed by a funeral which crept past us in the rain and sleet, for we knew how some one else would presently meet the same procession trotting home, the mutes a little the worse for drink, the coachmen cracking their whips gaily,

By-and-by the oculist's door opened, and father and child came out.

"Take her home, grandma," said my friend, tenderly lifting the little one into the brougham.

"What does he say?" asked grandma anxiously.

"No harm at present—she is all right."

Grandma and baby went joyfully home; Pater and myself strolled down Regent Street under a reeking umbrella.

"What did B—— say?" I asked.

"That the disorder is hereditary; by examining my eye he could tell exactly what would be required in baby's case."

"And what is required?"

"An operation."

"A serious one?"

"It will be necessary to cut one of the muscles of the eye."

"You did not say so to grandma."

"No; she is very nervous; it is not worth while frightening her, and she has an idea that the eye must be taken out and put in again, or some such nonsense of that kind."

"You seem a little downhearted, nevertheless," I said.

"Do I?"

"Yes. Now tell me all about it; you are concealing something from me."

"I will tell you what passed, certainly. I said to B—— if he could tell what was the matter with baby by examining my eyes, he might try his operation on me first, and if I liked it and it was quite satisfactory, then baby could be treated afterwards."

"If you *liked* it!" I said.

"It will not matter if he spoils me, but it would break my wife's heart if he were unsuccessful with baby. It would also be a lasting sorrow to me, and, moreover, I don't know what your English oculists can do; if I were in New York, look you, I should know better what I was about."

"That is the way with you Americans," I said. "You think nothing great can be done outside New York—you are mistaken."

"I don't know," said my friend, laconically. "B—— says both my eyes are wrong."

"You are an odd fellow."

"With odd eyes."

"What did the oculist think of your suggestion?"

"Seemed a little surprised, but it is just like my luck; if I were to go with a fellow to have his arm amputated, the operator would swear something was the matter with my leg and have it off. I am to go to B——'s on Monday at one."

"What for?"

"The operation on my eyes."

This conversation was on Friday. On Saturday and Sunday I thought a great deal of my friend. On Monday I called and asked him to let me accompany him.

"No," he said firmly. "I will not hear of it; don't think you

could stand it. B—— said he should give me chloroform; no, H—— will call for me.”

It did not occur to me even then that the operation was anything more than an ordinary one, though delicate and perhaps painful; but on Sunday night a sort of instinct prompted me to send a note to Ivy Lodge to say that I should call at twelve. My messenger returned. He could not open the lodge gates. On Monday a rush of business letters carried me early into the City, and only on Tuesday did I learn what had taken place. My friend had undergone the most supreme of all the wonderful operations on the eye. The oculist had taken out both his eyes and replaced them, after cutting the particular muscle or sinew which had not worked perfectly. My friend H—— was present during the operation. Going home afterwards, he had to lead the American journalist up the garden path. Grandma saw them coming.

“Ah, poor Stephen!” she said. “I thought he was not well this morning; he ate no breakfast, and he has been taking spirits somewhere; spirits never agree with him.”

My friend staggered into the house under the stigma of spirits, kissed the baby, covered up his eyes, went to bed, and lay broad awake nearly all night, fighting off the lingering influences of chloroform.

During the last few weeks he has been going about London with bloodshot eyes, but tolerably well, thank goodness. Brother clubmen ask him how he is; they hear he has been ill. He tells them he has been poorly—“Cold in his head; eyes been a little out of order; all right now, thank you!”


If this is not an incident of self-denial and true nobility of nature worthy of narration at the Christmas hearth, I know nothing of human life.

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# TENNYSON'S LAST IDYLL.

A STUDY.

BY THE REV. DR. LEARY, D.C.L.

HE verdict formed by the critics on the first appearance of Mr. Tennyson's "Gareth and Lynette" was not in the mass favourable to this last of the Arthurian Idylls. Some blamed it, because it was Tennysonian; others, tired of Idylls, because it was another Idyll; and others, not tired of the Idylls, because it was unequal in their eyes to those other songs which have already sung, in lays that will outlast all modern poetry:—

The goodliest fellowship of famous knights  
Whereof the world holds record.

The most prejudiced, however, of Tennyson's critics will scarcely venture to deny him the gift of that most accurate measurement of his own powers which has enabled him to prove precisely what he could, and what he could not, achieve in that art wherein he has displayed a perfection of matured skill and of exquisite taste in the elaboration of language and legend, given to none of his contemporaries, and to few of his predecessors.

In the Idylls, and in the Idylls alone, Tennyson found precisely the sphere most congenial to his taste, the most suited to the mould of his plastic genius, and from the first publication of the Idylls the Laureate may date the registering of his name in the highest class of our poets. Is it, then, to be wondered at that a poet should go on adding to a legendary epic which was received with passionate acclamations by the nation it enchanted, and that lifted him at once to the highest pinnacle of the temple of fame? But, on artistic grounds alone, the extension of the Arthurian epic which came before us in the earliest Idyll is amply justified by the scenes and characters superadded at each successive stage of its graduated development. An epic lacking a full and varied presentation of the greatest phenomena of our human nature on a grand scale, with its diversities of temper, lineaments, functions, and fancies, lacks that element which alone can round it to perfection.

The superadded characters and situations given us in the "Holy Grail," the "Last Tournament," and "Gareth and Lynette," though

copies of nothing already given by the poet, notwithstanding their own distinctive independency and originality, have yet in them a certain analogical relationship to the former portion of the epic, so that we accept them at once as members of the same family, marked by a family likeness, and welcome them all the more as playing parts and exhibiting phases of character requisite to make the Arthurian epic a true mirror of Arthurian chivalry in the brightest as in the darkest of its phases. A Sir Percivale, a Sir Galahad, a Dagenot, and a Gareth and Lynette were as absolutely necessary as an Elaine, a Vivien, and a Geraint, to picture forth the story of the Table Round, and the days of the blameless King, not merely in fidelity to the artistic requirements of the past, but in fidelity to the general consensus of the legends which echo the voices of that far off past.

Scarcely by any poet has Tennyson been surpassed in the extremely difficult combination of *purity* and *intensity* of affection in his heroes and heroines, and by few poets in the equally difficult combination of *force* with *delicacy* in the delineation of character. In "Gareth and Lynette," the crown and climax of the Arthurian Idylls, the Laureate opens up a new vein of characterisation, and works it out with more than his old power and skill. To preserve the central unity of this grand Arthurian epic, two of the old characters—King Arthur and Lancelot, "the peerless knight"—are again brought before our charmed presence, but they come clearer and nearer to us than ever they did before, more distinct in outline, more palpable in form, more coloured with the living colours of life, more human in their action, and less shadowy phantoms of a shadowy past. Arthur at Almesbury, "moving ghost-like to his doom," with the morning vapours rolling round him, is scarcely so clear and palpable to the eye of our apprehension as Arthur now at Camelot "delivering doom" and redressing wrong, sitting like a Solomon in all his glory in the long vaulted judgment hall, before the listening eyes (evidently Virgil's "tacitus luminibus") of those tall knights that ranged about his throne.

Although, according to the fine distinction drawn by the poet—

That Lancelot was the first in tournament  
And Arthur mightiest in the battle-field,

yet, of the King as a warrior, we see nothing in the present Idyll, and it is but very little we see of Lancelot's—

Skilled spear, the wonder of the world.

Here, more than hitherto, Lancelot foregoes his own advantage and his own fame, more peerless than hitherto in supporting the weakness of the weak, and encouraging the growth of all that is pure

and noble-natured in others; and this, for the first time, without inconsistency, for as yet his sin with Guinevere has not been sinned, and his loyalty to his King has not yet been tarnished by his disloyal love to his Queen.

In the Gareth and Lynette, the poet's two latest creations of character, we have two essentially new types of humanity. Gareth, the boy knight, is a Geraint without the base suspicions of the jealous Geraint, a sinless Arthur without Arthur's cold and passive sinlessness, a Lancelot without the years and skill and fame of Lancelot, and happily without that "faith unfaithful" which "kept him falsely true," but not without the perfection of gentleness that swayed the every mood and manner of that "peerless knight." A lovelier type of young chivalry—of the tenderest grace in the manliest of manhood, strength of hand and heart—the plastic mould of Tennyson's imagination never bodied forth than that of Gareth, all defiance as he is to dangers the most terrible, all fondness and all forbearance as he proves himself ever to the damsel whose battles he fought, whose eyes darted nothing but scorn, whose tongue wagged only to wound him. Wherever we see Gareth we can see him only as a vision of what is lovely and endearing in human character. At home, hovering around his mother's chair, with the sharp spur of fame pricking him to deeds of fame afar, he is still the tender, loving, "best loved" son of his loved and loving mother. Gareth, as "kitchen knave" in the King's kitchen, doing the lowliest of service with an easy grace, pure of speech, bearing the burden of the weak, gentle and kindly to the lowest, wins every heart and draws on him the admiring eyes of Lancelot and the King. Gareth, sent on the quest, scorned and cudgelled by a woman's sharp and bitter tongue, only returns good deeds for evil words, and holds—

He scarce is knight, yea, but half man, nor meet  
To fight for gentle damsel, he, who lets  
His heart be stirred with any girlish heat,  
At any gentle damsel's waywardness.

Lynette's pride, petulance, and peevishness stand out in singular contrast to the sweet and tender patience of Elaine and Enid, the ministering angels of Geraint and Lancelot; but much must be said in palliation of a haughty damsel with a well-developed organ of petulance, who comes to Arthur's Court to ask for a Lancelot, and gets, as if in scorn, "a kitchen knave," as she deems, for her knight. Her heart is none the less truly a true woman's heart. How tenderly it is touched at last by the unflinching gentleness of the gentle knight, whose

"abounding pleasure" it was to fight so hard and suffer so much as her champion! How frankly does she own at last the complete conquest of gallantry and gentleness as she pours out those tender words of mingled confession and contrition, of simplest but most intense passion:—

Sound sleep be thine! sound cause to sleep hast thou!  
Wake lusty! Seem I not as tender to him  
As any mother? Ay, but such a one  
As all day long hath rated at her child  
And vext his day, but blesses him asleep.

It is not often that poets spend their music in descriptions of the nasal appendages of their heroes or heroines, as Tennyson has done, not without reason, in the case of Lynette:—

And lightly was her slender nose  
Tip-tilted, like the petal of a flower.

It is a mistake, however, to assert, as some of the poet's most recent critics have asserted, that our best poets never condescend to such descriptions; for in Chaucer's portraiture of the Prioress we read:—

*Hire nose streight, hire eyen grey as glass.*

Then in Wordsworth we have the mild periphrases—

Black hair and vivid eye, and meagre cheek:  
*His prominent feature* like an eagle's beak.

The description of the nose in the portrait of Lynette is, we conceive, an attempt to express, by an outward and visible sign, the inward spirit of petulance and peevishness which plays so large a part in the development of her character. In this assumed harmony between psychology and physiognomy, Tennyson, we believe, is at perfect harmony with himself and with the findings of science and experience. The bard that sees, with the eye of science, in the round face:—

A cipher face of rounded foolishness,

and sees a "noble-natured" breed in:—

Broad brows and fair, a fluent hair and fine,  
High nose, a nostril large and fine, and hands  
Large, fair, and fine—

so close an observer and painter of nature is not likely to forget so characteristic a symbol of petulance as "*le nez retroussé*" in a heroine so marked for petulance—who

Nipt her slender nose  
With petulant thumb and finger, shrilling "Hence!"

The painters and sculptors of classical antiquity long ago anticipated Tennyson in making the expression of temper and indignation lie chiefly in the conformation of the nose, and the most representative writers of the modern French school of physiognomy have regarded "*le nez retroussé*" in woman as an index of wit, piquancy, animation, as well as of petulance, though we think Marmontel goes a trifle too far with his celebrated dictum "*Un petit nez retroussé renvers les lois d'un empire.*"

In connection with the ethical treatment of the subject, we may remark that no other Idyll presents so many moral lessons in those short, pithily-condensed lines, so handy for quotation, which remind us of the gnomic verses of Virgil and Sophocles—the purest poets of antiquity. Take, for example, the following gems, which reflect at once the rays of genius at its brightest, and of moral beauty at its best :—

*Man am I grown, man's work must I do.  
The thrall in person may be free in soul.  
Accursed who strikes, nor lets his hand be seen.*

That Tennyson should naturally endeavour to give an archaic colouring to his work by an archaic phraseology is no matter of surprise, though we cannot but regret that he has carried the endeavour beyond all legitimate bounds by the frequent use of so many obsolete and obscure terms, much to the mystification of his readers, and to the mistiness of his own meaning. This we hold to be the most patent and flagrant fault of a poem which to us is a garden of delight, abounding and superabounding in flowers and fruits, the fairest and the sweetest to the taste of the educated intellect of England.





## THE POTTER OF TOURS.

**P**LACE for the man who bears the world !  
Not he who rules it from gilded throne,  
A puppet made by Fate alone,  
Nor he who would float, wide unfurled,  
The flag of ruin, dealing death—  
But he who, scorning common praise,  
Hath shown the world heroic ways,  
And trod them first, though with dying breath,  
Looking beyond the present pain,  
And seeing held in the hands of Time  
The crown of genius, won again  
By soul undaunted of line sublime.

The potter of Tours was at work one day,  
But his eye had lost its lustrous ray—  
Despair looked in at the open door,  
Casting his shadow athwart the floor,  
And the potter's heart was sunk in gloom.  
Within the walls of the lowly room  
Knowledge had grown that men would prize,  
For to the patient spirit came  
Art pregnant with immortal fame—  
Solutions of deep mysteries :  
His deeds were wafted forth of men,  
And the marvel grew that one so poor  
Had e'en the courage to endure  
Such scoffs, such jeers, such toil and pain.  
Yet though the couriers that wait  
To bruit abroad all lofty deeds,  
Had hover'd o'er him in his needs,  
And borne away to palace gate  
His name, *Avisseau* ; he who claimed  
The title kings and *savans* named  
With wonder, pallid by despair,  
Sank reeling backward upon his chair.

Three hundred years had passed away  
 Since Palissy, who wrought in clay,  
 Had died, and carried to the grave  
 The secret none could read and save.  
 But he, the ceramist of Tours,  
 Had sworn the tomb should not immure  
 Science for ever, and had brought  
 By his own skill and toilsome thought  
 The buried treasure back to earth.  
 Yet his success was little worth,  
 He said to himself, when still there lay  
 A greater knowledge far away.  
 "Ah, could I buy one piece of gold  
 With a whole cupful of my blood!"  
 He cried—though all his goods were sold  
 And loving eyes with tears bedewed  
 Looked up in his. One moment sad,  
 His wife gazed on her wedding ring,  
 Then drew it off with gesture glad,  
 And held the little sacred thing  
 Before her husband—"Tis our own :  
 Then take the gold, and melt it down !"  
 The vision of past happy years,  
 With joys and sorrows, smiles and tears,  
 Obscured his purpose, but the best  
 Of all his knowledge was the love  
 That such high sacrifice could prove.  
 He clasped her sobbing to his breast,  
 And pushed the talisman away :  
 But she, a woman, had her way.  
 Over the crucible he stood,  
 That seemed nigh consecrate with blood,  
 Clammy through fear both brow and palm,  
 As, aspen-like, he strove for calm :  
 Then like a criminal, at last,  
 The time of agony being past,  
 He sought his doom—and with swift glance  
 He knew that he alone did hold  
 The secret of enamelled gold.  
 A change came o'er his countenance :  
 "Forgive me, wife," he fainting cried ;  
 She, nobly clinging to his side,

Rejoined, "Forgive thee! Yes, with mine  
God's blessing went, and both are thine!"

And thus the reign of science speeds  
From age to age by doughty deeds;  
One labours that the rest may gain  
Increase of good, with less of pain.  
So wisdom's torch, that must expire  
If genius fail, is passed along  
By cunning art and poet's song;  
And higher still, and ever higher,  
Its flames arise, as men are led  
To Him who formed the germ of thought,  
Which, being in the darkness wrought,  
Brings forth the living from the dead.

GEORGE SMITH.

# THE SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW.

BY "RUSTICUS."

She's long in her face, she's fine in her horn,  
She'll quickly get fat without cake or corn ;  
She's clean in her jaws, and full in her chine,  
She's heavy in flank, and wide in her loin.

She's broad in her ribs, and long in her rump,  
A straight and flat back, without e'er a hump ;  
She's wide in her hips, and calm in her eyes,  
She's fine in her shoulders, and thin in her thighs.

She's light in her neck, and small in her tail,  
She's wide in her breast, and good at the pail ;  
She's fine in her bone, and silky of skin,  
She's a grazier's without, and a butcher's within.

"**I**N fact," as we mentally note while gazing at a ticket marked £80 on our charmer's tail at the Smithfield Club Show—

"She's all my fancy painted her, she's lovely, she's divine,  
But she's *sold* unto a butcher, she never can be mine."

Whether a visitor to "merrye England" be from Far Cathay, the Land of the Rising Sun, or a dweller in Mesopotamia, and beyond Jordan, he can hardly betake himself to a better place to study the manners and customs of the English than the Smithfield Club Show. Nor is the sight of the bovine race, fattened to repletion, and as bucolic in appearance as John Bull himself, an absolutely repulsive feature in the exhibition.

Some poet in want of a better theme once wrote :

No meaner creatures—scan 'em all—  
By fire their food prepare ;  
Man is the *cooking animal*,  
And need be nothing mair.

If England is the home of "plum pudding," it is also that of "roast beef ;" and the object of all agricultural shows is to provide *matériel* for the "cooking animal." At the present season, when—

Loose to festive joy, the country round  
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth—

many are the barons of beef scattered over England, emanating from

the Smithfield Fat Cattle Show. In the "good old days," when oxen were roasted whole, and the ordinary bill of fare of a country squire at Christmas time consisted of

Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,  
Muttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon swine ;  
Hérons and bitterns, peacocks, swans, and bustards,  
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and, in fine,  
Plum-puddings, pancakes, apple-pies, and custards,

such "fatted beeves" as those lately exhibited, and many of which by this time have vanished down our readers' throats, existed not except in the luscious dreams of some epicurean alderman. Beach's Food for Cattle had not then been invented, and Messrs. Carter and Co. and Sutton and Co. were not in existence to ransack foreign lands for the germs of the succulent grasses and roots necessary to the production of prime beef. As our readers are aware, the breeds of cattle throughout the United Kingdom vary in different districts, from the small hardy varieties of the northern Highlands to the bulky and more meat-carrying breeds of the southern parts of England. Formerly it was customary to classify the whole according to the comparative length of the horns—as, the Long-horned, Short-horned, Middle-horned, Crumpled-horned, and Hornless or Polled breeds. Nowadays, however, the various breeds are classified under the nomenclature of Devons, Herefords, Sussex, Norfolk or Suffolk polled, Long-horns, Short-horns, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Cross or Mixed. Whatever be their breed, there are certain forms and shapes which cattle must possess to prove remunerative to their breeders. We need hardly remark that these peculiarities must be developed to the utmost to obtain a prize at such a grand competitive exhibition as the Smithfield Club Show; and we shall enumerate a few "points" necessary for a "bovine" to possess before receiving attention at the hands of the judges. If there is one part of the frame the form of which, more than of any other, renders the animal valuable, it is the chest. There must be room enough for the heart to beat and the lungs to play, or sufficient blood for the purposes of nutriment and strength will not be circulated; nor will it thoroughly undergo that vital change which is essential to the proper discharge of every function. We look, therefore, first of all, to the wide and deep girth about the heart and lungs. We must have both. The proportion in which the one or the other may preponderate will depend on the service we require from the animal; we can excuse a slight degree of flatness of the sides, for the beast will be lighter in the forehead,

and more active; but the grazier must have width as well as depth. And not only about the heart and lungs, but over the whole of the ribs, must we have both length and roundness; the *hooped* as well as the deep barrel is essential; there must be room for the capacious paunch, room for the materials from which the blood is to be provided. The beast should also be ribbed home; there should be little space between the ribs and the hips. This seems to be indispensable in the steer, as it denotes a good healthy constitution, and a propensity to fatten; but a largeness and drooping of the belly, notwithstanding that the symmetry of the animal is impaired, are considered advantageous in the cow, because room is thus left for the udder; and if these qualities are accompanied by swelling milk veins, her value in the dairy is generally increased. This roundness and depth of the barrel, however, are most advantageous in proportion as found behind the point of the elbow more than between the shoulders and legs; or low down between the legs, rather than upwards towards the withers; for the heaviness before and the comparative bulk of the coarse parts of the animal are thus diminished, which is always a very great consideration. The loins should be wide—of this there can be no doubt, for they are the prime parts; they should seem to extend far along the back; and although the belly should not hang down, the flanks should be round and deep. Of the hips it is superfluous to say that, without being ragged, they should be large; round rather than wide, and presenting when handled plenty of muscle and fat. The thighs should be full and long, close together when viewed from behind, and the farther down they continue close the better. Shortness of leg is a good general rule, for there is an almost inseparable connection between length of leg and lightness of carcase, and shortness of leg and propensity to fatten. The bones of the legs (and they are taken as samples of the bones of the frame generally) should be small, but not too much so—small enough for the well-known accompaniment, a propensity to fatten—small enough to please the consumer; but not so small as to indicate delicacy of constitution and liability to disease. Lastly, the hide—the most important point of all—should be thin, but not so thin as to indicate that the animal can endure no hardship; movable, mellow, but not too loose, and particularly well covered with fine and soft hair. The dictum of the judges at the Smithfield Club Show was not disputed, *we believe, in a single instance*—which does great credit to their *perspicuity and impartiality*. The exhibition of Devons was remarkably

good, and the liking for these cattle amongst breeders is on the increase. Mr. William A. H. Smith, a well-known breeder, took the first prize of £20 in this class, as well as the silver medal; the third prize of £10 going to the same breeder. These animals were as near perfection as possible, and immeasurably superior to others in this, the two years and six months old class. In Class 2 for Devons not exceeding three years and six months old, the first prize of £30 and the silver medal fell to Mr. John Overman. The other classes in this breed were above the average in meat carrying qualities. In Herefords, Mr. A. Pike took the first prize, Mr. G. Bedford taking the silver medal for the breeder. The other prizes for Herefords were awarded with difficulty, there not being "a pin to choose" between some of the animals. Some of them, however, were a trifle "leggy," but we must not be too critical, as the general display was good. The shorthorns, as a class, were up to the mark. In that for steers not exceeding two years and six months old, Mr. James Bruce was rightly *facile princeps*, taking the £20 prize and the silver medal for the breeder. A finer "barrelled" animal we never saw. In Sussex steers Mr. G. Coote took the £20 prize and silver medal for breeder in the two years and six months old class. The remaining exhibits in this breed were well framed and knit together, realising high prices from the London butchers. The Norfolk and Suffolk Polled breed, were it not for the exhibits of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, would have been in a minority as far as excellence is concerned. The first prize of £15 went to Sandringham Farm, and so did the second prize in another class. The Scotch Highland steers were much admired; for roundness and depth of barrel and width of loin they could not be surpassed. The first prize of £30 was awarded to the Duchess of Athole, the silver medal for the breeder being taken by the Duke of Athole. In the other classes the display was good, but as the distance is an effectual bar to a large exhibition of Scotch animals, it must not be taken as a fair criterion of the sort of beef that can be had north of the Tweed.

Sheep mustered in great numbers. One cannot gaze on this useful animal without recalling to mind Shakespeare's simile. In the scene where Gloucester rudely drives the Lieutenant from the side of Henry VI., the unfortunate monarch thus complains of his helplessness:—

So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:  
So first the harmless sheep doth yield its fleece,  
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.

In the Saxon era the value of a sheep was 1s. At the time of the Conquest four sheep were equivalent to an acre of land. In the years 1041 and 1125 a pestilent epidemic carried off large quantities in this kingdom; so much so that they became very scarce, and at the close of the reign of Henry I. sold for 20s., and in his successor's reign at 25s. The introduction of turnips gave a great impetus to the breeding of sheep, inasmuch as they provided succulent nourishment during the long winter. The chief breeds valued nowadays are the Black-faced Heath, Dorset, Wiltshire, Southdown, Norfolk, and Cheviot. These species are justly regarded as the most valuable to the butcher, and as such are the only ones we care much about seeing at the Smithfield Club Show. The judges in this department of the exhibition stuck strictly to the motto, "*Palmas qui meruit ferat*," and the prizes were well awarded. In the Leicesters, a class of sheep chiefly valuable for their wool, Mr. F. J. S. Foljambe, the Earl of Lonsdale, and Mr. W. Brown took respectively the £20, £15, and £5 prizes. In Cotswolds and Lincolns there was a good show. The Kentish and Cross-bred long-woolled sheep also were up to killing mark. Southdowns were worthy of note. The Duke of Richmond, Mr. W. Rigden, and Lord Sondes took £20, £15, and £5 prizes in this class. Hampshire or Wiltshire Downs showed well. Shropshire breeds might have carried more meat. Oxfordshire, Ryland, Cheviot, Dorset, &c., were fair exhibits. The Mountain Breed had little but the "name" about them. The cross-bred long and short woolled class were in good form. As regards "extra stock," we cannot but put in a word of commendation, many of them being above the average for butchering purposes.

Taken, however, as an exhibition of good breeding, this department of the Smithfield Club Show compares badly with that for cattle. Some breeders do not care for "honour and glory;" these gentlemen object to the trouble of going long distances from home to exhibit; and for this reason far better animals are sometimes seen at local agricultural shows. The English and the Chinese are partial to swine's flesh, inasmuch as being "hard workers" they appreciate the heat-giving and strength-sustaining nutriment of the "unclean animal." Since the days of Gurth the swineherd, England has been famed for its porkers, but never more so than at the present moment. Even the Japanese ambassadors stared at the huge barrels of "live pork," which lay almost sightless, pretty nearly breathless, side by side in their special department at the Smithfield Club Show.



An old saw has it—

Fat pease-fed swine  
For drover is fine.

And truly the Hampshire hog, reared *par excellence* in a pea-growing district, "for drover is fine!" The crowds that pressed to gaze on the porcine exhibits must have been seen to be believed. The homage paid by speculative butchers to the prize pigs, who—

Like to the Pontic Monarch of old days  
— Fed on poisons; and they had no power,  
But were a kind of nutriment!

And, pray, what will *not* a pig devour? In olden times Thomas Tusser warned pig breeders that—

Through plenty of acorns, the porkling too fat,  
Not taken in season, may perish by that.  
If rattling or swelling once get to the throat,  
Thou lovest thy porkling—a crown to a goat.

In modern times there is not much fear of Hampshire hogs choking themselves with acorns, unless given on a "charger" by their careful attendant, who offers a modicum of Hope's Food with all the deference he would use to an alderman asking for turtle. Truly pigs have undergone a change since the days when the Mysian Olympus was laid waste and Cræsus robbed of his heir. A fine beast, too, must have been that of Erymanthus, which gave Hercules such a job. True we have "learned pigs," descendants of the prophetic Lavinian sow; but for a good juicy-looking *morceau* commend us to "No. 368," at the Smithfield Club Show, bred by Her Majesty at the Prince Consort's Show Farm, Windsor. This favoured animal took the £10 prize, as well as the silver medal for his royal breeder. Truly, this favoured porker may, for aught we know, be a descendant of the *porci bimestres*, which Juvenal epicureanly termed *animal propter convivia natum*. In the Pigs of Any Breed class Mr. H. A. Brassey, M.P., took the £10 prize and silver medal for the breeder. All the other exhibits in pigs were excellent, and a credit, not only to their breeders, but to the country at large.

The agricultural implements at the Smithfield Club Show have become a special feature in this annual exhibition. The perpetual "bragging" of the agricultural labourer, and the threatening attitude assumed towards farmers, have led the yeomanry to demand from manufacturers as many machines as possible, to enable them to dispense with "field hands." Amongst the best of modern implements

was Messrs. Marshall, Sons, and Co.'s thrashing and finishing machine, which is of very compact design, all the working parts, including the elevator, being contained within the frame and being thus protected from the effects of weather and rough usage. Everything is so arranged that the work can be carried on in the most convenient manner, the straw and canings being delivered from the front of the machine, and the chaff cleaned and delivered into bags at the side, while the finished corn is deposited into sacks at the back. The construction is in every respect very substantial, the whole of the framing is of the best seasoned oak, while the drum and breastwork are of wrought iron, and the drum spindles, shaker, and shoe cranks are of steel; all the shaft bearings are of good length with substantial brasses, and well protected from dust and dirt.

It was to a machine of the same class that the judges awarded the first prize of £40 at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show in July last (the only difference being that the Cardiff machine was fitted with a "Rainforth's Patent Separating Screen"), and we cannot be surprised at the short but very satisfactory comment passed upon it in the Royal Agricultural Society's Report:—"An exceedingly well-made machine." Referring to the table of results published by the society, we observe that in two trials of wheat-thrashing, 405 and 406 points respectively were made, in barley 427, while in oats the high number of 447 points were recorded out of a possible total of 450, and this notwithstanding the fact that malicious damage had been done to the screen of the machine during the night before the trials, which could only be hastily repaired upon the ground with such rough and ready appliances as happened to be at hand. We are informed that Messrs. Marshall, Sons, and Co. have during the past year more than doubled the extent of their works at Gainsborough, and have just completed, among other buildings, one of the finest engine-erecting shops in the kingdom.

Messrs. E. R. and F. Turner, of Ipswich, are a firm familiar to agriculturists and others from their celebrated crushing mills, which continue to gain renown for the manufacturers, and have recently been awarded the silver medal by the Royal Society of the Netherlands, at the Hague. The firm showed several varieties of these crushers, but they need no description or praise from us, their utility having stood the test of long experience. Two specimens of the R. A. S. E. first prize grinding mills with French stones, 3 feet and 2½ feet in diameter, were also on view, and they appeared still to merit the high eulogium given them by the Royal Agricultural Society's judges at

Oxford, that they were "exceedingly well made." A malt mill, with compound wedge adjustment, for ensuring equal wear on the faces of the rolls, was also shown at this stand, as well as oilcake breakers for hand power, the larger of the two being provided with two sets of rolls, so as to reduce cake to the smallest size, with less wear to the teeth, and with less power than in the ordinary machines.

Besides mills of all kinds for preparing food for stock, &c., E. R. and F. Turner are celebrated as manufacturers of small thrashing sets of three to five-horse power, which, to judge from the specimen exhibited, they have succeeded in bringing to a high state of efficiency. The set exhibited was of five-horse power, the engine being well proportioned and of substantial construction. The thrasher was four feet wide and of the double blast finishing class. Strict attention to practical utility in design and constructive excellence in these small thrashing sets has obtained for this firm a leading position in their manufacture, and they are in large demand in districts where the transport of larger and heavier machines would be impossible. Another great advantage attaching to them is the small number of hands necessary to work them, while their capacity—*i. e.*, the work done by them—is by no means small. The makers assert that a careful account would show that in a season as much would be earned by a small thrashing set as by a large one, the smaller having an advantage in the facility with which it may be removed and set to work, and delay thus avoided. The gold medal of the Royal Society of the Netherlands was awarded to one of these thrashers at the Hague in September last.

Messrs. Howard, of Bedford, the well-known steam plough manufacturers, exhibited some magnificent implements, which can be seen daily at work on their own grounds. Messrs. Richmond and Chandler showed, amongst other implements, their well-known thrashing machines, which have taken first prizes of the Royal Societies of England, Scotland, and Ireland, also the silver medals of the International Exhibitions at London and Paris. The principal features in their new chaff machines consist in an entirely new form of mouthpiece, so constructed that however irregularly the machine may be fed, and whatever quality of hay or straw may be placed therein, *it never chokes*. The surface of the mouthpiece is made of steel, and this has the advantage of presenting the same smooth edge as long as the machine lasts; the knives are also kept sharper on the steel face than when cutting against cast iron. There is also an expanding jaw to the mouthpiece, which jaw is hinged to the axle of

the upper toothed roller, and is pressed down by a hand-screw so as to securely hold the material being cut, while admitting of considerable alteration according to the nature of the substance acted upon. A travelling web is introduced in place of the ordinary bed of the feeding box, which is a material help to the attendant, particularly in the larger machines, relieving him of the labour of pulling the hay or straw forward, and allowing him to concentrate his entire attention on the feed. A handle is placed at the side of the machine, by which two lengths of cut are obtained, and the same handle acts upon a stop motion to arrest the rollers at any moment.

Messrs. Isaac James and Son exhibited, amongst other things, an excellent manure cart, and a capital roller and clod crusher. Messrs. E. Page and Co. maintained their reputation as manufacturers of agricultural implements; as also did Messrs. Underhill. Mr. Benjamin Edgington, of Duke Street, London Bridge, as usual had to show something useful for farmers in his rick cloths, marquees, tents, &c.; as well as a light, strong, pliable cloth for waggon and cart covers. Messrs. Burney and Co. exhibited some excellent water carts and cisterns.

Carriages may be considered one of the best features at the Smithfield Club Show. In this line Mr. Thorn, of Norwich, showed some first-class workmanship. Amongst other things, we would specially select for commendation his Norfolk shooting cart, with "adjustable shafts." Mr. Inwood, of St. Albans, showed, amongst others, a very pretty dogcart, which attracted much attention. Mr. Ayshford, of Britannia Works, Fulham, exhibited his patent dogcart, which was much admired. Mr. Boxall, of Grantham, also displayed a serviceable shooting cart and very pretty park phaeton. Mr. Samuel Smith, of Suffolk, the inventor of the now well-known Perithreon, exhibited a brougham, possessing a "magic door," capable of being opened and closed by the driver from his seat, by a very simple piece of mechanism. Messrs. Day, Son, and Hewitt, the well-known makers of the "stock-breeder's medicine chests," had many visitors to their stall in search of the panacea for "foot and mouth disease."

The sewing machines exhibited by Messrs. Newton, Wilson, and Co. attracted much attention from country visitors. The Howe Sewing Machine Company's stand was also a centre of attraction—or, rather, the young lady was, on account of the deftness displayed by her machine in what, we were informed, is technically known as "braiding" amongst ladies. No show could be complete without Bradford's "Vowel" Washing Machines, upon which, as

usual, there was a great "run." In garden furniture and requisites Mr. Alfred Pierce showed some novelties. Altogether, what we "jotted" down at the time as worthy of notice seems upon reading over quite like an account of the contents of an Agricultural Exhibition, which indeed is a true description of this great annual show. No other country could produce anything like it, and Englishmen may well be proud of such an institution, devoted to the development of stock, produce, and agricultural implements. Although the London streets did not appear to us to indicate so many visitors as usual, the show was in this respect one of the most successful on record.

# STRANGER THAN FICTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TALLANTS OF BARTON," "THE VALLEY OF POPPIES," &c.

## CHAPTER XLII.

OF CERTAIN EMIGRANTS ON BOARD THE "HESPERUS;" AND CONCERNING A WELL KNOWN MELODY THAT LED TO A DELIGHTFUL DISCOVERY.

**B**Y the kindness of Mr. Williams, Jacob was enabled at once to throw up his Dinsley engagement; and, on the invitation of Mr. Horatio Johnson (with whom Mr. Williams had recently spent a day at Middleton), he took Liverpool on his way into the Principality of Wales, for the purpose of bidding adieu to a party of emigrants in whose welfare he was deeply interested.

It was a calm summer night, when Jacob and the Doctor, and Mrs. Horatio Johnson, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Titsy, sat in a corner of the best cabin of the *Hesperus*, bound to Canada. The moonlight was streaming in upon them through the cabin window; Mrs. Johnson was plying her knitting needles, and looking up occasionally to make a remark; the Doctor was detailing to Jacob his views about the future, and the comparative ease with which money begot money in the colonies; Tom was listening to the Doctor and smiling at Susan; and Jacob was wishing them all sorts of success and happiness, whenever a lull occurred in the conversation, and exacting promises of frequent letters.

The parting hour came at last. Mrs. Johnson, though in her heart she could not altogether forgive Jacob, for we know what, united in the general feeling of sorrow at leaving him; but happy in their own goodness and honest affection, not one of the four had any regrets in setting out for a new home far away from scenes which were associated with so many bitter memories. Jacob took his leave with much real emotion; and an hour afterwards stood gazing at a ship that was disappearing in the moonlight, to be followed by other vessels which other people would look after and wave handkerchiefs at, and weep about, and dream of in the silent watches of the night.

On the following afternoon Jacob arrived at the first stage in his

Welsh journeying, and found at the post-office, Neathville, according to prior arrangement, a bundle of proofs of his first book. To read these was, at that time, a labour of love indeed, even though the labour continued long after the sun had disappeared, and the moon had risen again—the same moon that was looking down on the emigrant ship, and making long white tracks on the distant ocean which now rolled between Jacob and his old friends.

Neathville was a quiet, mossy old place, with the sea in front, and on every other side a country studded with grey ruins of old walls and castles, the histories of which are a rich mine of instruction, poetry, and romance. The Flemish found the town a fishing village, and, struck with its many natural advantages, settled there, and, assisted by Norman allies, fortified the place; but the Welsh many years afterwards surprised the settlers, put them to the sword, and razed the fortifications to the ground. From that period (somewhere about the eleventh century), until after the advent of Oliver Cromwell, the history of Neathville had been one of great interest—a story of war and tribulation, of piracy and bloodshed, of sack and famine, of heroism and bravery; and in all quarters the antiquary could lay his fingers upon some fine memento of the greatness and the littleness of past ages. There was an old castle; a grey church, filled with quaint memorials; some ruined walls, the remains of a priory; two medicinal springs, and many other attractions; besides the fringe of rocks which skirted the bay and ran out, in picturesque pinnacles, into the sea.

At the period of my story, the fine sandy beach was not the promenade of fast gentlemen from town, looking through eye-glasses at fast ladies from the same place; nor had the donkey driver even made his appearance. At the most fashionable hour in the day Jacob saw only a few groups of people on the immense tract of beach, which stretched away until it seemed to join the clouds at a famous point, where many a ship had been lured to destruction in the dark days of the wreckers.

Musing with his own thoughts, which were chiefly occupied with the design of writing a full explanation of his position to Lucy, and endeavouring to fix an interview which should be final “for weal or woe,” Jacob was returning home one evening not long after his arrival in Neathville, when, as if in response to his feelings, there fell upon his ear the faint melody of a strain so familiar to him that at first he thought it but the creation of his own fancy. A treacherous memory and a strong imagination will sometimes play strange tricks with the senses; but Jacob was soon convinced that the music which

he heard was a charming reality. It stole over the rocks, in undulating cadences, and transported him back to days of yore, as completely as though he had been under some such spell as Mesmer might have worked, taking the reason prisoner, and planting the mind with whatever picture the enchanter willed. Jacob was again in the garden at Middleton, with the morning sun shining upon him, amidst the sounds of falling waters, and the songs of birds.

There is a happy land,  
Far, far away.

High over the rocks above him, from a noble half-castellated house, came the well-known music; and, as Jacob listened, all the sensations of hope and fear and doubt and dread which he had felt when he looked on the footprints in the snow at Cartown replaced the first thoughts of the old home and the garden-paradise. **There was only one voice which could sing that song so sweetly, so plaintively.** A harp accompaniment added to the effect of the dear old melody, and with the murmur of the sea as a deep bass, and Jacob's **own** strong imagination and memories of happy times, my readers **will** readily believe that the music was an attraction which Jacob **did not** desire to resist.

To go round by the regular path, to reach the house situated on the summit of the rocks, were a tedious process indeed for Jacob in his present mood. Straight to the house whence the music came was his only course. Away he went with the alacrity of a practised climber. There had been a time when his mind would not, under similar circumstances, have strayed for a moment from the object of his climbing; but now that he was an author, the demon of "copy," which sometimes startles writers at all hours, suggested to him what a capital situation it would be, supposing he were writing a story out of his own experiences, to make himself fall over the rocks and be discovered by his mistress just in time to save his precious life, and once more swear eternal love to each other.

Jacob did not fall, although his path was made additionally dangerous by the starting up, here and there, of flocks of sea-birds, which filled the air with their peculiar cries, compelling him to pause and listen for the music to the source of which he was hurrying. He had scarcely reached the summit when the melody changed to a new and an unknown one; but, a few moments afterwards, when he had stepped aside from the full view of the room with its tall windows opening out upon a lawn, Jacob detected in the new song some simple words which he had written for Lucy Cantrill when he was a schoolboy and had dreams by the Cartown river.



I have said that the windows were wide open. Screening himself behind a figure of Neptune, which stood in the centre of the lawn, Jacob looked into the room, as an erring mortal, tempted by Naiad strains, might have gazed into some sea-beat grot. How like and yet how unlike his Lucy was the lady who now sat conjuring from a Welsh harp music that Ariel might have made in Prospero's island!

Jacob's heart told him quickly enough who was the musician. Still the old times did not seem so distinct, now that he looked upon her once more, as they had appeared when he heard the factory hymn coming over the rocks ten minutes previously. Then he had thought of Lucy as he saw her under the apple tree in Cantrill's little garden; of Lucy in her straw hat, simple bodice, and provincial skirts, walking by his side with just sufficient coquettishness to fill him full of doubts and fears, and excite the wish that he were old enough to marry her, lest perchance some more gallant knight should carry her off. But now he saw another Lucy, and yet the same. The soft blue eyes as of yore, the sweet full lip, the hair a shade darker, the figure taller, and that of a woman. It was Lucy refined, not so much by fashion as by education, and the effect of living in an aristocratic atmosphere; it was the beautiful girl of the old times grown into the lovely woman, and bearing all the impress of the Great Artist's finishing touches.

By-and-by the hand which had wandered over the strings fell gently by the performer's side, and the lady looked upwards; it seemed to Jacob as though her eyes were fixed upon him. A moment previously he had hurriedly decided to present himself at the house in the usual manner, and inquire for Miss Thornton, fearing that the more romantic fashion of walking in at the window after a scramble over the rocks would alarm her. But that might not be, for Lucy came forth, passed across the lawn, close by where he stood, and leaning over the terrace which surmounted the rocks, looked pensively out to sea. Jacob felt that he could not escape without attracting her attention. He walked quietly towards her, and with his heart beating a tattoo, he whispered "Lucy."

The lady turned round with a startled, doubtful look. Jacob put forth his arms, and in another moment Mr. Cavendish Thornton's matrimonial schemes were scattered to the winds for ever.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jacob went to his hotel that night the happy fellow of whom he had once or twice only ventured to dream. He had told Lucy his story, and she had said something about her own. He needed no confession

of her love; of its truth and constancy he had sufficient evidence in the singing of those simple words, which had been a boyish tribute to her in the golden days of Cartown. He was certainly puzzled to know why she had not received his letters; though he was hardly surprised that her inquiries concerning himself had been unsuccessful. He cared little or nothing about these minor circumstances now. He could not, however, help noticing that they seemed greatly to disturb Lucy, who made him promise to make some inquiries concerning the letters which he had addressed to her at Cartown. He fulfilled this promise at once, and by the same post wrote to Ginghems to say that he should not be prepared to send "copy" for the Welsh work so quickly as he had at first anticipated. Neathville, he said, had charmed him almost beyond description. He should never be sufficiently grateful to them for sending him into Wales. It had opened up a world of romance to him. They would be surprised when he told them of his great discovery in the Principality. Jacob chuckled at the hidden waggery of his letter. He wrote a most mad epistle to Windgate Williams, who really feared Jacob's success had suddenly turned his head.

#### CHAPTER XLIII.

##### A STORM ON THE WELSH COAST.

THE reader was prepared by a conversation between Lucy and Dorothy for Miss Thornton's departure from London. The belle of the season had either grown tired of the restraints of Mayfair, or she had seriously felt her educational deficiencies, or she was bored by the Hon. Max Walton, or she had had a severe relapse into Jacob Martynism. I am hardly in a position to explain the young lady's reasons for her almost sudden determination to leave town. She wanted to go before her first season was really over; and above all things she would insist upon her uncle keeping her retreat a secret. Mr. Thornton induced her to stay in town until Lord John and his brother Max Walton began to make their arrangements for grouse shooting; but Lucy was firmness itself in her determination that her address should not be known for a long time, and that no visitors should be invited to Lydstep House. Her uncle had been a good deal troubled by Lucy's plans, which excluded a return to town for two or three years. He would not hear of this. Then she would go abroad, ever so far away, where it was impossible to get back for years. Had anything occurred in town to offend or annoy her? No. Was there anything he could do

to make London more agreeable to her? No; she had no objection to London. When she felt competent by education and ordinary accomplishments to take her position in town, she would return. She was competent; she was the queen of the season; her accomplishments had a freshness that was charming; she might marry into the noblest family in the land at once, if she would; she was worthy of her name, worthy of all their gallery of ancestral portraits, worthy of the highest state. Mr. Thornton grew eloquent in his praises, and entreated the young beauty to reconsider her plans; but Lucy kissed him and was adamant.

Lydstep House was the family residence of some friends of Mr. Thornton who had gone abroad for three or four years, and Lucy accepted the offer of it at once, without seeing it; and the place turned out all that could be desired. Mr. Thornton had visited his wayward niece as frequently as his old habits would permit. He had been content to hunt his grouse and shoot them in Wales instead of Scotland for her sake during two seasons. Only two days prior to Jacob's unexpected appearance on the scene, he had once more arrived on a long visit to his lovely niece, who was accompanied in her retreat by Mr. Thornton's housekeeper, and two awfully clever and learned companion teachers of art, science, and languages—ladies who had sounded the depths of all educational systems, who had dived into the hidden mysteries of science, and who had soared on the wings of inspiration into the highest realms of art. Lucy professed to be a wonderfully earnest and industrious pupil of these vestals of learning, but she seemed to devote most of her time to music and drawing, and her sketch books were full of pictures that she called "reminiscences." They were rough studies of cottages, country stiles and walks, bits of brook scenery, glimpses of woodland nooks; and one of the vestals had expressed to the other some serious alarm at the young lady's monotonous kind of pleasures. But Lucy in her own quiet way had impressed upon their minds that she was the mistress of Lydstep House, and that she had a will of her own apart from Mr. Thornton's; they therefore kept their private views of Miss Thornton's habits to themselves, and had nothing but praises of her mind, her intellect, and her amiability for the ear of her uncle.

A few days after Jacob Martyn's sudden appearance at Lydstep House, Mr. Cavendish Thornton, as was his wont, having partaken of coffee and dry toast in his own apartment, went into Lucy's morning room to have a chat with his niece.

"I want to talk seriously to you, sir, this morning," said Lucy the moment her uncle entered *the room*.

"What is the matter, my child?" said Mr. Thornton, taking her hand. "Your lip is trembling, and you look angry."

"I think I am angry," said Lucy, "but I do not wish to be angry, only firm; you have done me a great wrong, uncle, and yourself too."

"Lucy, what is the meaning of this strange manner?"

"You have sacrificed me to family pride," said Lucy; "accepting a trust from one who laid down his life for the honour of his family and the glory of his king, you have betrayed it; you have allowed me to go on doubting the truest heart that ever beat, and you have almost driven me into marrying out of spite a person I could never love."

Contemplating the abyss upon which her woman's judgment had tottered, Lucy was almost beside herself with anger against him who had stood between her and Jacob.

"Lucy, you are mad or I am dreaming," said Mr. Thornton, his every action betokening the greatest amazement.

"I am not mad, uncle; you are not dreaming. It is now four years since you found me a happy girl, and you have made my life a burden to me."

"Lucy, Lucy!" exclaimed her uncle.

"What did I care for fortune, when you had thrust from me all I cared to live for?"

Lucy had satisfied herself, in a conversation with Allen, that Mr. Thornton had intercepted her letters to Jacob and kept back Jacob's letters to herself.

"I do not understand you, niece; and all my love for you will not permit me to listen to this language. Since first I had the happiness of restoring you to the world, and fulfilling a sacred trust confided to me by my nephew and by your father, you have been continually in my thoughts; it has been my chief delight to sacrifice myself for your happiness."

"Happiness!" exclaimed Lucy, with sorrowful dignity and with a composure before which Mr. Thornton grew confused and troubled. "Happiness! Was it not enough that my poor mother should die of a broken heart, that my dear, dear father, should have his last moments embittered by your miserable family pride? Was not this a sufficient sacrifice, but the Thornton blood, the Thornton escutcheon, the Thornton portrait gallery should demand another victim?"

"When you are mistress of yourself, Miss Thornton," said her uncle, "I will listen to you: meanwhile I will seek elsewhere for *aformation concerning* the change which has come over you.

Ingratitude is not a Thornton vice. You are not well, Lucy; you are not yourself."

Mr. Thornton began to have some faint idea of the situation; but he was too much overcome to collect his thoughts and meet it.

"Do not leave me, uncle," said Lucy; "I will try and be calm. Pray sit down; we must understand each other now."

"Then be good enough without this strange declamation—which is an accomplishment I did not know you possessed, my child—to explain yourself."

"I will," said Lucy, the tears starting in her eyes. "When you found me I was happy, if I was poor. What have riches to do with happiness?"

A great deal, thought Mr. Thornton.

"I was poor, but contented and happy in the love of one who, if he had neither name nor fortune to recommend his suit, would not have soiled his fingers with dishonour; no, not for a dukedom."

Mr. Thornton now saw the situation clearly, and at once chided himself mentally for thinking that he could hope to turn that youthful attachment which Allen had discovered in the first hours of their triumphant discovery of the Thornton heiress.

"You knew of my engagement, and you broke it ruthlessly by improper means; you did not even take the trouble to consider whether he was worthy of my love; you did not even seek to know the secret of my own heart; you intercepted his letters."

Mr. Thornton winced at this. It was a blow; it struck his pride roughly; it brought the colour into his face.

"Yes, leagued with your own servant, to make me doubt a true and noble heart; and I was weak enough to believe ill of him. The Thornton blood was not noble enough to give me a true woman's strength, and faith, and generosity. I have behaved like the wretched thing I had nearly become—a lady of fashion, a queen in society, a West-end belle. I despise myself for the very narrowness of my escape."

"Be calm, Lucy; be calm," said Mr. Thornton. He did not know what else to say. That reference to the letters was a blow which seemed to render him helpless.

Between her tears Lucy's eyes flashed anger, sorrow, and indignation. She sobbed and paced the room like one distraught.

"And to think that I should have doubted him!" she went on. "To think that finery and jewels and those empty dolls in the Row should have overshadowed his image, should have dimmed the remembrance of that last day at Cartown! To think that Mr. Max

Walton, a lord's son, who makes bets on his conquest of a woman, should have filled the very smallest corner of my thoughts for a moment! To think that I could not have guessed what had been done to deceive me!"

"Be calm," said Mr. Thornton again, "you do not think what you say."

"Oh, Mr. Thornton! Uncle, if you will," said Lucy, softening. "Was this worthy of you? Was this worthy of your great and noble ancestors?"

"Damme if I think it was!" exclaimed the old man, starting up from his seat and striding across the room. "I never was in such an infernal fix in my life. 'Pon my soul I don't quite know where I am. If they had told me that my niece Lucy could have abused her proud old uncle in this strain I would have said they lied. Damme, I would have fought my own brother to the death for half the accusations she has made against me. But a woman!—what the devil are you to do with a woman?"

As Lucy softened in her manner, Mr. Thornton began to be tempestuous. He had no other resource. He did not know what to do or say. Lucy having given full rein to her anger, now, like a woman, found relief in sympathetic tears.

"Uncle, I am only a woman," she said. "I have been sorely tried. I did not mean to say all I have said. I know it is all a mistake."

"Mistake, damme! A fine mistake," said Mr. Thornton, marching about the room.

"I know you did not mean to be unkind; you would have made me a queen if you could."

"Unkind, damme!—heaven forgive me for swearing in presence of a lady—nothing was farther from my thoughts."

Lucy followed him as he paced the room.

"I have no doubt you thought it was for my own good."

"Good!—I would have died for you. Damme, I would have done factory work myself for you sooner than you should have been unhappy!"

Lucy took his hand. The two went marching away from one end of the room to the other.

"I could never marry Max Walton," said Lucy.

"Damn Max Walton!—shade of the Thorntons forgive me—you shall not be coerced."

Lucy slipped her arm through her uncle's, and laid her head on his shoulder.

"Forgive me, uncle—dear uncle," she said in her winning voice.

Colonel Thornton stopped suddenly. "God bless you, my child," he exclaimed, and the next moment he was fairly sobbing over her.

"I could not bear to lose your good opinion, Lucy, to say nothing of your love; it was as much that old fool Allen's fault as mine; I am as big an ass as he is; forgive me, darling; promise never to say an unkind word again to me; I'm only an old woman, a silly old woman; I could not get on at all without you, Lucy, my dear, dear child."

The old man stroked her head and fondled her hands.

"I am so very very sorry," sobbed Lucy. "I ought to have explained myself to you long ago, ought to have told you all; it is I who am to blame."

"No, no, my dear Lucy; say no more about it; put your arms round my neck; I had a little sister like you when I was a boy; she died when I was a boy, too; I am an old man now, Lucy, a very old man; there, my dear child, there, there!"

The subdued old man rocked Lucy to and fro in his arms and crooned over her, and Lucy was stung with remorse and sorrow so deeply that at last she fainted and lay still as if she were dead.

The shock was very brief; Lucy opened her eyes at the first drop of water which the old man hurriedly flung in her face.

"Don't ring," she whispered. "I shall be better in a moment."

He bathed her temples, and kissed her, and chafed her hands, and the colour returned to her cheeks.

"Let me ring for a little sherry," he said calmly, and wiping all traces of emotion from his face.

"Yes, dear," said Lucy.

"Bring some sherry and a biscuit," said Mr. Thornton.

When the wine was brought and the servant had disappeared, the old man filled a glass for Lucy, which he insisted upon her drinking at once.

"Now Lucy, one more—you must drink this. I am going to propose a toast." Lucy smiled and took the glass.

"*His* health," said the Colonel, emptying his glass and turning it up German fashion.

Lucy sipped her wine and looked up at her uncle, her eyes full of gratitude and love.

"What has passed is to be a secret, Lucy."

"Yes, dear," said Lucy.

"And now, my child, where is *he*?"

"In Neathville," said Lucy, her eyes seeking the ground.

"Thought so," said her uncle. "Let him come to me, Lucy—let him come at once."

"Yes, dear uncle," said Lucy; "and you have forgiven my rash and cruel and unkind words?"

"We will forgive each other," said the Colonel. "Let us seal a bond of peace and love."

He took her face in both his hands, kissed her tenderly, patted her head, and saying, "Let him come to me at once," left the room.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### AFTER THE STORM.

Two lovers wandering by the sea. That was the picture of the calm which followed. Two lovers walking hand in hand, with the sea playing a quiet, soothing accompaniment to their thoughts. The storm was over. The tempest had left behind the calm which always follows passion. I fear Messrs. Gingham, of Paternoster Row, London, would not have been quite satisfied with Jacob's last letter if they could have been witnesses of his occupation just then.

It was a sunny summer evening. The dreamy music of the ebbing water fell like balm upon the spirit. It awakened sympathetic responses in two beating hearts. It was full of a sweet solace. Lucy's thoughts wandered dreamily to London, where the season was throbbing and pulsating and boiling up and steaming like a hot spring. She thought of herself sauntering down the Row, then sauntering home to dress for dinner, with Max Walton lingering at her side, trying to win his bet; she saw herself being taken in to dinner by Lord Folden; she heard her praises being sung later on at night by Lady Miffits; and she shuddered at the narrow escape she had had of a fashionable life in the Max Walton sense. A little more heartlessness, she thought, a little less love of Jacob and the old days, and she would have ridden straightway into the thick of it; a little looser rein, away she would have gone, establishing herself on that giddy height of vanity to which her uncle and Max Walton would have led her. She would have outshone other women both in beauty and jewels, until a new belle came to take the town by storm, and eclipse her, and tear her heart with jealousy. And what would have become of Jacob Martyn?

The quiet music of the ocean summoned Jacob's thoughts back to Middleton and the cottage at Cartown. There was one transient shadow upon his happiness just then. There was a pang of regret in the thought that his father was not living to see the sunshine of Lucy's face, and to know that his only son was going to be successful and happy at last.



"And you came here quite by chance?" said Lucy, after they had walked a long distance in a subdued happy silence.

"Unless a kind fate, pitying my misery, brought me here," says Jacob, looking into her clear, loving eyes.

"Perhaps that is why it led me here first. I can never forgive myself for doubting you, Jacob! But I do not think I did quite doubt you. It used to make me very, very miserable to think that the day might come when I should"—

"We will not speak, dearest, of such a possibility. I once doubted you, Lucy, and then I almost doubted our good Father Himself; for it seemed as if I had lost everything in earth and heaven."

"My dear Jacob!" said Lucy, leaning her head upon his shoulder.

"Ah! my dear, sweet girl, you will never know how much I love you; and how grateful I am to you for the happiness of knowing that you love me—you do, dear, don't you?"

Jacob liked to hear her say so.

"Love you! my own dear Jacob! But do you remember when I was a little coquettish, when I appeared to be angry at your coming to the cottage on a cleaning day?"

"Can I ever forget any moment of my life spent with you!"

"How Lady Mary Miffits would stare to hear me talk of a cleaning day. Poor dear! she would not know what I meant."

"Who is Lady Miffits?"

"No one whom you know, dear; she chaperoned me through my first season in town, when I was the belle. They said I was the belle."

Lucy blushed, and Jacob, looking round to see that they had the little bit of bay quite to themselves, put his arm round her waist and kissed her. He was compensated for all his misery. How completely a long-looked-for, long-desired happiness shuts out the pain we have suffered in reaching the prize! The happy land that once was so far away, he had reached it. The far-off haven that seemed impossible to win across a sea of storm and quicksand, he had gained the longed-for anchorage.

What a story they had to tell each other! There were some rounded clumps of rock in this little bay, and the lovers sat down to bill and coo and talk and repeat their vows, and look out upon the sea where a long streak of red gold like a path led the way to a land of glorious crimson. They were surprised to see how soon it faded out, the cold blue of the east gaining intensity the while, and showing at length a marble moon wandering in a little company of twinkling stars.

It was late when they returned to the house on the cliffs, and Lucy was framing all kinds of excuses for her uncle. She had no idea the time had gone so quickly. They had so many things to talk about. Jacob had been parted from her so long that she kept him gossiping about a hundred things. She hoped uncle had not been troubled about her long absence. She had brought Mr. Martyn to plead and explain for her. But the little speech was not needed. The steamer which had paddled out to sea while they sat in the little bay had Mr. Cavendish Thornton on board.

"He left this note for you, miss," said Allen, breathing hard and staring at Jacob. "It was sudden—master's going; but I were to say that he left his love for you and Mr. Martyn, and this note."

"Dear uncle!" exclaimed Lucy at this kind and touching message, implying that all her hopes and wishes were realised. Jacob's heart beat proudly and with a deep gratitude. The significance of the message lifted him into the skies. He had come prepared to be proud and firm and brave with Mr. Cavendish Thornton; come prepared to justify himself in what he conceived would be an angry altercation; and Mr. Thornton had not only left the field clear but with signals of amity. Jacob's good star was indeed in the ascendant.

"My darling niece," read Lucy, through a dim halo that gathered about her eyes, "we have forgiven each other; we will forget all that is disagreeable in the past; but you will never leave your poor old selfish uncle."

"My noble, good uncle, never," said Lucy, the mist gathering before her eyes still more densely. "Read it for me, Jacob."

"Desire Mr. Martyn," continued Jacob, reading the letter in a voice of emotion, "to follow me to London in two or three days; I have gone by my favourite route, *vid* Bristol by steamer."

"We saw it leaving the bay, my dear uncle!" said Lucy between her tears.

"Do not be surprised at my sudden return; tell Mr. Martyn it is on his account; there are many arrangements to make. He will give me the address of his solicitor, and we shall soon put matters in proper form. There is another steamer to Bristol in three days from this, if he likes that route; or he can take the coach to Newport and on to Gloucester, where he will get a train. Tell him I am very jealous of him. If I see that silly brother of Lord Folden's, I will put you right with him; he never thought you were very much in earnest."

"Poor Max," said Lucy, smiling now and looking a trifle archly at Jacob.

"Who is Max, dear?" said Jacob.

"Max Walton, the Honourable Max Walton, sir," said Lucy, wiping away the last traces of her tears, "one of my admirers."

Jacob smiled, but for a moment he was jealous; only for a moment, and then he finished the letter. "Ever, my dear niece, yours most affectionately, Cavendish Thornton."

"God bless him," said Lucy, at which moment Allen returned to say dinner was on the table.

"Dinner!" said Lucy, in astonishment.

"Unless you have dined," said Allen.

"Oh, no," said Lucy, "but"—

Allen left the room.

"Have you dined?" said Lucy.

"Yes, on kisses without the bread and cheese of the proverb," said Jacob, taking the dear sweet face in both his big hands and kissing the pouting lips.

"There! now that will do, Jacob dear; I am going to ring the bell."

Allen returned.

"Have the ladies dined?" asked Lucy.

"Yes, miss; they dined with Mr. Thornton, who ordered the table to be laid afresh for two, and kept till you returned, miss."

"Mr. Martyn, take me in to dinner," said Lucy, taking Jacob's arm, to the disgust and astonishment of Allen, who made up his mind there and then to follow Mr. Thornton to London with all despatch.

There never was such a delicious little dinner; never were two diners so happy; Jacob could hardly believe that he was not dreaming. When dessert was served, and they were alone, Lucy said, "We must talk about old times to convince me that the present is reality."

"Do you remember that last day at Cartown, when you made tea?" said Jacob.

"Ah! yes, I do," Lucy replied, looking back at the picture which at once presented itself to her.

"And the clock that would hurry on, and that dear smell of tar and the wood fire!"

"I have thought of it all thousands of times, dear; and when you were obliged to go at last, and I watched the lamp of the mail cart until it shone like a star and then went out, dear, and left me almost broken hearted."

Jacob drew his chair close to Lucy's, and his arm somehow strayed to her waist and held her.

"Lucy, dear, we will go there as soon as we can—eh, love? and see the dear old place, the cottage, the wood, that little brook, and

the apple tree under which you stood in those early days when I was dying of love and dared not tell you."

"Yes, dear; and do you remember the gipsy tent, and" ——  
Jacob started.

"What is the matter, dear?"

"Nothing," said Jacob, "nothing; I spent a night or two in the encampment, when I went to the cottage and found you gone."

"Indeed," said Lucy; "tell me of it, love; when was it?"

"In the winter; it is not a pleasant memory; you shall hear the story some other time; at present let us only bask in the sunshine, dear; we have had enough of the frost and snow. There, now, you must drink one more glass of this grand old wine; and we will clink our glasses as Bohemians do and toast Fortune."

"What would Allen say if he saw us?" said Lucy, laughing. "I fear we were never intended for Mayfair, Jacob."

"There! I clink the glass at the top, then at the bottom, then I say, 'To Lucy.'"

"You said we should toast Fortune," replied Lucy, smiling.

"It is all the same, dear," said Jacob.

"Now I must leave you to your wine," said Lucy, rising, "and prepare my companions for your presence in the drawing-room. I have two wise ladies here who assist me in my studies, you know. There, dear, will you have coffee here or in the drawing-room?"

Lucy looked round at her lover with sparkling archness. Jacob's only reply was to kiss the mouth that asked the tantalising question.

Coffee was speedily announced, and Jacob followed Allen to the drawing-room, where he was duly introduced to Lucy's ladies, whom he found very pleasant and agreeable. They played, and sang, and talked of lords and ladies. By-and-by Lucy sat down to her harp and sang the dear old hymn of the early days; and, with the reader's permission, we will leave Jacob drinking in words and music and all their dear associations, and, when no one observed him, quietly wiping away some tears of joy. His sudden happiness was almost too much for him.

*(To be continued.)*



# TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

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FROM Italy, hard upon the news which told of the death of Mrs. Mary Somerville, comes to me from another lady of high attainments and proud position in the world of letters, one of my most esteemed correspondents, Mrs. Cowden Clarke, a sonnet touchingly expressive of her veneration for her aged sister in literature, and doubly touching now that the lady to whom the lines were addressed six years ago is dead. Mrs. Clarke's sonnet, she tells me, was laid by in 1866, and never reached the good and gifted woman to whom it was addressed. Now, therefore, for the first time, the exquisite lines see the light. I am thankful for the opportunity of printing them here as a tribute to the memory of the dead and a welcome memento of the living :—

## SONNET

ON RECEIVING A LOCK OF MRS. MARY SOMERVILLE'S HAIR.

THAT head—which long among the stars hath dwelt  
In thought sublime and speculation rare,  
In scientific knowledge past compare,  
In deep research and questions that have dealt  
With Nature's laws to make them seen and felt—  
That head now yields this tress of still dark hair,  
At sight of which, besprent with argent fair,  
Methought my touch'd imagination knelt.

It looks as though, communing with the stars,  
It had received some beams of silv'ry light,  
Some reflex of Diana's crescent white,  
Or steel-bright rays shorn from the crest of Mars.  
A gift it is from one endowed with lore divine,  
And proudly, gratefully, I treasure it as mine.

MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

*Feb. 26th, 1866.*

I HAVE received a second edition of the Rev. Dr. Gerald Molly's photographically-illustrated account of "The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau in the Summer of 1871." The book is unique of its kind. The story of the play is told with graphic force and power and the illustrations are characteristic memorials of the time. They include photographs of the leading actors, together with several incidents of the piece. The description of the theatre in the open air, "seen in by a glorious amphitheatre of hills," calls to mind Dickens's sketch from his window in "Pictures from Italy." Within a stone's throw, as it seems, the audience of the day-theatre sit, their faces turned this way. But as the stage is hidden, it is very odd without a knowledge of the cause, to see their faces changed suddenly from earnestness to laughter. At the close of his book Dr. Molly, after quoting sundry persons upon whom the Passion Play made a deep and lasting impression, records his own feelings. He went to Ober-Ammergau prejudiced against the Passion Play; he remained to be "more sensibly impressed than ever he had been by any sermon, however eloquent." Nevertheless, he is not an advocate for a frequent repetition of the Play, nor for its extension beyond the village which its representation has made famous. "The peculiar combination of circumstances which, in the course of many generations, has brought it to its present perfection in this mountain hamlet could not, I think, be found elsewhere in the world; nor could they long subsist even here without the protection which is afforded by its rare occurrence."

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THE cruellest people in social life are those who are exacting in the matter of personal beauty. Though professedly susceptible, they are by nature hard-hearted and unimpressionable. They want generosity; they are deficient in sympathy; they know nothing of personal affinity and community of sentiment. To them facial expression, and the colour that comes and goes in forehead and cheek and lips, have no meaning but the meaning of artistic effect and their glance, even when it is a glance of admiration, is devoid of kindness and genuine feeling. Such people are incapable of the finer arts of pleasing, and they derive but little pleasure themselves in their social relations. Their fastidiousness amounts to partial blindness, their affectation of taste denotes a deficiency of sensibility. How can he enjoy life who is hard to please by the qualities of face and figure, of voice and expression and mode of speech of those among whom he moves? What would society be if there were in it no charm for us but the charm of perfection?

Is it possible to account for the well known fact that the particular trouble or misfortune with which a man happens to be struggling is immeasurably magnified while he is half asleep or trying to sleep in the night? Everybody has had experience of this very trying form of human misery. The sorrow of yesterday piles itself mountains high while we are tossing upon a hot pillow. The obstacle that has to be encountered to-morrow already triumphs over us. When the question is fairly considered this is, perhaps, one of the most easily explained of the phenomena of the dreaming and half-dreaming state. Imperfect sleep is not, apparently, a condition equally distributed over the faculties. Our mind is, in all probability, divided into distinct sections, somewhat after the fashion in which the phrenologists map out the skull, and some of these sections are in a state of entire insensibility while others are partially active. So we are conscious of our trouble, but not of the elements by which it may be qualified. In the anxiety of the day hope has, perhaps, borne but a very small share, and hope, therefore, takes its rest in the usual way at night and plays no part in the disturbed working of the mind. Hence the difficulty has to be encountered when the mind is in the condition in which it would be in its waking time if the quality of hope were wholly withheld. We must wait, however, for a great advance in the science of psychology before we can set down a precise theory of sleep and dreams.

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AN altogether new experience to most Englishmen would be a day and night at Land's End when the wind blows in winter. The finest description of a hurricane ever written is that in "David Copperfield," in which the hero travels down to Yarmouth just before the shipwreck of Steerforth; but the invisible element rages under a different set of conditions in West Cornwall. There is a good, sturdy breadth of land at the back of the east coast, but at Sennen there is nothing but the mad ocean on three sides, and a strip of barren flat on the fourth. So there the howling storm rushes over the bit of granite earth unresisted, never losing force for an instant in its passage. In inland England we are astonished when the wind is troublesome to fight against. We can hardly believe the evidence of our senses if it stops our locomotion. At Land's End there is no better recognised reality than the uncompromising power of the wind. Everybody shuns it. Nobody expects to come off master in a conflict with it. The natives try to cheat it. They make short catches of runs from post to dwarf-wall during a momentary lull. They throw themselves down flat to prevent being carried off their feet. The wind tears their loose

clothes off them, and whips them into shreds with their strings and ribbons. If they lose guard or shelter when the gust comes it dashes them against the first obstacle and bruises them. There is a village population at Sennen, in the centre of the point of land, who grow terribly serious when the winter is coming on. They talk of their life as one of bitter hardship because of that awful season. Strong, hale, and enduring as they are, they are not, in their hearts, inured to these conditions of life. They are not, like the Laplanders or the Greenlanders, part and parcel of the country in which they live. The Cornishman is a thinking being, ready at drawing comparisons of his lot with that of his fellow-countrymen in better latitudes, and he tells the story of his misery with deplorable earnestness. His houses and huts are made chiefly of granite; but the wind, though it cannot tear them to pieces, has its revenge upon them. It fills them with a roar and racket which deprives home of all its peace and comfort. The windows are nailed up in winter to save them from being shaken to fragments. A plug is jammed into every hole and cranny. Doors are fixed in order that they may not be knocked out of their frames. Indeed, the one business of winter is to hold on for dear life till the brief summer comes again.

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THERE is reason to believe that the talent for oral story-telling diminishes with the extension of reading and the growth of literature. Not the same necessity exists as of old for the preservation of the details of a narrative in the memory, and there is a general tendency in human nature to avoid a needless exercise of the faculties. Thus it is that every year the men who can tell good stories grow fewer. Some have a natural bent that way, but even they do not cultivate the gift after the manner of those who went before them. They perhaps have something of an advantage in naturalness, but they lose a little in skill. It is not the practice now to preserve the exact words and identical points of a narration. The incidents are not repeated in precisely the same form. The story-tellers of a past generation knew their tales by heart, and recited them with all the exactness with which the same actor would repeat, night after night, the words, the accent, the emphasis, and the tone of a famous soliloquy. It was reserved for a particular syllable, pronounced in a particular manner, to send a shudder through the audience, to raise their expectancy to the highest tension, or to call forth irresistible laughter. By abundant testimony, aided in some measure by the recollections of a generation now passing away, we know that these were the



characteristics of the old story-tellers of social life, and by evidence enough we are compelled to acknowledge that the race is dying out. Shall they be regretted? Well, it is impossible to deny that there is much to regret in things that are passing away; it remains to be considered what are the compensations.

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It is a question whether it is possible for imagination to invent a person bearing all the physical marks of personal identity. If the novel writer were really able to accomplish this feat, he would afford great satisfaction to ordinary mortals, by explaining the phenomena; and he would perform a still greater service if he would so place his characters on paper as to enable the reader to see the imaginary personages with his mental eye. The intellectual and moral characters of fictitious heroes and heroines are perceived clearly enough, but not so clearly their minute physical peculiarities. The reader does not fail to remember that the figure is tall or short, erect or bending, with eyes, hair, and complexion, dark or light. But if in real life there were only such items as these for sight to seize hold of, people would not recognise their friends and acquaintances. If any one thinks that in a work of imagination a person rises up whom the reader, or even the writer, would recognise if it were possible to meet him in the flesh, let him consider what remarkably divergent presentments artists have made of famous imaginary beings. There are as many different Venuses, Niobes, Madonnas, and Helens as there are original painters or sculptors. Some characters gain a personal identity by means of a particular portrait, as in the case of Mr. Pickwick, with whom the late Mr. Seymour made the world so well acquainted that we should identify him in a crowd. But that was Mr. Seymour's Pickwick, adopted gladly enough by Dickens. Does anybody fancy that Seymour's Pickwick lived in the mental eye of the author of the "Posthumous Papers" before the figure had ever been drawn on paper by the pencil of the caricaturist? That is a delusion. The figure is a very happy conversion of an author's into an artist's sketch—one of the happiest, perhaps, ever executed—but if we owe the character to the writer, we owe the physical individuality to the artist.

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THE new year is to see the birth of an addition to the daily press of London. For many years the *Standard* held the proud position of the Conservative organ, unchallenged and without competition. The rise and progress of the paper is in itself quite a romance of journalism. The proprietor, Mr. Johnstone, deserves the highest

commendation for his enterprise and his zeal. For a long time fought an up-hill fight, and he fought it well. Victory crowns efforts, as victory always crowns perseverance and courage. *Standard* now gives the proprietor a princely income. He cannot encounter opposition; and, at the same time, the growing popularity of moderate opinions and the gradual fading away of Gladstone's majority seem to offer an opening for a new Constitutive paper. Two gentlemen of considerable journalistic capacity retiring from the *Standard*, and a north-country newspaper, seems to be well informed, says they are to be the head and front of the new journal. The Conservative party rarely encourages its organs in the press, much less does it support them; but in the present case, my northern friend says, one hundred and fifty thousand Conservative sovereigns are ready to back this new enterprise. A few noughts may be taken off these figures, I fancy. But there is no reason to doubt the coming paper, even if we sigh in vain for the coming man. Various other enterprises are spoken of for the year, into the portals of which we are just stepping. I turn to my new blotting pad, set out the new date, and wish them all readers all the success and prosperity which merit, courage, and ability are entitled to hope for and expect.

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THERE are just now many indications of the growth of a more refined and purer taste in dramatic art than has latterly marked the history of the stage. One of my contributors in the *Gentleman's Magazine* has done full justice to the situation. In changes of all kinds, the better days will necessarily occur. The better days are discounted. *Reform* has done her work, and men incapable of forming a judgment of things too often step forth to guide the times. The management of the Queen's and the Holborn Theatres have shown a desire to interpret the better taste of the day, and man to the higher hopes and desires of playgoers. *The* has produced "Cromwell," the other "Lost and Found," by men of literary capacity; but neither of them giving evidence of dramatic genius. These two plays are the closing failures of the year. The management of the two houses, and not the authors, are responsible for this. Colonel Richards's play of "Cromwell" is a fine dramatic poem, but quite unfit for the stage. If some of our popular authors would only condescend to work side by side with some of our best actors or most experienced stage managers, there would be fewer bad plays and many more successful playwrights.

"EVERY Englishman is here," said Sir John Lubbock lately to his constituents at Maidstone. "I would rather fight for the Empire, but regards arbitration as a kind of great mother spreading consolation of international differences. I plead guilty to this feeling myself." The confession strikes me as somewhat odd for a philosopher, and a little hazardous, coming so soon after the lesson of the war of 1914, which I thought at the time, winning closely the feelings of my fellow-countrymen, led a great many people to think that war was a thing that civilised nations might well begin to be ashamed of. In the interests of philosophy, however, if not of peace, I am rather glad to find this distinguished ethnologist acknowledging this particular weakness; for is he not in so much the better position to probe the tendency of such a weak point within so many of us, coming to us as it does from the blood of our forefathers, the savages about whom Sir John Lubbock speculates so sagely? Masters of moral philosophy are sometimes at fault for lack of the weaknesses within themselves which beset their fellow-men. This is clearly not Sir John Lubbock's case in so far as the barbarian instincts are concerned.

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STRANGER THAN FICTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TALLANTS OF BARTON," "THE VALLEY OF POPPIES," &c.

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CHAPTER XLV.

AN ACTOR'S HOLIDAY.

JACOB's departure for London was accelerated, and his route thither somewhat changed, by a letter which he received at Neathville from Paul Ferris, better known to my readers as Spenzonian Whiffler. This letter had been re-directed from Dinsley by Mr. Windgate Williams, who had traced upon the back of it some wonderful flashes of wit and caligraphy for Jacob's edification.

Spen's letter was brief. It informed Jacob that the theatre being closed for a short season he had taken a holiday, and was to be heard of for three days only at the Blue Posts Hotel, Cartown, where we find Jacob on the evening of the second day following his blissful time with Lucy Thornton.

"You must be awfully tired," said Spen, emerging from the dingy coffee-room of the "Posts," and shaking his old friend warmly by both hands.

"I am, old boy. I have had a long journey, but the sight of your good, kind face is as good as a glass of champagne."

"Waiter, send in the supper I ordered as soon as you can," said Spen.

"All right, sir; the cook's attending to it."

"And now Jacob," said Spen, "sit down and tell us all about yourself. By Jove, I have experienced the strangest heap of sensations yesterday and to-day that ever afflicted mortal man. I've been in

a perpetual whirl of excitement, anxiety, fear, happiness, depression, misery, and bliss."

"You have indeed been enjoying yourself," said Jacob, smiling. "How long has it taken to go through so much?"

"Two days, my dear boy; only two days. I seem to have lived half a century in that time. Apart from the immediate sensations of the present, my mind has been wandering in the past. I have been tumbling and somersault throwing, in imagination, down Spawling's garden; mixing Indian ink at the pump, thrashing that big fellow from the country with the greasy dinner-bag; dodging Dorothy upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber; doing mock heroics among autumn leaves between here and a famous cottage at Cartown; wondering all sorts of things about you and Lucy; and, above all, falling desperately in love myself, and ready and willing at this moment to go through the last act with real properties. But it is like me. I ask you to tell me all about yourself, and proceed at once to give you my own history. When you know all, you will forgive my wretched egotism, and laugh at my miscellaneous sensations. But we are all strange creatures of impulse, and there does seem such a magic in this old town of our boyhood, that I must be forgiven if I am not quite myself here."

Spem thrust his hands deep down into his pockets, then removed them, stood up, sat down, looked at the ceiling, warmed himself at an imaginary fire (which summer had covered up with paper shavings), patted Jacob on the back, and called him a "dear old boy," and exhibited many other signs of the excitement of which he had spoken.

Supper was brought in while the two young fellows conversed, but it did little to interrupt their animated intercourse. Whenever an opportunity occurred Jacob told Spem of his troubles and triumphs, and Spem threw in at every opportunity snatches of his own experiences, which in their way were strange and interesting, but neither so varied nor so romantic as Jacob's. Spem had been hard at theatrical work for years. His stories were of patient study at home, drudgery at rehearsals, and hard work before the footlights; leading gradually up to that brilliant success of which we have previously heard. He told Jacob that there was much less of sentiment and romance in a theatrical career than the public understood. Success demanded very much more drudgery and labour than was generally imagined. Details of dress, of manner, studies of look, gesture, walk, *pose*, and a variety of apparently small things made up the grand whole of an actor's art. But Spem was not willing, evidently, to say much

about his theatrical career. His talk was chiefly of the past, of their first meeting, and of the early days of Cartown school. But the more exciting portions of his talk were associated with a young lady whom he called a divine creature, a glorious girl, a superb woman, and other endearing and descriptive names—a young lady whom he had seen come out of the old school-house on the previous day with two little girls and a boy; the most gentle, gracious, fascinating little witch he had ever seen in all his career, professionally and non-professionally. He had followed her over a well-known path, and in fun had helped the children to gather wild flowers.

“Only in fun, my dear boy, so far as they were concerned, but in desperate earnest on my own part! What fools we are! Here was I, years ago, in a rural paradise, with real flowers and brooks and woods, real valleys, real autumn tints and summer breezes, sighing for gaslight and paint, canvas meadows, mock thunder, and a hollow fame. It seemed to me yesterday as if I would give the world to live out the remainder of my life among the old real scenes; but the desire, I must confess, was immensely promoted by the hope of a fairy partnership with Titania, my fairy queen of yesterday. You will say I have become a romantic fellow in my years of discretion. I suppose I have been so long mewed up among London bricks and mortar that the country takes my reason prisoner.”

Jacob was more astonished now at the change which had taken place in Spen than he had been while conversing with his old friend in London. Although the merriman of the Cartown school had lost none of his animal spirits, yet the real fun and frolic of the old days were wanting. Nobody would certainly have taken him for the funny man of a theatrical company. His face, it is true, had that peculiar, sallow, closely-shaven look which characterises the profession generally; but there were strong lines in it which one would be more likely to associate with tragedy than comedy, except when the face was lighted up by some quaint conceit, and then there was something essentially humorous in its peculiar, dry expression.

“Now, Spen, let us talk seriously. Drop this fictitious kind of personal confession. Let us get out of romance. Have you really ever thought of marrying?”

“Yes, indeed, I have,” said Spen, with a grave twinkle of the eye. “I thought of it for the first time yesterday, and I have thought about nothing else until your arrival this evening.”

“Ah! You will have your joke,” said Jacob, laughing. “Earnest conjugal ambition is not so sudden as that.”

“Honour bright,” said Spen, “I am in real earnest, and you shall

see the lady of my choice in the morning. I could not endure the general notions of courtship and matrimony. If I take a fancy to anything I must have it at once. There is no hesitation about my character. You shall see, and I never yet made a mistake in reading the face of man or woman."

The night soon came to these long-severed friends, and early in the morning they were out among the old haunts, fraught to them with so many happy and peculiar associations. Passing through the churchyard Jacob noticed a simple granite column marking the spot where Spen had told him in the old days that the dead clown's ghost had rebuked him for his ingratitude. At the base the grass had grown up, making a pretty natural fringe of green beneath the simple word, "PETROSKI."

A bee dangling in the bell of a kingcup close by made a drowsy hum, which added to the softening influence and repose of the scene.

"Ah! you have a noble heart," said Jacob, turning upon Spen affectionately. "How long has this monument been here?"

"Well," said Spen, "two or three years, I suppose. Poor dear old Pet. I should have liked Hamlet's words about Yorick underneath the dear boy's name, but the churchwardens objected. They did not like quotations from Shakespeare on gravestones, they said; it was contrary to their rule. Perhaps it is better as it is. Poor Petroski!"

Jacob's heart smote him bitterly when he remembered that there was one far dearer to him than Petroski was to Spen, who might at that moment be lying beneath the sod unrecorded on the stone above for aught he knew.

When first he left Middleton, cursing the place and his own wretched destiny, he thought he would come quietly back at intervals and lay a flower upon that grave which had closed over all the blood-relationship which seemed to exist for him in this world; but time wore on, and he was content to sit down now and then with his memories and to pay his tribute of flowers in imagination. But his heart rebuked him now at sight of the tall column pointing upwards from the grave of Petroski.

"You are sad, my boy," said Spen. "You remind me of that time in the autumn when I told you I would make a hit on the stage. Come, we must have no clouds in the sunshine of this day. See, yonder is the old school; the bell is already ringing, the boys are slinking through the dear old doorway with their long-eared books and their greasy dinner-bags. Ah! they are a different lot to those whom we knew. The boots at the "Posts" tells me that the boys ge



different treatment to that which we received at the hands of Spawling, and those lads yonder seem to have had all the sprightliness of life whipped out of them."

They stood for some time gazing at the well-known school-house. Presently they went behind the building to reconnoitre. They hid themselves in the garden to watch the schoolmaster go forth to his duties. They had hardly sheltered themselves when a scantily clothed child knocked at the door, which was opened by an elderly woman with stiff grey curls hanging down each cheek and clustering about a pair of spectacles that were supported by a thin bony nose, slightly red at the extremity.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Jacob, clutching Spen's arm.

"What is the matter?" asked Spen in a whisper.

"Matter?" exclaimed Jacob, "by all that's miserable, it is my Aunt Keziah."

"The devil!" said Spen.

"No, not exactly that, but certainly Mrs. Gompson."

"*Mon dieu!* The old griffin you used to tell me of. Well, keep quiet."

"Buy a few pegs or laces!" exclaimed Mrs. Gompson, surveying the half naked urchin from uncovered head to naked feet; "certainly not. Nothing of the kind."

"They're very cheap, mum."

"Cheap! Where do you live, child?"

"Down the lane, please mum."

"Down the lane, eh! Gipsy child—I thought so. Gipsy child, listen to me. Are you not ashamed to go about imposing on people in this way, endeavouring to injure the honest tradesman who pays rent and taxes by underselling him in the matter of pegs and laces and other merchandise?"

"Please, mum, I didn't mean to do it," said the little child, looking up out of a pair of black, sympathetic eyes.

"Oh! you didn't mean to do it. We shall see. Why does not your mother dress you before she sends you out? I declare it's perfectly shocking!" said Mrs. Gompson, surveying the well-shapen, naked legs which stood firmly and with a natural grace upon the doorstep.

"Please, mum, I haven't no mother."

"Oh! you haven't no mother! Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. How dare you go about the streets and lanes without any mother? And pray, have you no father?"

"No, mum."

“Ah! well, you're none the worse off for that; and you can't help having no mother. I dare say you'll try to make out that you have been a stolen child, to excite sympathy, and impose upon the benevolent and tender-hearted, eh?—the charitable and philanthropic people who endow beggary and roguery. Do you know what philanthropy is?”

“No, mum; please, mum.”

“Ah! I dare say you don't even know your alphabet. I dare say you think it's something to eat.”

“I don't know, mum, please; but will you buy—some—pegs?”

“No, child, certainly not. Miss Winthorpe—Edith, I say!” shouted Mrs. Gompson, turning her head into the house; whereupon Jacob gave further signs of excitement and agitation, such as had almost attracted the griffin eyes of Aunt Keziah to the gooseberry bushes.

“What's the matter now?” asked Spen, in a whisper.

“Never mind,” said Jacob, in reply. “Fate is only having a lark with us, as Windgate Williams would say. Let the magician go on:—let the play be played out.”

“All right,” whispered Spen. “Miss Winthorpe has her cue; don't interrupt her.”

A young lady in a light morning dress came to the door.

“Edith, by all that's good and beautiful!” said Jacob.

“My angel! my angel!” said Spen. “My Titania! The lady I told thee of.”

“Do keep quiet, Spen,” said Jacob; “we shall be discovered.”

“You make more noise than I do,” replied Spen; “keep quiet yourself; you are almost shaking the leaves off that tree.”

“Mary, Mary,” exclaimed Mrs. Gompson, looking straight in the direction of Jacob. “Those cats are among the gooseberry bushes again. Go and drive them away, every berry will be shaken off; we shall not have gooseberries to make a tart of, much more for preserving.”

“Now you have done it,” whispered Spen; “here's a go. I will frighten her into fits if she comes.”

Spen pushed back his hat, lifted up his collar, dropped his jaw, and struck a most strange and idiotic attitude, which convulsed Jacob with silent laughter. The change was as rapid as it was grotesque. The face was quite a psychological triumph. Jacob was at once carried back to his early meeting with Spen. He laughed several big berries to the ground in spite of all his efforts to control himself. Fortunately, however, Mary was making bread, and it was not

convenient for her to leave the dough in which she was plunged up to her elbows. The comedy was therefore not so abruptly closed as the two friends in the garden had feared it might be.

"Miss Winthorpe," said Mrs. Gompson, "bring Miss Grace Wilmott and Masters Barnby and Trundleton here."

At Edith's bidding three children under ten came to the door.

"Now, Miss Wilmott and Masters Barnby and Trundleton," said Mrs. Gompson, surveying them with pride and authority, "I wish you to teach each other a little lesson. Little gipsy girl!"

"Yes, mum."

"Do you see this nice happy well-dressed young lady and young gentlemen?"

"Yes, mum."

"This happiness and luxury is the fruit not only of good breeding, but of good citizenship and education. Bear that in mind, will you?"

"Yes, mum," said the little hawker, beginning to cry.

"I thought that would affect your hardened little heart. Now Miss Grace Wilmott and Masters Barnby and Trundleton, you see this ragged, dirty little child?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the three in a falsetto chorus.

"That matted hair is the result of bad citizenship, loose habits, non-attendance at church, the want of knowing a-b, ab, and c-o-w, cow, and other rudiments of learning, which lead up to an acquaintance with the abstruse sciences. Will you remember that?"

"Yes, Mrs. Gompson," said the chorus again.

"Very well, that is what I call a practical lesson of life, a true system of teaching social economy and the rights and advantages of good citizenship. Gipsy girl, here is a penny for you. You may go and never come here again."

"Yes, mum;" and the child, with her eyes bent on the ground, went meekly one way, while Mrs. Gompson marched pompously in another direction leading to the school, satisfied that she had done her duty and at the same time been guilty of a little womanly weakness in supporting vagrancy with her purse.

The griffin had hardly turned away before Edith shut the door hurriedly and Spen darted off after the little black-eyed hawker. Jacob thought it best to remain where he was, and hold a council of war with himself.

In a few moments Spen, however, beckoned him with both hands. Jacob hastened to his friend.

"Such an adventure!" exclaimed Spen, his sallow face glowing with animation.

"Well, well, what is it?"

"I had just caught the poor little beggar at the same time that Titania swooped down upon her.

"Who? who?"

"Titania—Flora—Dorcas—Hebe—Miranda—heaven knows what her proper name is—Edith you call her. She had hurried out of the front door to give the child money, and, by the Lord! I've kissed her. Now, it is no good frowning on a fellow; I couldn't help it. She's my fate, and, by Jupiter! she shall go back to London with me!"

When Spen's boisterous declarations were somewhat subdued, Jacob told him all he knew of Edith, and ventured to predict that she had been induced to leave home and take a situation as teacher owing to the unkind treatment and jealousy of her sisters.

"And what do you propose to do?" said Spen, his eyes full of astonishment and wonder.

"To take you into the dear old house, my boy, and, if you are willing, introduce you formally to your fate."

"Willing!" exclaimed Spen with theatrical action and fervour—"Away, away! my soul's in arms, and eager for the fray."

## CHAPTER XLVI.

HOW JACOB PERFORMED A DELICATE NEGOTIATION ON BEHALF OF MR. PAUL FERRIS, TOGETHER WITH OTHER INTERESTING INFORMATION.

"On second thoughts, Spen, you had better let me see the lady alone," said Jacob, when the two were on the threshold of the well-known front door.

"My own thought, with a but," said Spen.

"Well, what is the but? Go on, *mon ami*."

"Perhaps it is only 'much ado about nothing;' but you will remember Claudio's lines:—

Friendship is constant in all other things  
Save in the office and affairs of love;  
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;  
Let every eye negotiate for itself,  
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,  
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood."

"Is it come to this, i' faith?" said Jacob, smiling.

"It was the flat transgression of the schoolboy, that being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, he showed it to his companion, who stole it."

“Fie! fie! Benedict’s philosophy does not apply here. Edith is not in mine eye ‘the sweetest lady that e’er I look’d upon;’ she has only a second place.”

“There thou strik’st home. But art thou quite sure that all is settled between thee and thy woodland Venus?”

“What! Lucy?” said Jacob, laughing at the grotesque leer with which Spen asked the question.

“The same.”

“Have no fear, Spen—Edith shall be yours, if you are in earnest.”

“Raise then the fatal knocker, at once. When your embassy is over you’ll find me at the Blue Posts, a fortifying of myself for Cupid’s answer;” and away went Spen Whiffler of old, cutting capers across the road, to the intense delight of two small boys, a slipshod girl, and a draper’s assistant. The last had been to the big house, hard by, with a bundle of ribbons. He had nothing else left to do but to stare at Spen. Vainly endeavouring to support himself, in an immoderate fit of laughter, on a treacherous yard-measure, the frail rod broke and sent the grinning youth sprawling upon his paper box, before the actor could be said to have pulled a single face at him.

Jacob was admitted to the old schoolroom by a girl with patches of dough clinging to a pair of ruddy arms, which she partly shielded with a white apron.

She didna knaw whether Miss Winthorpe would see him or not. What name wor it? Martyn of Dinsley? Well, she’d go and tell her. He moit sit down a bit.

Jacob sat down, and, happily, before he had made himself very melancholy with the remembrances of the time when he sat in that same room with his father, on the occasion of the memorable visit to Bonsall, Miss Edith Winthorpe entered. She came forward and bowed very politely to Jacob, and said quite naturally that she was very glad to see him.

“Perhaps I should apologise for calling without an introduction,” said Jacob, a little at a loss to explain his business.

“I hope it is not necessary for people belonging to the same town to apologise for knowing each other in a strange place.”

“Thank you, Miss Winthorpe. I like your frankness; but this is more than a mere visit of courtesy: I have called upon rather a delicate business,” said Jacob.

“Indeed,” said Edith, losing her self-possession for a moment.

“Oh! oh!” said the doughy domestic, who had been listening at the key-hole.

Edith has since confessed that she expected a declaration of love from Jacob, and that she was quite prepared to receive it kindly.

"Then in the first place, Miss Winthorpe, I beg to tender to you the most abject apologies of a friend of mine whose love rather outran his discretion this morning."

"Indeed!" said Edith again, and this time in a little confusion, rendered more apparent by a sudden doubt as to the motives of Jacob's visit.

"He is a gentleman, a man of taste and feeling, of noble and generous impulses. I have known him for years; and he has seen you."

Edith blushed and began to twist her handkerchief round her fingers.

"To be plain with you, Miss Winthorpe, he wishes to be introduced to you, and if you can like him, he is ready to marry you whenever you will name the day. There!"

"There! Yes, I think you may say, 'There.' A nice piece of business to come upon and to propound before one has spoken half a dozen words to you, Mr. Martyn," said Edith, rising and opening the door, to the consternation of the domestic, who was so deeply interested in the conversation that she stood gaping at Edith, with only a vague idea that she had been caught in the act.

"I thought I heard you, Mary," said Edith, calmly; "perhaps you will step inside and take a seat?"

Mary sneaked away and plunged her arms once more into the dough, which she beat and buffeted and rolled about in the most savage manner; sad illustrations of her wrath being exhibited the next morning in the flat hard cakes that were placed on Mrs. Gompson's breakfast-table.

Edith was not much disconcerted at this amusing incident; indeed, she laughed heartily when she had closed the door upon Mary, and turning to Jacob said: "Well, what is this gentleman like? Is he handsome? Has he money? You see I am quite a woman of the world. I have left home to seek my fortune; and must be my own mamma and solicitor in this matter."

And then she laughed again, at which Jacob was not pleased.

"But I think, perhaps, it would be best for me to send for Mrs. Gompson and take her advice," she said, in a graver mood.

"No! no! for goodness sake don't do that," said Jacob.

"But is this proper, Mr. Martyn, to call upon a young lady when"——

"Mrs. Gompson is my aunt," said Jacob.

"Oh! now you are joking."

"On my honour," said Jacob "I will answer to her for your conduct."

Then Jacob begged Edith to listen calmly to all he would tell her; whereupon, in a very business-like manner, he described his own position and prospects, spoke of his great esteem for her, and his knowledge of her history; and then entered fully into his early friendship with Mr. Paul Ferris, and related succinctly all he knew about his friend.

When Jacob talked of Spen's confession, Edith's attention became particularly earnest; her bright eyes sparkled with enthusiasm as he related the story of Spen's gradual success. She clasped her hands with delight when Jacob described his recognition of his old friend on that brilliant night in the London theatre. Seeing how deeply the story interested her, Jacob dwelt longer upon this theme than he would otherwise have done.

"But—but I felt very much insulted, sir, this morning," said Edith, checking her evident interest in Mr. Ferris's history.

"He bitterly repents him of his conduct; only pleading in extenuation your beauty and his love for you."

Finally, Edith granted Jacob permission to introduce Mr. Ferris to herself and Mrs. Gompson: not that there was any necessity that the advice of the latter should be obtained; for Mrs. Gompson, besides having no control over Edith (who had only been in Cartown a few days), had neither the love nor esteem of her teacher; and Mrs. Winthorpe was a poor weak woman in the hands of two hard-hearted, stiff-necked daughters, who would gladly have encompassed their pretty sister's ruin, who had indeed forced her from home, their cruelty almost surpassing that of Cinderella's wicked persecutors.

So, like many another girl, Edith was thrown upon her own resources. She had obtained her present situation through an advertisement, and it was quite open for her now to use her own judgment and feelings entirely in the matter of the suit of Mr. Ferris, whose delicate attention in gathering flowers for the children had not escaped her notice. His profession, which would have been the greatest barrier to many young ladies, was to Edith one of his strongest recommendations. A girl of spirit, a good musician, possessing a fine voice and an artistic taste, delighting in operatic music, and with a memory filled with her father's stories of theatrical life when he was leader of a London orchestra, Edith would gladly have chosen the stage for her own profession had she known how to begin; but to mention a theatre at

"Methinks we are a fair and proper match, Jacob; I am several years her senior. We'll speak with the maid ourself, good Jacob;" and Spen strode right royally to the fireplace, and rang the bell.

"Waiter, a bottle of the best—the wine I spoke of," said Spen, to the clown who answered his ringing; "and now, Jacob, without further fooling, let us discuss this matter. What did she say? How did she look?"

Jacob related as nearly as possible all that had taken place; and the two agreed to wait upon the griffin and the fairy after dinner.

Meanwhile Jacob sat down to write letters, and Spen lit a cigar, in the smoke of which he tried to read his destiny. In his own eccentric way he loved Edith; she was the first sunny thing he saw on revisiting the haunts of his youth, and it seemed to him that the charms of the old place were all personified in her. It may appear strange to some of my readers that this comic gentleman who painted his face and made people laugh, and whose pathos in real life was often almost like burlesque, should be so love-stricken at the first sight of a mere country girl. But Edith Winthorpe was no ordinary person; we have seen how much she interested Jacob, and we must not forget that actors are only mortal after all, with hearts and minds as susceptible as those of other people, and with often a genuine romance in their very natures, which may lift some of them to a loftier and more devoted height of love and friendship than many who follow professions outside the pale of art could hope to attain.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

SOME months after the events recorded in the last few chapters Jacob Martyn was taking authorship in a very comfortable fashion. The library of Mr. Bonsall, which had appeared to him so magnificently cozy, was not more of a book-paradise than the one in which he was engaged upon his "Romantic History of the Welsh," at Neathville, nor so much indeed; for in Jacob's study there was a presiding angel who sat near him and called him husband. What were Jacob's troubles and trials now that his bark, as Mr. Windgate Williams would put it, had sailed gloriously into the harbour of Fame, Fortune, and Matrimony? I really do not know whether Jacob deserved so much honour and happiness. The critics, it was true, said that his "On the Track of a Sunbeam" was one of the most charming works of imaginative genius since "The Tempest" and "Undine." His wife thought there was nothing equal to it in literature.



The *Dinsley Courant* went into absurdly extravagant ecstasies about it, the reviewer closing three columns of pompous eulogy by stating that "the editor of this journal could not conclude these few remarks, which fell so far short of the subject, without expressing in some manner the inconceivable delight which he felt in being able to inform his readers that Jacob Martyn, who had stamped such an indelible mark on the roll of Fame, had made his first serious effort at composition in the columns of the *Courant*, which might in reality be regarded as the cradle in which the mighty genius had been rocked; and, to follow up the simile, he (the editor) might humbly take credit for being the literary nurse who had rocked it."

Jacob's visit to London, though it had led to the speedy marriage of the lovers, had not been quite satisfactory to Lucy's uncle, who not only wished to stipulate that Jacob should change his name, but also that he should undertake to contest any vacant seat in Parliament which he (Mr. Thornton) might select. The old man was very grand about his ancestors, and the necessity for Jacob being something more than an author; and, moreover, with all due deference to Jacob's abilities, he thought that if a man was an author at all he should have a higher aim than that of being a mere writer of fairy tales, which were only fit for women and children. He had not much respect for scribblers, he said, at any time, and he could only tolerate historians, and wits of fashion.

Jacob would not consent to either of the suggested arrangements, whereupon Mr. Thornton bade a long farewell to the perpetuation of Thorntonian greatness, and determined upon relinquishing all the schemes of ambition which the discovery of Lucy had for a time aroused in his mind, and finishing his existence in that quiet, jog-trot fashion which had been interrupted by the arrival of that never-to-be-forgotten letter from his brother's son, the soldier.

The change which had taken place in Mr. Thornton's plans, and a violent row between master and man (arising out of Mr. Allen's alleged officiousness in the matter of the love-letters, which had done so much mischief), blighted the hopes of the confidential servant. Mr. Allen's long cherished idea of marrying Lady Frumpington's housekeeper, when his master should have a companion in an aristocratic son-in-law, was knocked on the head, as he told that charming damsel. With a limp though agitated shirt frill, he bemoaned his unhappy lot; and the base creature whom he had so long adored eloped the next day with the French cook of a bishop, which circumstance so affected Mr. Allen that he went into a violent fit of coughing and perspiration, and was, he believed ever afterwards, a miserable valet.

On the completion of the Welsh book, and the receipt of a cheque for nearly double the amount expected for the work, Lucy and Jacob paid a visit to Mr. Paul Ferris. Edith and Spen were a very happy couple, and had received such warm invitations to visit the Grove, that they had arranged for a triumphant tour, "some Passion-week," to Dinsley; where Edith fully intended to show Paul off before her envious friends, and duly patronise her fawning sisters, who wrote to her in terms of the most glowing affection immediately after reading in the *Courant* that "the eminent and distinguished comedian, Paul Ferris, Esq., had just led to the hymeneal altar Miss Edith Winthorpe, the lovely and accomplished daughter of Mrs. Winthorpe, of the Grove, in this town." They had treated her cards with contempt, but unable to resist this paragraph, and the visions of a house in London, and long sisterly visits thither, had poured out the latent tenderness of their virgin hearts upon Mrs. Ferris, in gushing floods of ink, on shining leaves of scented note-paper, sealed with the motto, "Though absent, ever dear."

Do you remember that sweet face in the old room at the Cartown school? The deep blue eyes and the raven hair of her who was painted as Rosalind? Jacob has not forgotten it; neither has Spen. In his early life Mr. Dudley was intended for the bar; but he had seen this young sparkling beauty and loved her. She became everything to him: his world, his existence. He gave up his profession, and devoted himself to the stage. He studied under a great master, and soon gave evidence of dramatic genius. He appeared at Old Drury, playing Romeo to his idol's Juliet. He felt in truth all the poetry set down in the text; and afterwards, at her own home, he told the lady of his love. As time went on they became the rage. Dudley's Romeo, and Amy Clifton's Juliet; his Orlando and her Rosalind; his Prospero and her Miranda, were marvels of fine acting. Then it became known that they were to be married, and little allusions to matrimony which cropped up in the text were caught at and applauded to the echo. The theatrical world fairly loved them both; and the beautiful Amy Clifton became more and more lovely. But she was not worthy of the large-hearted actor. Her's was but a painted passion. One unhappy night, when the notorious Lord Menzwith was in the fulness of his glory, she fell away from her allegiance and deserted her lover. The dazzling professions of the brilliant nobleman overcame her and she fled with him.

With her mysterious disappearance from the stage the public heard of the dangerous illness of Mr. Liston Dudley. He was in a fever for weeks; when he recovered he was a broken-down man.

There is no human being that is all bad. There are corners in the blackest hearts where some little goodness still remains to prove the divinity of their Maker. Amy Clifton was not all bad ; her lover soon showed himself to her in his true colours ; she heard of the break-up of poor Liston Dudley ; and one dreary night in winter, an outcast and a wanderer, she found out his quiet retreat, and imploring forgiveness, died in his arms, of want, neglect, and remorse.

His love for this woman was poor old Dudley's big sorrow ; and once a year, as I have said, he gave himself up to it wholly ; but his memory was always with the bright, sunny, dazzling girl who had played Juliet to his Romeo in the days of his youth.

Silly old man ! some of my readers may say. Perhaps he was perhaps not. It is not for us to judge him. There is no knowing what you and I may come to, my friend. Fate has all to do with it. Dr. Horatio Johnson says ; and you may rely upon it he is not wrong. I have just returned from a long journey. At starting the young woman took a seat in a wrong train. The guard speedily put her right. If we could all of us only be put right when we begin our long journey on life's railway ! If Fate, who may be taken as the guard, would only tell us when we stepped into the wrong train. That young woman I spoke of would have gone to London instead of Birmingham, if the Great Western guard had not interfered. If Fate had only told Liston Dudley that he was in the wrong train when he took his seat for the theatre that night of Amy Clifton's benefit ! But you see, Fate did nothing of the sort, Mr. Williams would say ; therefore it was his fate to be wrong. And the guard knew it when he opened the first-class door to Lord Menzwith.

We leave Mr. Liston Dudley, however, soothed and consoled by the company of those who love him, and in whose happiness his unselfish and noble nature finds its sweetest delight in these latter days.

A pilgrimage which the happy bride and bridegroom made to Cartown and the house among the trees, a few months later, reveals a pathetic episode in the married life of Will Tunster and our friend Dorothy.

It was evening when Jacob and Lucy, after a series of arduous journeys, reached Cartown ; but the sun was only just beginning to show golden signs of his departure to other lands ; so they determined to see Mr. and Mrs. Tunster that night. Full of the pre-

they determined to walk the old walk together, and to order a conveyance to be in waiting for them, on their return, in the lane near the site of the old gipsy encampment. Lucy hung fondly upon Jacob's arm, and when they reached the bridge over the Cartown river he paused to tell her how he had once stood there years before, when winter had stilled the river and covered it with ice; and then, while the birds sang their evening songs around them, and bees and beetles buzzed a drowsy chorus, he told her of his journey in the snow and the footprints which were not hers. Tears of sorrow and joy stole gently down Lucy's cheeks at the recital; she looked through them, up into her husband's face, and asked him if the ice was really thawed at last, and the sunshine come. Jacob's reply was not in words; he drew Lucy closer to his side and they wandered down the deep green lane, eloquent in their loving silence.

Highway, lane, and fields were soon left behind; and so also was the well-known stile that led to the wood, which seemed to stretch out its umbrageous arms affectionately over the children who had returned to its bosom. The rill, which had so often sung songs of joy and hope to the lovers in the long-past days, whispered and murmured over the old mosses and pebbles; glided by the same knotted roots; chattered over the same stones; and lost itself in the same leafy valley. What happiness to feel that there was no rebuke in the constancy of that familiar rivulet!

They found Will Tunster hale and hearty, sitting on a bench in the garden, amusing himself with his time-honoured bugle, breathing through its old crooks the air which had once been so familiar to Lucy and Jacob in the days of the Middleton mail. Dorothy, in a white cap and apron, with a shawl pinned over her shoulders, sat sewing close by. An old shepherd's dog (the sight of which gave Jacob a pang of memory concerning Cæsar, who died on board ship soon after Mrs. Titsy's marriage) lay asleep at the threshold of the house; a great white cat sat lazily watching a blackbird, that was pouring forth a series of full round notes in an adjacent copse; and a kitten was playing with a reel of cotton which had fallen from Mrs. Tunster's knee.

The meeting was a sad yet a happy one. After the first surprise and the greeting on both sides were over, and Will had gone out to procure fresh cream for tea, Lucy rallied Mrs. Tunster about her old love-making and endeavoured to elicit from her some particulars of her marriage.

"Ah, my love," said Dorothy, sadly, "it's a long tale and getting rather foggy at my time of life."

"Your time of life, my dear Dorothy!" said Lucy, as two fine rosy, curly-headed fellows, bearing unmistakable evidence of their paternity, romped in, and then shrank back, abashed at their own impudence, to run off laughing down the garden.

"Ah," said Dorothy, not heeding the children, "I mayn't be so very old, but I seem to be. Well, I thank God I've helped to make somebody happy. To think of you two coming, man and wife, gentleman and lady, to see me again before I am laid, with my poor old mother, in the churchyard yonder!"

"Don't talk in that way," said Lucy, rising and tenderly embracing her foster-sister.

"Well, I ought not, perhaps," said Dorothy; "but we get soberer as we get older. We may say the same things as we've said when we were young, but we say them solemnly like. There's Will, he plays the same tunes he used to play when I was a little wench, but there's not so much life in them now—their sound is more feeling, as if they had had troubles like us, and had got quieter and solemnly than they used to be. Poor Will! he has been a good husband to me and a good father to his children."

It required a second and a third visit to the Tunsters ere Lucy and Jacob learnt all about the shadow which had fallen upon the dear old home among the trees. My readers are already acquainted with Dorothy's "attachment," prior to her marriage with Will. The sailor boy referred to in several of my previous chapters was originally an apprentice at Cartown, and engaged to Dorothy while both were in their teens. A bad master and indifferent parents had led to his running away; but Dorothy was made fully aware of his plans, and was afterwards thrown into a flutter of delight, at uncertain intervals, by his characteristic and encouraging letters. The last she had received told her of his being made chief mate of his ship, and spoke of his return, when he intended to put into the port of matrimony for the remainder of his days. But month after month, year after year, passed away, and Dorothy received no more tidings of her lover; and at length even she was compelled to believe, with everybody else, that he was dead. My readers know what eventually followed; but they do not know that hardly had Dorothy and Will been married two years, when the runaway apprentice returned from his long exile, years of which he had spent in a foreign prison. It was a great trial for Dorothy, but she bore it. The returned sailor, in despair, would have carried her off, but Dorothy calmly resisted all his temptations. Will Tunster, honest, warm-hearted Will, would have given her up and cancelled her marriage.

The woman having become the wife, was not, however, to be shaken in her honour and integrity.

"I loved thee once, Tom Huntly," she said, "and thou knowest it. But now and for ever thou art as dead to me as I thought thee when I stood in our old parish church, and bound myself, for weal or for woe, to Will Tunster, the mail-driver of Crossley."

Nevertheless there was long afterwards a shadow on the spirit of Dorothy, but she never let it fall upon Will Tunster, though she could not help showing it to Jacob and Lucy. She was a true wife to Will, combatting and conquering what she regarded as the unlawful bent of her affection towards her early love. Patiently, and with enduring fortitude, did the good soul strive to forget the past, and to love honour, and obey the man who had sworn to cherish and protect her. In the end, as the duties of the mother succeeded to those of the wife, a higher and holier feeling took the place of respect and esteem; and Will Tunster was beloved of Dorothy his wife.

"There are homesteads which have witness'd deeds  
That battle fields, with all their banner'd pomp,  
Have little to compare with. Life's great play,  
May, so it have an actor great enough,  
Be well performed upon a humble stage."

*(To be concluded next month.)*

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## THE OBERLAND IN JANUARY.

**T**HE number of English who annually visit Switzerland in the summer has been estimated at an average of thirty-five thousand persons. Save those who go on business, the number of visitors in winter time perhaps hardly exceeds a hundred, and these do not penetrate to the depths of the country. The experience, then, of a correspondent who visited the Jungfrau chain last January in search of fresh air may be not only novel but suggestive, and alluring to others. The impressions have at least the merit of being fresh, as they were recorded on the spot. We understand that all the beauties described have been in high perfection this season, and that they do not begin to lose their charm before the first or second week in March. So there is yet time for those who have opportunity and inclination to see for themselves the marvels of nature described by the writer of the following letters.

*Hôtel de l'Ours, Grindelwald, January 17, 1872.*

"A mad world, my masters!" cried an experienced journalist, when I told him I was going to spend a brief holiday in the Bernese Oberland this month. "Why, apart from your being frozen to death in the first six hours, or being buried in snowdrift, which comes to the same thing, you will find when you get to Bâle that there's no such thing as an Oberland now. Albert Smith invented Switzerland, and ever since the Federal authorities at Berne have contracted to have the mountains put up in the spring, and taken down in the autumn for repairs. Have you insured your life? for you'll be killed to a certainty. Good-bye. But, by Jove, it's a good idea, and—and I wish I were going with you." In Brussels, friends were about to lay violent hands on me. It was only in Berne that I received any encouragement. It was the hardest winter that had been known for many years in Switzerland—this, said deprecatingly, was not exhilarating—and the view from Interlaken would be magnificent. I might, by chance, get an enterprising owner of horses eating their heads off at Unterseen to take me as far as the fork at Zweilutschinen. It had been understood that a wild curate from somewhere westward of London had just returned after a fortnight about the lakes of the Oberland, but he had

been able to do nothing, except look at the mountains from respectful distance when the clouds would let him. It was no doubtful whether the steamers would any longer be running the lakes, as Briener was reported frozen, and Thun not very from it. Still it was worth trying; so much was admitted; and so much being admitted, here I am, without any great difficulty either, about as much in the middle of the Bernese Alps as ever have been or shall be. The Faulhorn and the Hasli Schiedeck are behind me; on the left is the Wetterhorn and the Schreckhorn; in front the Finsteraarhorn, the Eiger, the Mönch, the Jungfrau, and the Wengern Alp; and on the right is the Mannlichen. Two glaciers are within a mile of me, and the last human habitable at this time of year I have passed this evening in a walk. If this is not the heart of the Oberland, then I should like to know where it is. Yet, I repeat, getting here was a matter of course. Any one who could stand a moderate amount of cold may do in thirty-six hours from Berne and back more, much more, than I have done without fatigue.

Speaking, then, from this coign of vantage, I beg to assert in the most emphatic manner that he who has only seen the Bernese Oberland in summer or autumn, has not seen the Bernese Oberland at all. I do not write for Alpine climbers, who are a race apart, and to whom the mountains just now would offer no attractions, seeing that no guides could be tempted to risk their necks in scaling peaks, and crossing passes yards deep in snow; but for that very large section of the British public which loves fondly and thinks it knows Switzerland, there is not a feature, save foliage, that is not now tenfold more attractive than at any other time, and the bitter weather adds thousands of its own. Add to all that one has the country to oneself, that the beggars and touts, who in summer render the place unbearable, have vanished absolutely, that ten francs now go as far as fifteen or sixteen in the tourist season, and then let those who could spare a fortnight, and who can stand a cold of ten or twelve degrees of frost, say whether they will not make an effort, at the cost of ten pounds or so, to reach this place and Lauterbrunnen at least.

Let us, if you please, take the journey as far as Berne for granted. Leaving the Federal capital at six o'clock in the morning, it was of course quite dark, and for more than half the distance to Thun, at the exit of the River Aar from Thunen See, what with the lagging habits of the sun, and the lowering clouds, and the driving snow, the only thing a sensible person, who had the whole of the first and second class carriages to himself, could do, was to curl up by the stove and go to sleep. Wakened by a demand for a ticket, the



paper whereon to write up here. Interlaken, like the few bears left over in the Grisons, is hibernating; it lives only by visitors, but the tourist who accepts my invitation hither at this time will find one very good hotel in full swing next door to the post-office.

I did not hurry away from Interlaken, deserted as the place is. There is a charm in the contrast between such a turmoil of pleasure as in summer reigns here and such desolation as now exists. But, after all, one does not care to dwell long on the melancholy side of the case when Nature, in her most glorious attire, is smiling a welcome—when the Schynige Platte, a usual sight for gaping tourists, from his “hackneyed height” calmly looks down, clad in a pure white robe, as much as to say, “I am safe from intrusive feet for one day;” when “throned Eternity, in icy halls of cold sublimity,” at once attracts and repels. This is no time for lingering in tame Interlaken, though, indeed, one might dream hours away in ecstasy at the splendour of the sun on the southern side of the Stufelberg and Steinberg—commonly bare walls of rugged rock, now a mass of myriad diamonds in snow. This is no time for a carriage; nor for horse exercise, seeing that the roads are like, nay are, ice. There is nothing for it but a sledge on the level and a walk up-hill. Jingle go the bells, the snow balls in the hoofs of the good horse, the runners glide merrily over the frozen track: it is at the rate of ten miles an hour in a moment, and for a moment only, for here begins the ascent—a mile from Interlaken. Past the end of Ausserberg we go—now fast, now slow—and reach the stream called the Lutschén, which we shall follow to two of its sources. Nothing to note so far, beyond what we know of old. Here we are at the Rothenfluh—I wonder how many red cliffs and red peaks there are in Switzerland!—and barely glance at its familiar scarp, flecked here and there with some snow lodged on a shelf, when—nay, it is clear that our eyes deceived us, that imagination played us false when we thought we saw a very Niagara of ice. It is a long climb past this bit of forest which cut the vision from our view, but then we shall clearly see that it was only the product of some wild idea in a mind diseased by the contemplation of transformation scenes in pantomimes. By all that is beautiful, it is no vision, but a solid fact, so lovely as to give the go-by to all mental creations. Why have we not an accomplished artist, or at least some poor mechanical person, with a prepared plate and a camera, here, that this miracle of Nature may be carried home to make the men and women within the four seas marvel? Words must fail, yet words must try, to convey a slight notion of this grand result of winter’s handiwork. Hundreds who

read these lines have probably passed this Rothenfluh without knowing that in wet seasons a small rivulet trickles over from a slight hollow in the sky line of the cliff. It is too insignificant for the notice of any of the guide books; but it and winter have joined hands here to form the most wondrous beauty that ever the eye saw. For a space of four or five hundred feet in length by the height of the cliff, which cannot here be far short of seven hundred feet, the little stream has cast itself into a solid mass. The water, drifted by the wind now to this narrow ledge of the precipitous cliff, now to that, has dripped over and made icicles, and then more icicles, and then icicles once again, until it is not icicles that you see but a large body of water turned solid as by a magician's wand. And then the ice is the colour of the sea when white sand forms the bottom, and on to this solid ice the wind has driven sheets of spray, that have formed fine lace-work over the masses of ice and froze as they formed. Thousands of tons of sea-green topaz, carved by the fairies and draped with Valenciennes—etherealise that, and you may have a distant idea of the glory yesterday and to-day of the north-east face of the Rothenfluh. To come from England or Scotland, see this, and go back without looking an inch farther, the journey would yet not be lost. It is the very boudoir of the Alps—a tiring room for the Goddess of Cold.

All along the cliffs are little cascades of ice, but none even approaching in magnificence to this. Yet they who wait till May to begin thinking of coming hither will miss all the beauty of what I have, I feel how vainly, attempted to describe. To the left, the white Wetterhorn, now in icy mail from head to heel, forms a background to the valley of the Black Lutschen, of which more anon. We bear to the right, by the banks of the White Lutschen, toward Lauterbrunnen. Once more we are in luck. Hardly a cloud in the sky and not a particle of mist round the crown of the Wengern Alp to the left front, or of the Schwarz Mönch—Brown Monk, to distinguish him from *the* Monk—before us. We leave the sledge at the very convenient little hotel which is so charmingly situated, and walk up to the Staubbach. Positively in the whole of that six or seven hundred yards not one of the swarms of children who are amusing themselves with their toy sledges in the frozen lanes ask for money or do anything but stare at the stranger. In six months' time they will be dogging the heels of every tourist, as they were six months ago. But they are not under orders from home at present, and prefer playing to begging. The women who keep carvings and photographs do not pester, although they rush eagerly out to op-

their wares; but they civilly take a "No," and give us "Good day" as we pass back. The man with the Alpine horn surprises half-a-franc out of a pocket usually buttoned to such appeals by really asking beforehand whether he may start the echoes. Such a change was never heard of. Here are these mendicants and touters, reckoned among the very worst in Europe, positively returned for eight months in the year to the aboriginal simplicity in which they existed before steam and the immortal lecture on "Mont Blanc" made them and their valleys famous. Tourists who have smarted will doubtless aver that the picture is too much *couleur de rose*. I can only say, Come and see—before May.

There is a very tiny dribble of water coming over on the Staubbach, but what there is well justifies the name of the Dustbrook, for none of it in a solid form reaches the bottom of the cliff. Yet it has accumulated in terrace after terrace of green and white icicles that would be marvellous if one had not half an hour before seen the Rothenfluh. And every now and then, as the vanished spray again takes the form of water, and penetrates under the banks of icicles, it forces them up with a roar like thunder, and escapes under them down the rest of the cliff. Questionless, the Staubbach is much more beautiful now than in summer time, but it is still much inferior to the Rothenfluh, which nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand visitors to the Valley of Endless Springs never see in any shape.

We regain our hotel without an interruption from the erst touters and mendicants save a kindly "Good day;" and in sheer dismay lest this part of the report should be deemed too incredible, I propose to adjourn the details of the rest of my trip till to-morrow—the more that twelve hours of mountaineering in January on the Oberland is not conducive to fluent composition when dinner is over.

Interlaken, January 18th.

I had intended to go to Grindelwald from Lauterbrunnen, by the usual summer path behind the Wengern Alp; but when I learnt that part of the way was impassable even for sledges, as I had guessed, and that it would be too dangerous for horses, which I had not contemplated, I, feeling lazy, went again down the Hunnenfluh road, and halted at Zweilutschinen while I attempted the comparatively easy climb of the Eisenfluh. Thus I was disappointed in one of my main objects. I had desired to approach the Jungfrau as closely as was compatible with not too much personal exertion, and to see the "Virgin" in all her splendour at this season of her greatest

glory. But, apart from the laziness which I confess without a morsel of shamefacedness, nature does not arrange things nicely this time of year for a fourteen or fifteen hours' mountain trip. The next best thing, clearly, was to try the path to Eisenfluh. Close by the well known narrow road over the cliff some will remember, ten to fifteen minutes from the Bear Hotel, a little bit of rugged rock on the right under a group of firs and bushes. Here is an ice cascade which far excels that of the Rothenfluh in all but size. It is not more than ten feet wide by eight feet high; and the water is derived solely from the drainage of the bit of woodland which slopes upward from the broken face. Here one can, by chipping a bit off, trace the layers of the ice formation in a manner so clear that the phenomenon seems to be worth a moment's consideration. First the little falling water had become frozen in sheets and ribs; then there was an interval, probably a thaw, during which some of the ribs became flattened; next I take it, there was a storm, with a low temperature, for the ice was lace-like in its formation; and almost the same day there must have been sleet or rain, for this lace was covered with a transparent mass of ice two and a quarter inches thick; over this again came ribs and broad intervening hollows; and, finally, lace-work so exquisite that I never before saw the like: it was rather net than lace, so minute were the perforations, and so perfectly diamond-shaped the pattern. On which, at almost regular intervals, came little dots of solid snow, carried over the edge of the rock, and now more, now less, over the face of the cascade. Art could not have fashioned anything more cunningly, and I foolishly lingered over this morsel so long that I had not more than time to reach the nearest point of the ridge of Eisenfluh—to say nothing of going as far as the hamlet—before I became conscious that I must return. However, there was the Jungfrau, with the Black Monk almost in the foreground—as they say, you must make love to a Spanish girl through her confessor—and beyond all doubt, she was never seen in better trim. The bright sun shone again from her icy peaks; but there was not such an improvement on her face as on that of her inferior sisters. She has been viewed to a much advantage in summer time; but at any time I cannot help thinking she is much overrated. The view, as regards novelty, was hardly worth the trouble of the ascent, and was certainly not worth the danger of the descent. Often as circumstances have placed me in peril, I was never nearer breaking my neck than when I slipped nearly within sight of the Bear Hotel, and slid on my breast head foremost for some thirty yards, stopping on a little flat about four feet short of a jump of a hundred and twenty feet in the clear, and

some snow-laden pine branches. Although it is not my custom to drink spirits during Alpine excursions, I was glad to get a glass of brandy at the Bear, and to find myself safe once more on the sledge. The moral of all this I take to be that in mid-winter one ought to be content with the valleys and such plateaux as may be gained in a sledge, or, if one must climb, to take on an easy path precisely the same precautions as one would take on a difficult one.

The valley of the Black Lutschén is marvellously lovely at present. On the left hand the notable elevations called in the district "The Hand"—of which I can find no mention either in Baedeker, Murray, or the elaborate French book—are very charming. Snow just flecks the four fingers, while the thumb, which I take to be synonymous with what is called on the maps the Rothhorn, is almost as white as the Jungfrau herself. The Wetterhorn, pure and snow-clad from its base at the upper glacier to the noble peak, is seen to much better advantage than in summer time, and forms a magnificent background to the bleak valley. Some new bridges are being constructed over the torrent bed, through which a tiny stream now ripples, as often as not hidden by ice and supervening snowdrift; but the old bridges are not by any means unsafe, and might very well be trusted for the next spring floods. Just before the point at which the road begins its winding there are on the cliff on the right a number of comparatively small ice cascades, one of which is singular in the extreme. A series of small terraces of greenish-white ice descends from the top of the almost perpendicular cliff for about half its height, and then is formed a column as perfect as any one of those in Cologne Cathedral, resembling these also in its slender and lofty proportions. The capital is almost Corinthian in its florid detail, and the column rests on an ice bracket, which gives one the idea of a shelf from which tropical plants are trailing. The whole seems as if the series of terraces was being supported on this one beautifully proportioned and finely finished pillar, which, in its turn, appears to rest on air, for there is no ice on the cliff's face anywhere below it. At very brief intervals on both sides of the valley the cascades dash out of horizontal clefts in the rock, here and there suggesting plumes of feathers, so delicate are their details; again imitating monsters such as one sees engraved in old books. Fantastic to the extreme, these ice marvels are ever pleasing, and when they are largest, and, by consequence, least diversified, their colour, which ranges from pure white or pale green to brown where they are mingled with earth, and pale red where they are tinged with iron, lends them a charm that is less capable of being described than of being admired.

Approaching Grindelwald, the Eiger, the Mönch, and the Jungfrau are revealed in succession. The last is, of course, seen only in its smaller horn, and not much even of that is displayed. Still there is enough in the light of the setting sun to entrance the spectator. I have never seen anything in the Alps to compare with the glorious scene of last night in the valley around Grindelwald. The snow became a lovely rose colour on every western facing peak and cliff; and where the direct rays did not strike, the diffused light made the snow crystals gleam again. Then, as the pink flush died higher and higher, there came over the face of the north-eastern heavens a green light, which lasted for a few minutes only, and gave place to a rosy hue, which in its turn was succeeded by a paler green, that faded at last into the darkly, deeply, beautifully blue sky of a moonlight night in the Alps. And then the moon, which had been keeping company with the sun for two or three hours, had it all her own way, and bathed the mountains and the snow in a delicious flood of light which lasted until the witching hour had come and gone. I ventured down to the glaciers with the last morsel of daylight, and even a few yards upon that snout of the alligator's head into which the lower glacier seems to form itself. But nothing could have been more dangerous. The snow was more slippery than the ice itself, and did not lie in sufficient depth to give the least foothold. With the conviction that the interests neither of readers nor of science would be furthered by foolhardiness, I unwillingly retraced my paces, entrancing though the varying tints of the ice that peeped under the snow here and there were in the dying light of day. To do more than glance at the upper and more beautiful glacier was impossible, but I found that there is less difference than usual between the two in point of purity. Whether it be that the rains, sleet, and thaws of winter have washed clean the monster's head between the Eiger and the Mettenberg I cannot say, but if there is anything to choose in point of dirt, yesterday and to-day the lower glacier bears away the palm of cleanliness. Much of this may, of course, be due to the whiteness of the friendly snow; but I think the guide books at any time do the lower and larger glacier an injustice when they dwell upon its fouler appearance.

In the course of the evening I found that no visitor had attempted either glacier since the first week of October—indeed the names of none are recorded on the books of any of the hotels that are open since the seventeenth of that month, when some Americans left a record of their journey. The two guides to whom I spoke, without going so far as to say that an ascent to the Mer de Glace was

ble, manifested no alacrity in offering to make the attempt, but rejected the very idea of venturing under five times the usual price. Now, to pay five times the usual money, in order to secure the chances of virtual suicide, would seem rather an insane proceeding even for the pleasure of saying that one had done what no man had ever tried, or for the sake of describing a scene the details whereof must be chiefly concealed by sheets of snow.

The skilful guides to whom one looks up in summer as to masters of the mysteries of mountain lore, are now engaged in the ordinary occupations of Swiss peasants. They are haling firewood on sledges over the snowdrifts, and splitting and piling it into what Americans would call "cords." Or they carry food to the cattle which used to graze over the mountain pastures that are locally called Alps—as "alp" did not properly mean peak instead of pasture—and which are carefully housed in those scattered chalets that look so picturesque from a distance and so very dirty on a nearer acquaintance. One morning even the Grindelwalders confessed that it was very hard work. Truth to tell, nothing but sharp exercise could keep the men from shivering. The breath froze upon the moustache, and the eyes felt as though snuff or pepper had been thrown into them. The air was a grandly dissipating that extraordinary purple tint which a snowstorm throws upon snow anywhere as much as in these high mountains, but which is perhaps intensified just outside the line of the suggested rather than marked shadow of the mountains that are heralded by the heralds of the sun. And yet the sunrise, except when seen from a great eminence, is less notable than the sunset among the mountains, as well in winter as in summer. The light is cold and

No rosy flush lights up the lofty summits; and probably the cause is something in the fact that at night in these regions one feels the thought that a hard day's work is over, and feels at liberty to admire that which can be seen without further effort.

In the morning the cares of the day leave little room for leisure or time for admiration. So it was with me to-day. After a breakfast of good milk and bad eggs and good honey, and for a price that would have more than satisfied the proprietor of any railway hotel in England, I started for the lower mountains to see the process of cutting blocks of ice for the market of frivolous, luxurious Paris, which was little thinking this time months back of *sorbets* and cabinet wines cooled to a shade of

I did not see any blocks actually cut; but several were shown in my presence, loaded on a sledge, and despatched hither or thither by night be sent, *via* Neuhaus, Thun, Berne, and Pontarlier,

to the capital of civilisation and entrepôt of all that—*vide* Victor Hugo *passim*—was unconquerable in France by the Germans. Passing these blocks afterwards on the road down it was curious to note that, although the sun-rays had not reached them, and although the temperature had never gone nearer thawing than 26 or 27 degrees Fahrenheit, nevertheless the sharp edges of the blocks and nearly all the tool marks were gone, as though glacier ice thaws when the air is lower than 32 degrees. Can that be so as a matter of fact?

There were two things worthy of observation in the journey down to this, the inner gate of the Oberland. One was the thousands of crows which fairly blackened now the air as they flew, now the snow where they settled. The extreme cold has laid not a few of the predatory ornithological negroes dead by the roadside, but still they rise in myriads and haunt the neighbourhood of the chalets, which may afford a morsel of food over which to have a battle royal. As a thing like the number of these birds I have never seen. In one flock if I may use the word, I had counted up to 230 when they rose, as then they were not half numbered. The other point was the chamois which one night had wrought in the shape of the masses of ice on the Rothenfluh. One piece, which yesterday was a delicate fringe, was to-day solid as a knife-blade. Another was yesterday a congeries of huge stalactites—two hours ago it was but a serrated edge. As yet there has been no thaw, no wind, no sleet, no snow, no rain, to affect these beautiful forms. King Frost appears to deal with the chamois as a child deals with a box of bricks. Now they take one shape, now another, without apparent law. Any artist who may accept my advice to come here and copy nature and make his fortune, must be disappointed, when he returns to finish his sketch, to find that Nature has been beforehand with him, and given him new beauties instead of old


CHARLES WILLIAMS.





## A "STALK" IN THIBET.

BY FRED WILSON.

 O SYLVANUS URBAN.—In the old days, when any remarkable event transpired, particulars of it were sent to the Editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. May I be permitted to copy the ancient notion? I ask you with the greater confidence because the subject I wish to introduce belongs to "sports and pastimes," which you treat so well—and through famous pens—in the modernised pages of your illustrious periodical. If your admirable contributor, "H. H. D.," whom you introduced into your shilling series a few years ago, had been alive, he would have thoroughly appreciated the little sketch which I enclose. It is from the pen of Mr. Fred Wilson, a well-known sportsman in India, and mentioned, as you will no doubt remember, by Colonel Markham in his "Sport in the Himalayas." Here is my friend's sketch:—

I have just got back from a little excursion in Thibet. My feet, I fancy, will never be what they were, for though all symptoms of gout have disappeared, they fail me a little in very rough ground. I could do well enough on the moors, or in a stubble or turnip-field, or in one of your English woods or plantations; but all these are very different from the Himalayas. Set to work and build four or five miles of a broad flight of stone steps to the moon, send an army of navvies with sledge hammers to smash all to pieces, and you will have something akin to many of the hills in Thibet. Ponies do well enough on the roads, but they soon get lame if taken out after game. Yaks are better, and I rode one of these all the time. They will go almost anywhere your nerves will allow you to take them; but one keeps for safety and comfort on the best ground. From this and other causes my bag was a very small one, and Harry Fowler might easily have beaten me even in weight. It consisted of two *Ovis Ammon*, a few hares, and a few sand grouse—the hares and grouse shot for the kitchen. In a space of country the size of Yorkshire there are only four or five flocks of *Ovis Ammon*, so you may be sure it is no easy matter to find them. The first week was entirely blank, and it was not till Friday of the second that I saw any. This was the 1st of

September, though I did not recollect that till some days :  
About ten o'clock I spied some females on a ridge nearly a  
away, and leaving my riding yak, and another which we always  
with us to carry game, in charge of one of the Tartars, I we  
stalk the sheep. There was a wide ravine to cross, and going  
one side of this and up the other took some time. When I rea  
the place I found, to my great mortification, the sheep had  
crossed, and gone to the hill I had come from, but a good dis  
below. I was debating with myself whether to go back and f  
them, or go on to fresh ground, when, sweeping the further hills  
the glass, I had the satisfaction to see five old rams quietly gra  
I sent the Tartar who was with me back to beckon to his con  
to come with the yaks, and while he was away the rams lay dow  
their noonday *siesta*. When the yaks came we all went on about  
mile, and then I left them and proceeded to the stalk. I got v  
about three hundred yards, and found there was no possibility of g  
a rifle's length nearer unperceived. There was nothing for it b  
fire from where I was at once, or to lie still till the rams got up  
commenced feeding again, for the chance of their coming my way  
I was not sure of hitting at the distance, I chose the later plan, an  
watching the magnificent beasts for more than an hour. Two seem  
be asleep, and three lying quiet but wakeful. At last, one after ano  
they got up and commenced grazing, but, unfortunately, they tu  
their faces the wrong way, and every step would take them still fa  
off. It was getting well on in the afternoon, and as they might not  
out of sight so as to allow me to get up and follow till dark,  
was nothing for it but to chance the shot. If they had been an  
hundred yards off I should have left them and bivouacked somev  
near, and gone after them in the morning; but three hundred  
is not such a very long shot for a first-rate Henry express rif  
singling out the ram which I thought had the finest horns, I to  
very steady aim, with a good rest, and fired. The report was lik  
signal to start for the Doncaster St. Leger. The rams started  
a racing pace, so fast that I could not get in the second barre  
they were out of range entirely, but, to my great delight, the c  
had fired at soon began to lag behind, and in a few seconds  
was left by itself. The Tartars, who had been watching proceed  
came on with the yaks, and we were soon on the trail. We  
behind any ridge or swell when the ram was in sight, and foll  
as fast as we could when hid from view, evening closed on us wi  
the chance of another shot. There was but little blood on the t  
but enough to show the wound was more than a graze, and we r

find the animal dead in the morning; so, though a bivouac without bedding in these cold regions is anything but pleasant, we looked out for the most sheltered place, and made ourselves as comfortable as we could for the night. Fire was out of the question, for there was nothing to burn. Fortunately I had a small blanket under the saddle to prevent galling, and, wrapping myself in it, did not suffer so much from the cold as I feared. A few more of such nights though wouldn't be a cure for the gout. There was a little cold tea left in the bottle, and some remains of breakfast in the bag, of which I made a supper, and then tried to go to sleep. In this I was not very successful, and felt very much inclined to follow the track by the bright moonlight. Such nights always seem very long, but daybreak came at last, and it was a great relief to be moving and to get warm again. There was no difficulty in picking up the trail, and we followed it up one hillside and down another for some miles till I began to fear we should see no more of the ram. There was no blood, but the footprints in the sandy or gravelly soil were easy enough to follow. At last we came on a wide plain and disturbed a troop of wild horses, and these trotted on in front for some distance, nearly obliterating the tracks of our ram. To remedy this, I halted and sent one of the Tartars round to drive the horses on one side, in which he succeeded, and our way was free again. It was nearly noon, and I was getting both tired and hungry, when one of the Tartars, who went on ahead a little whenever I was in the saddle, crouched down, and I knew he saw either our ram or some other game. I threw myself off the yak, unslung the rifle, and when I got up to him saw the ram lying down, but apparently not much the matter with it. It was out of range, and with the glass I could not see where it was hit. In all probability it was ours, being on the track which we had never lost, and by itself. I made a careful stalk, and got a hundred yards from it, and the express at anything like that distance is as certain and deadly as any of the wonderful weapons in Cooper's novels, so I felt and knew the chase was now over. The ram never got on its legs again, the little piece of lead sped to its destination, and in another moment I was walking up to the dead animal. It was a splendid specimen. The skin was of no use, it being the time these sheep change their coats, but the horns were magnificent ones. The flesh was more than one yak could carry.

All this time we had been going right away from the camp, and it was getting well on in the afternoon ere we had skinned and cut up the sheep and loaded the yak. I had a shoulder of the mutton strapped on each side behind the saddle, and we went on our way

rejoicing, the Tartars having made a breakfast on a portion of the raw liver. I tasted it, but did not join in this particular meal. It was after midnight when we reached the camp, and the pint of hot tea immediately got ready for me—wasn't it good? To enjoy a cup of hot tea you must come and take a long day's walk over the Thibet hills and get home to it just at dusk or after dark. If you were a deer-stalker you would want to know where the first bullet hit the ram for it to travel such a distance and to live nearly twenty-four hours afterwards. It had struck the fore leg, but had not broken the bone, and also hit the breast bone.

The *Ovis Ammon* is the largest but one of all the wild sheep. It is the mouflon of Buffon, and the argali of modern naturalists. It is found widely spread on the high table lands of Thibet. The largest of all the wild sheep is the *Ovis Polii*, found in Pamir, about the source of the Oxus. I have not been there, and I think the only European of the present century who has was Lieut. Wood. He was no sportsman, and merely mentions the existence of the animal. It was this part of the country Mr. Hayward was proceeding when he was so brutally murdered.

Let me supplement this, to all sportsmen, very interesting narrative by the remark that the *Ovis Ammon* is so difficult of approach that only five or six of our countrymen have been successful in bagging these magnificent wild sheep. I write this on the banks of the Tagus. Armed with the cap of Fortunatus and Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" I came here in the spring in search of an El Dorado. I wander amid primeval forests, beneath a bright blue sky, and I pity SYLVANUS URBAN's foggy quarters in the regions of St. John's Gate. I confess to a thrill of pleasure on entering the general room at the Hotel Central, Lisbon, to find a new copy of the *Gentleman's*, with an instalment of the new poet's latest poem.

I could not manage the campaign in Scotland this year, or you would have had specimens of both the fur and the feather. Although we have no game in the Peninsula, we find plenty of "food for powder," the banks of the Tagus being a favourite resort for a great variety of long-beaks, *i.e.* woodcock, snipe, teal, duck, &c. I went out the other day and made a famous bag, chiefly snipe. Fancy this: we had breakfast *al fresco*, in an orange grove, the trees splendid with golden fruit; the month, December! I will not torture you further, but hope your sporting readers will enjoy a Stalk in Thibet.

C. S.

# LIFE IN LONDON.

## IV.—FORECASTING.

**T**HE phases of life in London are abundant enough to keep this series of papers running while SYLVANUS URBAN sits in his chair, though he should live ten times as long yet as the past history of his magazine. There is no need to look backward or forward for subjects. Yet, while the wonderful drama is enacting before him, the reflective Londoner must close his eyes sometimes and speculate on the future of life in this great city. What London is to-day we know. What may it be only one hundred years hence? The period is short. The grandchildren of about a million of our neighbours now dwelling on the banks of the Thames will live to report on the aspects of the capital in 1973. What is the tale they will have to tell?

In science, invention, and discovery, we can never imagine far beyond immediate possibilities. Whatever practical thing can be really conceived of can very soon be realised. Speculation on the material conditions of the future must therefore at the best be vague. Nevertheless there are very good grounds for building a passably probable structure of guesses on the future of this great capital for two or three generations.

Population is the first element in the inquiry. How many people will there be assembled round the old city as a centre in 1973? I will assume a continued increase during the forthcoming century. The point is open to doubt; but the balance of argument is largely in favour of the growth of the capital, decade by decade, if not year by year, at least for some ages yet. A great city adds to its population by two processes: one the natural increase, and the other the attraction of strangers. Both these causes, so far as one may judge, are likely to remain operative for a long time.

Almost nothing is known about the laws which regulate the natural increase, and there are instances in the world of populations unaccountably standing still in point of numbers, and even receding. But there is no such instance in the history of those races of north-western Europe by whom chiefly this country is peopled. The phenomenon of the rapid extension of the Anglo-Saxons will probably not go on for ever; but it can hardly stop suddenly. It has been at

work for upwards of a thousand years, and never more remarkable than in our own times. It is surely good for another century. Natural tendencies like these in the blood of particular races, manifested with fair uniformity during a thousand years, do not cease in a generation or two without notice and without external cause. Times of ignorance and folly are gone by when society was likely to make and persist in any social blunder large enough to check the development of the physical proclivities of the population. It would be rash to attempt to anticipate the possibilities of a long indefinite period of the future; but for the small space of a hundred years a high degree of probability attaches to the assumption that the natural increase of our population will follow the course of our experience.

But the artificial increase? Is the habit of clustering round a great centre likely to continue? It is hard to imagine a decline of the influences which cause London to grow by external accretion. Its commercial advantages are at least as great in the prospect as in the retrospect. Its position and facilities for trading are at least as good, comparatively, as in any past period; and the start it has in the race, by reason of its immense population of consumers and intelligent distributors, heavily handicaps all competitors. If London were circumscribed in by physical boundaries her manufactories would gradually betake themselves to other quarters; but there are no practical limits to the expansion of her area. Whole counties lie round her waiting to come within the pale. All Essex and Kent, as well as Surrey, are open to become her workshop, and she is surrounded by a fair country for pleasant homes for the people of coming generations.

In attractiveness, independently of business advantages, time seems all on our side. London is healthful beyond almost all her competitors and promises at least to keep pace with the best of them in improving her sanitary condition. As she grows in size she grows in beauty. Take them for all in all, there are no more charming suburbs in the island. Every year adds some improvement, some grace, and some of the facilities and advantages associated with a predominant centre of civilisation. Nearly all the evils of Old London are on the march. Its river walls grow into carriage-drives and promenades. Broad streets are pushing through narrow and squalid regions; parks and open spaces are preserved with all possible jealousy; pleasure and recreation grounds are opened in newly-peopled quarters. The town is now in a transition state. Works are beginning which may take a quarter of a century to complete, and meanwhile we shall witness the commencement of other undertakings. Whoever lives

through the next twenty years will see the fruits ripen. There will be vast improvements in the mere appearance of the capital. As an attractive city in a material sense, in comparison with other great centres, London is running a winning race.

Nor is the charm of the city, as the capital of the empire, likely to wane. Centralisation increases. There is a constant gravitation of superior forces to this centre. Genius, energy, enterprise, fly to London, as the focus of power. It is the one spot from which the country can be moved. Not a sign arises of a reaction upon this tendency. No one thinks of proposing new centres of imperial action. Facilities of intercourse are all on the same side. The time is coming when, by turns, the whole population of the kingdom will spend a portion of their year in the capital. Our colonies will by-and-by be tenanted by millions where there are now only hundreds and thousands, and there must be constant personal intercourse between the colonists and our metropolis. The ratio of this coming and going will increase as travelling becomes easier and cheaper. The mere temporary population, which is now very large, will be magnified immensely, and the more there may be who come the larger will be the numbers who will remain. If Great Britain's good fortune continue, and her children everywhere increase, as they surely must in the century before us, London, as the seat of Government, the centre of attraction for genius and ambition, the very temple of the highest arts and the source of the foremost efforts of thought, can hardly fail to maintain the position she now holds in relation to the empire.

But what of her rivals elsewhere in the world? If London should hold her own in competition with Paris, Berlin, Rome, Vienna, Madrid, and New York, may not all the old capitals lose caste before the wonderful uprising of some new empire city, such as Chicago or Melbourne may become in a hundred years?

It is impossible to estimate all the chances, but the very greatness in commerce, in wealth, and in population of any city in the distant continents of the West, the South, or the East, would probably tend only to increase the importance of London, which makes haste to stretch forth its hand to every new people assembled anywhere for the purposes of civilisation. We have here a machinery which has been at work, on a constantly increasing scale, for two thousand years, always adapting itself to the times, always finding itself equal to new emergencies. We have the imperishable advantages of history and tradition side by side with a great share of the best of modern genius and enterprise. New cities in countries of splendid

natural gifts like that in which Chicago has sprung up, may run ahead of London in population and wealth, and outshine the ancient capital of Britain in many ways. It is more than possible, it is quite probable, that the next hundred years will see some such experience as this; for who can measure the resources which lie almost untouched in lands like America and Australia? I would not hazard the prediction that in wealth and population no city, new or old, will run past London. All I anticipate is that, within the period set down, this great city will go on increasing, in all that makes her famous to-day, at the steady pace at which she has been moving within her own time.

If I were looking forward for a thousand years I should hesitate to make any prediction with regard to London. The possibilities of the next ten centuries are as far beyond conception almost as the conditions of life on another planet, and though I have no belief whatever in the picture of the sketching New Zealander, and am disposed to think that in coming times only earthquakes or great geological changes can sweep away civilisation from any of its strongholds, I do not think that there are in existence elements of probability enough to lend interest to a speculation upon what this capital may be at a date so long distant. But the materials are considerable by which the likelihoods of the short period of one hundred years may be weighed, and the inference seems to me a fair one that London will continue at least for so long to grow as she has grown before our eyes.

A population of about thirteen millions—that is the first result I find if these inferences are good. The figures are a little startling. A city of thirteen millions of inhabitants is altogether outside the range of our experience or knowledge. Probably not a third of that number were ever yet settled on one spot. The population of the capital of China has been guessed at four millions, but nearly all authorities place the figure much lower, and no other city has ever been known to contain so many people as are returned as the actual number in London on the 3rd of April, 1871—viz., 3,254,260. It is true that one Grimaldi, some hundred and fifty years ago, set down the population of Pekin at sixteen millions; but that was a leap in the dark. In our time the numbers are thought to be under rather than over four millions; while Jeddo, the next most densely populated city of the East, has probably less than two millions. The inhabitants of old Rome, the capital of the civilised world, were never thought to exceed two millions; they were estimated by Gibbon at about a million and a quarter in the fifth century. But



Rome was artificially incapable of extension in area. Villas and gardens and other private possessions surrounded the city like a barrier, and in order to make the most of the space within these limits houses were built so lofty that, to prevent frequent accidents, the Emperors were compelled to put in force a decree that private buildings should not run higher from the ground than seventy feet. Peking is even more rigidly walled in, and its area is not more than fourteen square miles; while the whole of London covers a hundred and twenty-two square miles, and may expand itself, without hindrance, in any direction. The English capital, indeed, adopts now a policy which, until a comparatively recent date, was never thought of—it lays itself out for an unlimited growth of population. The old districts are widened up, and the new are constructed to be loosely peopled. The ancient close-packing system has ceased, and light and space are being let into overcrowded localities. There are now half a million more people than there were in 1861, but the traffic in the chief thoroughfares is easier. There are fewer dead-locks in the streets, and business and pleasure are managed with greater facility. These are the results of the simple fact that London has within the last quarter of a century recognised the coming of the stress of an unparalleled population, and made preparations to meet it. Three hundred years ago Queen Elizabeth issued a proclamation forbidding the erection of new buildings "where none such had existed within the memory of man;" for the extension of the metropolis was not only calculated to encourage the increase of the plague, but was thought to create trouble in governing such multitudes—a dearth of victuals, the multiplying of beggars, an increase of artisans more than could live together, and the impoverishment of other cities for lack of inhabitants. At that time the whole population of England and Wales was probably less than five millions, of whom certainly not more than half a million lived in London. But the inhabitable area then was very limited. Without any of the modern machinery of speedy communication and protection from depredation, a city stretching upwards of eleven miles from north to south and from east to west would have been an impossibility.

The estimate of a population of 13,000,000 in 1973 is based upon the increase of the ten years from 1861 to 1871, which was one and a half per cent. per annum. The increase would be much greater—showing a population of something like 16,000,000—if calculated on the rate of accretion in the first fifty years of the present century, and still more if reckoned upon the percentage of the last twenty or thirty years. The ratio of increase of the last ten years, which gives the

result of 13,000,000 in 1973, is the lowest since 1841. But that the rate has fallen somewhat since 1861 can hardly be taken to indicate a permanent turn in the tide. The decade in which occurred the American civil war, the stoppage of our cotton manufacture, the greatest financial crisis of the century, and a general depression of trade, is not a fair gauge of the tendency of the population of a great city which suffered severely from all those causes. The fact that in such a time the people of the capital increased by 447,000 is evidence of the determined growth of London under difficulties. Judging from the state of things since the census was taken nearly two years ago, the increase of population between 1871 and 1881 will be at a greater rate than one and a half per cent. Thirteen millions, therefore, a hundred years hence, is a very low estimate for the population of London, and I can imagine nothing short of irretrievable national calamity, or a complete and wholly unlooked for revolution in the conditions of civilisation in this part of the world, that can prevent the realisation of that estimate.

A population of not less than thirteen millions, and a hundred years more of progress in the arts, in science, literature, the drama: from this date a century of inventions, discoveries, new modes of increasing productions and sparing toil, new pleasures and comforts, higher knowledge of all knowable things, inestimable improvements in the art of health, better laws and principles of government—Who can form a conception of Life in London at the end of that hundred years? In point of time the period is short; but there have been no ages in the past by which may be measured this century forward. A hundred years ago the machinery which regulates our habits and modes of living to-day was not thought of, and we were still struggling, not very hopefully, to emulate the highest civilisation of old Greece and Rome. In all, except pure art, we have now gone far past those ancient standards, and so close have we run once or twice on the heels of the divine masters of the past that the next high wave of genius or the next after that may land us far ahead of old history, even in the accomplishments in which the first civilised nations most excelled. If the story of the human race thus far may teach us anything, it tells us now that we are past the dangers which three or four times thrust back the advanced races and rendered necessary the beginning of the work of civilisation afresh. Blunders so gigantic and irreparable as those of old cannot be repeated.

On this foundation, I think we may fairly speculate on the prospects of Life in London in 1973.

RICHARD GOWING.

## THE REPUBLICAN IMPEACHMENT.

**I**N his pamphlet, "The Impeachment of the House of Brunswick," Mr. Bradlaugh says: "The right of the members of the House of Brunswick to succeed to the Throne is a right accruing only from the Act of Settlement, it being clear that, except from this statute, they have no claim to the Throne. It is therefore submitted that should Parliament in its wisdom see fit to enact that, after the death or abdication of her present Majesty, the Throne shall no longer be filled by a member of the House of Brunswick, such an enactment would be perfectly within the competence of Parliament." In the November number of this magazine I maintained that for enacting purposes the Parliament consists of the Sovereign, the House of Lords, and the House of Commons—a Bill does not become law until it is voted by the Commons, voted by the Lords, and assented to by the Sovereign, and that therefore Parliament could not constitutionally deprive the Prince of Wales of the reversion to the Crown without the assent of the Sovereign. I also said that an Act barring the succession of the lawful heir to the Throne, even if it were duly passed and assented to by Parliament, would be a revolutionary proceeding. Mr. Bradlaugh replies: "That the British Parliament can prevent the succession of the lawful heir to the Throne is certain." He refers to the revolution of 1688, and says: "If Parliament has and had no right to exclude or prevent the succession of a 'lawful heir,' then the members of the present House of Brunswick are illegally on the Throne—in fact, usurpers. I contend that they are lawfully on the Throne, and may be as lawfully ejected from it." Mr. Bradlaugh says that the number of persons who think with him is not scant. If the constitutional history of England were taught in schools, the number of those who assented to Mr. Bradlaugh's historical argument would be countable on his thumbs.

With regard to Mr. Bradlaugh's quotations from the Parliamentary debates in 1788, it will be enough to remark that I have not denied the authority of the two Houses of Parliament as set forth in the dictum of Mr. Pitt: "That no person had a right to the Throne independent of the consent of the two Houses." The component parts of Parliament are conjointly and severally creatures of the

law. Neither the Sovereign nor the Houses of Parliament are above the law. Mr. Bradlaugh might have cited more formally definite authorities than extracts from debates in Parliament. Sir Edward Coke, referring to the power of Parliament, says it is "so transcendent and absolute that it cannot be confined, either for causes or persons within any bounds." Bracton says of the Sovereign, "the law make him king." The 12 and 13 William III. c. 2 (the Act of Settlement) recites that "whereas the laws of England are the birthright of the people thereof, and all the kings and queens who shall ascend the Throne of this realm ought to administer the government of the same according to the said laws." The 6 Anne, c. 7, makes it high treason for any one to assert "that the kings or queens of this realm, by and with the authority of Parliament, are not able to make laws and statutes of sufficient force and validity to limit and bind the Crown and the descent, limitation, inheritance, and government thereof."

Here, then, I have given the highest authorities as to the power of Parliament—that is to say, I have quoted from Acts of Parliament. So far, then, Mr. Bradlaugh and I are agreed, or rather it seems that Mr. Bradlaugh was hardly aware of the constitutional enactment which assert the power of Parliament. But, we must now ask, What is Parliament and what is an Act of Parliament? Parliament is not the Sovereign only, or the House of Lords only, or the House of Commons only, or the two Houses, but is the Sovereign and the two Houses. An Act of Parliament is not a resolution of the Commons or a resolution of the Lords, or an edict of the Sovereign. It is not a Bill that has been voted by the Lords and the Commons. It is not a Bill that has been voted by the Commons and by the Lords, and assented to by the Sovereign. Mr. Bradlaugh says: "However absurd any statute may be, the English judges are bound to enforce it." Precisely; but what is a statute? Suppose the Lords and the Commons passed a Bill declaring it treason for any person to affirm orally or by writing that the House of Brunswick ought to be ousted from the succession to the Throne; and we will further suppose that Queen Victoria, for the first time in her reign, exercised her right of veto, and refused her assent to the Bill. If Mr. Bradlaugh were prosecuted according to the provisions of the Bill, the judges would not allow the prosecution to proceed, because a Bill of the two Houses of Parliament is not a statute, is not law, until it receives the assent of the Sovereign. Mr. Bradlaugh refers us to the revolution of 1688. It would be sufficient for me to reply that what is done in a period of revolution is not a precedent to be followed in a time of settled government; but if we glance at the events of the la

revolution we shall see that they emphatically contradict the theory of Mr. Bradlaugh.

James II. left the country in November, 1688, and on the 22nd of January the so-called Convention Parliament met. Now in the 1 W. and M., sec. 2, c. 2 (the Act founded on the Bill of Rights), we find that the Convention Parliament was elected in compliance with letters written by the Prince of Orange "To the lords spiritual and temporal being Protestants," and other letters to the several counties, cities, universities, boroughs, and Cinque Ports for the choosing of such persons to represent them as were of right to be sent to Parliament to meet and sit at Westminster." Neither in England nor in any other country can a Parliament, or an Assembly, or a Congress summon itself. In a revolutionary period, when there is no constitutional authority to summon a Parliament, some person is obliged to usurp the authority. In England it is the prerogative of the Crown to summon a Parliament, but on two occasions this law was violated. The Parliament that restored Charles II. and the Parliament of 1688 were not summoned by Royal Writ. Well, on the 28th January the Convention Parliament resolved "That King James II., having endeavoured to subvert the Constitution of this kingdom by breaking the original contract between King and people, and by the advice of Jesuits and other wicked persons having violated the fundamental laws, and having withdrawn himself out of the kingdom, has abdicated the government, and that the Throne is thereby vacant." On the 13th February William and Mary were declared to be King and Queen. The first Act of the completed Parliament was one declaring that the Lords and Commons convened at Westminster on the 22nd of January, 1688, "are the two Houses of Parliament, and so shall be and are hereby declared, accounted, and adjudged to be to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever, notwithstanding any want of writ or writs of summons, or any other defect of form or default whatsoever, as if they had been summoned according to the usual form." And the first Act of the first duly summoned Parliament was the 2 W. and M., for the avoiding of all disputes and questions concerning the being and authority of the late Parliament, which enacts "that all and singular the Acts made and enacted in the said (Convention) Parliament were and are laws and statutes of this kingdom."

The change of 1688 was a revolution, but, of all revolutions on record, the most moderate and conservative. There was no change in the form of government, and the change of Sovereign was scarcely a change of dynasty. The monarch who had fled was succeeded by

members of his family. The Convention Parliament was summoned by the Prince, who, though not then the *de jure* King of England, was without doubt the *de facto* supreme power in the country. Yet the precedent of the Restoration Parliament was followed, and not a moment was lost in doing all that could be done to give the formally summoned Parliament a constitutional title. The Houses of Parliament were then, as now, honourably jealous of their rights and privileges, but they were too constitutional and too law-abiding to say: "We, the two Houses of Parliament, do not need the recognition of the Crown to assure the validity of our Acts." On the contrary, in the most solemn manner they sought and obtained that constitutional sanction.

But Mr. Bradlaugh refers us to the Act of Settlement, the 12 and 13 William III. c. 2, dated the 12th June, 1701—that is, thirteen years after the revolution—and he tells us "That the power to repeal is as complete as the authority to enact." We turn to the statute, and we read these words: "And the same are by His Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the said Lords spiritual and temporal, and Commons, and by authority of the same, ratified and confirmed accordingly." That is to say, the Act of Settlement is not an Act of the two Houses only, but of the Crown also. If, therefore, we admit that the power to repeal is as complete as the authority to enact, it surely follows that an enactment of the Crown and the Houses of Parliament cannot be repealed except by the authority of the Crown as well as of the two Houses of Parliament.

So much for Mr. Bradlaugh's assertion that in a period of settled Government the two Houses of Parliament can, without the assent of the Crown, repeal the Act of Settlement, which was not the Act of a Convention Parliament, but of a Parliament of King, Lords, and Commons. Before leaving this subject, I will say a word about Mr. Bradlaugh's reference to the United States. He writes: "In America there is a written Constitution, and an Act of Congress may not only be unconstitutional, but the judges may disregard it as unconstitutional." The Supreme Court not only may, but is bound to disregard an unconstitutional Act of Congress. The Fathers of the Republic would not confer on the Executive, or on Congress, or on the Supreme Court, authority to amend or alter the Constitution. That power is reserved to the people. Mr. Bradlaugh will discover, by even a cursory study of the English Constitution, that no power is conferred upon the two Houses of Parliament to amend or alter the Constitution any more than such a power is vested in the Congress of the United States.

Let us now notice Mr. Bradlaugh's statement that "the Parliament has full and uncontrollable authority to make any enactment and to repeal any enactment heretofore made."

Be it observed that Mr. Bradlaugh does not mean the mere potential power of Parliament, but the constitutional competence of Parliament. What I understand by constitutional competency is the power to do anything that is not in violation of the Constitution; for a constitutional Parliament is not a constituent assembly, but the creature, servant, and protector of the Constitution. Is Parliament constitutionally competent to make or repeal any enactment? In his pamphlet Mr. Bradlaugh writes:—"The object of the present essay is to submit reasons for the repeal of the Act of Settlement, *so far as the succession to the Throne is concerned.*" Why is a part only of the Act to be repealed? The Act of Settlement contains the following clause:—"That after the said limitation shall take effect as aforesaid, judges' commissions be made *quam diu se bene gesserint*, and their salaries ascertained and established, but upon the address of both Houses of Parliament it may be lawful to remove them." Is Parliament competent to repeal this clause, which is the guarantee of the independence of the judges? Or has Parliament the constitutional authority to enact that it shall not be dissolved at the pleasure of the Crown, and shall not be dissolved at the end of seven years by the effluxion of time, but shall be a permanent assembly, filling up vacancies as it chooses, without regard to the law or to the will of the people? If a Parliament so acted would it not be the duty of a constitutional Sovereign to call upon the people to refuse obedience to the unconstitutional decree, and to defend their rights and liberty? The assertion of Mr. Bradlaugh is nonsensical. Parliament as well as the Sovereign is a creation of the law, and can only act lawfully when it respects the Constitution of the country. Mr. Bradlaugh says: "In Great Britain there is no written Constitution." This is not true. Portions of our Constitution are *non scripta*, but other parts of our Constitution—such as *Magna Charta*, the Bill of Rights, the Act of Settlement, and the Habeas Corpus Act—are written. But whether written or unwritten the Constitution is of equal authority.

To discuss the potentiality of the Sovereign or of the two Houses of Parliament or of Mr. Bradlaugh would be profitless. The Sovereign might, with the support of an army or the people, tear the Constitution in shreds and found a despotic Government. The two Houses of Parliament might, with the assent of the nation, abolish the monarchy and set up a republic. If Her Majesty's

sounding and oft-repeated stump phrase. What Mr. Bradlaugh may say to the masses I know not, but in his pamphlet he flatters the people after the commonplace demagogue style by telling them that they are supreme, and that they have a right to violate the constitutional compact. For nearly a century the French demagogues have been repeating the same abominable flattery, and they have been believed. What is the result? After so many revolutions, anarchy and not order reigns in France; instead of a settled Government, she has a Provisional Government; and instead of political liberty there is the tyranny of factions, the most oppressive of all tyrannies. The voice of the people is the voice of authority, but its edicts are neither blessed nor a blessing unless they are inspired by a love of justice. God forbid that the devilish dogma, "Might makes right," should ever be an article of our political creed. God forbid that the English people should ever forget that freedom cannot be divorced from justice. Happily there is no sign of the free mother of free nations being false to those sacred principles which have been her sure guide in the days of trial, which have made her great and glorious, and her fair land the home and the shrine of liberty.

But Mr. Bradlaugh puts forth reasons for what he ignorantly, or impertinently presuming on the ignorance of his hearers, calls a constitutional act, but which would be a revolution. The pleas for repealing the Act of Settlement and cutting off the succession of the Prince of Wales to the Throne are false in fact, bad in law, and grotesquely irrelevant. Mr. Bradlaugh asserts that the Princes of the House of Brunswick have been bad men, and that all the ills of England since the revolution of 1688 have been the fault of the Brunswick Sovereigns. Ergo, says Mr. Bradlaugh, let us prevent the accession of the Prince of Wales on the demise of the reigning Sovereign. Why Queen Victoria is to occupy the Throne until she chooses to present her sceptre to Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, or dies, is not explained.

With regard to personal character I submit that the private vices of a king do not justify a political revolution. Charles I. was a good husband and a good father, but a bad king, and deserved to lose his crown. James II. was not a personally vicious man, yet the revolution of 1688 was justifiable because he was a bad king. There is no nobler lady living than Queen Victoria. Her conduct as a daughter, as a wife, and as a mother endears her to nations that owe her no allegiance. Not only is Victoria a good woman, but also a good queen, for she is ever mindful of her duty to the State, and respects the rights of her subjects. But if our beloved Queen were a bad



Sovereign, her womanly virtues would not be a reason for permitting her to violate the Constitution and to infringe our political rights. Constitutional loyalty to the Throne is not inspired by the character of the occupant. In countries where the ruler is a despot, personal attachment is all important, but where the ruler is a constitutional monarch the stability of the Throne does not depend upon the private character of the wearer of the crown. It is of great moment that the fierce light which, as the poet says, beats about the Throne should show to the nation an example of exalted virtue ; but that is beside the political question. So if Mr. Bradlaugh had proved that the Princes of the House of Brunswick must needs be libertines, it would by no means follow that we ought to oust the present reigning family.

Mr. Bradlaugh strings together the evil stories which have been told about the Georges, which he says he believes to be true. His credulity is marvellous if he assumes that the Georges altogether escaped calumny. In my article on the pamphlet I said that if all the stories about the Georges are true, if they were the vilest of men, and if bad private character were a reason for a change of dynasty, still it would not be fair to visit the sins of his ancestors upon Albert Edward Prince of Wales, and by way of illustration I wrote : "Suppose that Mr. Bradlaugh's ancestors had been very abominable persons, that would be no reason for punishing Mr. Bradlaugh, or for declaring him incompetent to hold a public office." This put Mr. Bradlaugh *hors de combat*, and, writhing on the ground, he blurts out a confession of the unsoundness of his views, and very curtly repudiates the leading argument of his pamphlet. He thus writes : "But it is asked, Ought the fact that George IV. was 'a very bad man' to be urged as a ground for hindering the succession of Albert Edward to the Throne? Certainly not!" Certainly not! Then why does Mr. Bradlaugh devote the greater part of his pamphlet to the recital of the vicious stories told of the Georges? If they have nothing to do with the question, why are they repeated? Was it to make the pamphlet acceptable to the debased wretches who revel in stories of profligacy? I will charitably assume that Mr. Bradlaugh thought they were relevant to the issue until I gave the *coup de grâce*. Mr. Bradlaugh then proceeds : "But the fact that the four Georges were all very bad kings, and that William IV. was not a good one, ought not to be a ground for electing Albert Edward to the throne." This is tilting at a bogus windmill in pantomimic fashion. I do not say that the Prince of Wales should be elected to the Throne because his royal ancestors were bad. No one

says so, and Mr. Bradlaugh himself tells us that the Prince of Wales is heir apparent to the Throne by virtue of the Act of Settlement. Then comes the most remarkable sentence that ever was penned by a bewildered republican. Thus writes the advocate of an English republic: "Let him (the Prince of Wales) be elected or rejected on his own merits and qualifications for the kingly office." So Mr. Bradlaugh approves of "an elective monarchy-republic"! Is the Crown to be submitted to competitive examination? May Mr. Bradlaugh as well as Albert Edward be a candidate for the high office? Or is the Prince of Wales to be tried by judge and jury? Mr. Bradlaugh has queer ideas of law and justice. Parliament is forthwith to enact that, "The Throne shall be no longer filled by a member of the House of Brunswick," but on the demise of the Crown Albert Edward is to be elected or rejected on his merits. His Royal Highness is to be first executed and afterwards tried. If Mr. Bradlaugh could be as successful in assailing the Throne as he is in demolishing his own arguments the Prince of Wales would never be King of England.

I do not propose to follow Mr. Bradlaugh in his charges against the government of the Georges, because whether they are true or false they have no more to do with the question raised by Mr. Bradlaugh than they have with a mathematical problem. Let us admit that "one early act of George I. was to purchase for the sum of £250,000 Bremen and Verdun." Let us admit "that George II. repeatedly signed treaties pledging England to the payment of enormous subsidies." Let us admit that George III. was responsible for the loss of the American colonies. It would be easy enough to show that since the revolution of 1688 the monarchs of England have not ruled without the consent of Parliament, and that therefore some part of the nation at least was conjointly responsible for the policy of the King's Government. But we will let that pass. We will, for argument's sake, agree with Mr. Bradlaugh, that for all that has been done amiss, for all the national ills we have suffered, our kings are solely responsible. Our wars were their wars, and against our will and welfare. The Great Rebellion was in vain; and, though ship-money was abolished, the House of Brunswick has, against our will, burdened us with a debt of £800,000,000. The Brunswick monarchs have filled the butchers' shops with great blow-flies, and diseased the potatoes. What then? This is a world of weal and woe. If all the woe is to be charged against our monarchs, we must perforce give them credit for all our weal. If the King is held responsible for the blight, he may justly claim our gratitude when the harvest is

plenteous. Now what, I ask, is the condition of our Empire? It is a condition of unsurpassed greatness, glory, and prosperity. The sceptre of England is acknowledged in the five quarters of the globe. The standard of England is planted in Africa. We govern the West Indies. The grim rock of Gibraltar is the stately monument of our naval supremacy in Europe. We have ports in China. The vast Dominion of Canada is affiliated to the British Crown. The Australias, the last discovered world, the countries of unspeakable riches, are our colonies. The Queen of England is also Empress of India. Our language is the language of America and Australia. It is in Africa the language of freedom to the negro, and in India the language of command. Our ships crowd the pathways of the ocean, and are seen in every port. Our commerce is the wonder of the age. Our wealth is beyond calculation. In science and in literature we hold the foremost rank. We rejoice in the political liberty the lovers of freedom in other ages and in other countries have vainly sighed for, fought for, and died for. I say that it is under the monarchy of the House of Brunswick that we have attained to this supreme dominion, wealth, and honour. I do not say this unprecedented prosperity and this exceeding weight of national glory are due to the wisdom and conduct of our kings. I hold that the monarchs of the reigning house have effectively done the work they had to do—for, by their occasional resistance to the popular demands, they have prevented reform being hurried into revolution; and our Queen is an example to all constitutional monarchs. But it is to the blessing of God, and to the wisdom and conduct of the nation—and “the Nation” means the Lords as well as the people, and the Sovereign as well as the Lords and people—that we must ascribe the national might and majesty that the most ardent and sanguine patriot could not have dreamed of in 1688. But I say that if we are so foolish as to charge the monarchy with our failings, it must also be credited with our triumphs. I say, as I have before said, that if the House of Brunswick is to be judged by the condition of the Empire, and if we compare it with what it was when the Act of Settlement gave the Throne to the Protestant granddaughter of James I., and her heirs, then, so far from denouncing the Act of Settlement, we find only reasons for gladness that the Princes of Brunswick have been our kings.

Mr. Bradlaugh concludes his reply to my criticism with a paragraph in which he virtually brands himself with monstrous and graceless folly. He writes:—

I am only a plain, poor-born man, with the odium of heresy resting on me and the weight of an unequal struggle in life burdening me as I move on. That I

have ambition to rise in the political strife around me, until I play some small part in the legislative assembly of my country, is true. If I live, I will.

So this person, who tells us that he is a plain (by which, I suppose, he means uncultured), poor-born man (an un-English reflection on his parentage), with the odium of heresy resting on him (a fact that it is shameful for him to parade in a political discussion), and having an unequal struggle in life burdening him (which, I presume, signifies that Mr. Bradlaugh bemoans not being born to riches, and having to earn his daily bread), this person is resolved that if he lives he will get into Parliament! And if any constituency elects Mr. Bradlaugh he will be received at Westminster. Not lack of culture, nor humble birth, nor poverty, nor heresy will prevent him from sitting in the British Parliament. In no Republic, past or existing, is completer freedom to be found, and no Republic that may be devised can confer upon its citizens greater liberty than Mr. Bradlaugh confesses he enjoys as a British subject. Yet he vilifies a Constitution, and seeks to overthrow a settled order of government, that enables him—a plain, poor-born man, with the odium of heresy resting on him, and the weight of an unequal struggle in life burdening him—to declare that he will, if he lives, sit in the Parliament of the greatest empire of the world. Hereafter, when Mr. Bradlaugh assails the monarchy, he should use only abuse and carefully eschew arguments of which the premisses are false, the conclusions illogical, and by which he is self-convicted of senseless ingratitude.

JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

## A GARDEN IN SURREY.\*

**I**F any of our classical readers should chance to have entertained hitherto even the shadow of a shade of doubt as to the real existence of Virgil's "Corycius Senex" in the flesh, let him henceforth own that that shade is dispelled, for that at Wallington, in the parish of Beddington, near Croydon, less than fifteen miles from London, resides the venerable sage whom Virgil has immortalised under that name, and he has lately written a book, which, if it were only in poetry instead of prose, would easily pass muster as a fifth Georgic, on Horticulture.

But Mr. Smee is not a poet; he is a practical man; he is well known in the City of London as chief medical officer of the Bank of England, and as the busiest of busy men in other matters of a commercial, as well as of a scientific nature. He has found time, however,—at the beginning and end of the day, we presume—to bring into successful cultivation a small estate of which he is the owner, and which, as he tells us in his preface, he regards in a twofold light; firstly, as "an experimental garden, designed to obtain information," and secondly, as "a practical garden, from which his residence in town is supplied with vegetables, fruit, and flowers." The book which he has lately published under the title of "My Garden," will serve to justify this twofold "end and aim."

It appears from a perusal of the second chapter of the work before us that when he entered upon his land at Beddington, what now is Mr. Smee's garden was a peaty bog, across which he could not walk. However, he at once set to work to remove the cause of offence by taking in hand and fairly mastering the river which ran through it, and which he regarded as an enemy that could be turned into a friend;

*Multâ mole docendus aprico parcere prato.*

He "lowered the central brook, made a second stream parallel with the river, and another crossing the garden at right angles;" nor was he victorious on the waves alone: he conquered also the peat and the sand; studied the nature of the chalk soil of the district immediately adjoining his property; introduced a system of drainage

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\* My Garden: its Plan and Culture. By Alfred Smee, F.R.S. (London: Bell and Daldy. 1872.)

suitable to the locality and the purpose in hand ; and, by a judicious management of soils and manures, and by other scientific applications, he "made the desert smile."

It does not fall within the scope of the present paper to give a detailed account of the way in which, step by step, Mr. Smee overcame the difficulties which nature placed in his way, and did for his garden on the banks of the Wandle—the "blue transparent Vandalis" of Pope—what the monks of old did for the once barren lands which by their labour and skill blossomed into the fair demesnes of Glastonbury, Beaulieu, and Tintern. But the work of Mr. Smee is one which has,



ROMAN HOUSE AT BEDDINGTON.

and must ever have, a special interest for SYLVANUS URBAN and his numerous readers, as embodying, *inter alia*, an admirably written account of the topography of Carshalton, Beddington, and the neighbourhood.

Flint instruments have been found, scattered over the district, in sufficient quantities to show that the neighbourhood was inhabited at a very early period. Equally distinct is the proof of Roman occupancy ; and the discovery of a Roman house *in situ*, just at the east of Beddington Park, with the ground plan of its chambers still clearly distinguishable, could leave no room for doubt on the subject. Near this building were found specimens of Roman pottery and coins of the reigns of Commodus and Constantine, one at least of which was struck at Colchester. It is well known, we may add, that the Roman road known as Stane Street must have run through or near Beddington, on its way from the South Coast to London, though no actual traces of it remain at the present day ; and some antiquaries have not hesitated to place near the same locality the Roman town *Noviomagus*—the site of which has been so long and so keenly

disputed among antiquaries. Passing on to the Anglo-Saxon period, coins, arms, and other implements of that age appear to have been found in sufficient quantities to justify the inference that Beddington was not an unimportant place from the seventh to the tenth century, as Mr. Smee states that several skeletons were found along with the



CINERARY URN AND UMBONE OF SHIELD.—ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD.

above, and that they lay "with their heads towards the west." Since this was the case, the inference is obvious that they were Christians who were buried there. With them were found a Saxon silver penny bearing the name of Edelstan (Ethelstan), and also a bronze bracelet, both of which we are able to reproduce here by the kind permission of Mr. Smee.



SAXON BRACELET.

SAXON SILVER PENNY.

The history of Beddington, from the middle ages down to the recent extinction of the Carews, who were long its owners, as recorded by Mr. Smee, is so full of interest that we have ventured to draw largely upon his pages for the brief summary of its annals which we here lay before our readers.

It appears that in Domesday Book Beddington comprised two manors, one of which was held by Robert de Watville from Richard de Tonbridge, and by his successors immediately from the King, by the service of rendering to the Sovereign every year a single wooden crossbow. At this time there were in Beddington two mills and a

parish church ; but the manor, in the reign of Richard I., had passed into the hands of a family named De Es or De Eys. In A.D. 1205, on the extinction of this family, the manor reverted to the King. It would be tedious and useless to mention the names of the families to



WATER-MILL ON THE WANDLE AT CARSHALTON.

whom from time to time the manor was granted prior to the reign of Edward III., when it passed, by an arrangement, from the Willoughbies to the De Carrues, or, as they afterwards styled themselves, Carews. This knightly and noble family—if we may believe the



heralds and genealogists—were descended from one Otho, who came over with the Conqueror, and obtained a grant of Carew Castle, in Pembrokeshire, and they bore for their arms, "Or, three lions passant in pale sable." The Carews can boast that they produced some distinguished sons, among whom was Giraldus Cambrensis, the celebrated historian. Sir Nicholas Carew, the first actual owner of Beddington who bore that name, was a man of note in the reign of the third Edward, under whom he served as a Knight of the Shire and Keeper of the Privy Seal, and of whose will he became executor. The manor of Beddington remained vested in the hands of the Carews till the reign of Henry VIII., when its holder, another Sir Nicholas, the "Lieutenant of Calais, Master of the Horse, and a Knight of the Garter," having incurred the displeasure of that arbitrary monarch, was attainted and executed on Tower Hill, his broad lands being seized by the King, who took up his residence at Beddington, and



BEDDINGTON PARK.

held a Council there. He even went a step further, and granted the manor to the proud D'Arcyes of Chiche, to whom Sir Francis Carew was glad to pay a round sum of money, in order "to make assurance doubly sure," upon obtaining restitution of Beddington from Queen Mary, in whose service he had risen to favour and influence. It was this Sir Francis who rebuilt the mansion of Beddington Park, the great hall of which now alone remains standing, according to Mr. Smee, who adds that the great door of its hall has a curious and ancient lock, very richly wrought, the key-hole of which is concealed by a shield bearing the arms of England in the Tudor times. Queen Elizabeth honoured Sir Francis with her presence at Beddington in August, 1599, when she spent three days at his mansion and held her Court; and again in the August of the following year.

The following quaint account, which Mr. Smee quotes from Sir Hugh Platt's "Garden of Eden," is strictly in keeping with the plan of his book, and it serves, moreover, to show what pains were taken to keep back cherries, the favourite fruit of Queen Elizabeth, for the table of that Queen:—

Here I will conclude with a conceit of that delicate knight, Sir Francis Carew:

who, for the better accomplishment of his royal entertainment of our late Queen of happy memory at his house at Beddington, led Her Majesty to a cherry-tree, whose fruit he had of purpose kept back from ripening at the least one month after all other cherries had taken their farewell of England. This secret he performed by straining a tent or cover of canvas over the whole tree, and wetting the same



VIEW FROM THE SOUTH BANK ACROSS THE LAKE.

now and then with a scoop or horn, as the heat of the weather required ; and so, by withholding the sun-beams from reflecting upon the berries, they both grew great, and were very long before they had gotten their cherry colour ; and, when he was assured of Her Majesty's coming, he removed the tent, when a few sunny days brought them to their full maturity.

It is almost needless to add that this Sir Francis appears to have been not only a clever and cunning courtier, but also an excellent horticulturist, and to have forestalled at Beddington much of the work which Mr. Smee has carried out two centuries later in his garden at Wallington; and it is interesting to be reminded by our author that it was he to whom we owe the first introduction into this country and cultivation of orange-trees, which are supposed to have been brought to England at his suggestion by Sir Walter Raleigh, who was married to the niece of the Beddington squire. If this really so, we ought all to feel very grateful to Sir Francis Carew, and none of us more so than the orange merchants of Covent-garden, large and small.

To show that Mr. Smee is not speaking at random when he praises the horticultural skill of Sir Francis Carew, let us here put on



BEDDINGTON CHURCH.

record the following account of the orangery at Beddington, taken by him from the twelfth volume of his "Archæologia."

Beddington Gardens, at present (1796) in the hands of the Duke of Norfolk, but belonging to the family of Carew, has in it the best orangery in England. The orange and lemon-trees there grow in the ground, and have done so for nearly a hundred years, as the gardener, an aged man, said that he believed. There are a great number of them, the house wherein they are being above two hundred feet long; they are most of them thirteen feet high, and very full of fruit, the gardener not having taken off them so many flowers this year (1796) as usually do others. He said that he gathered off them at least ten thousand oranges this last year. The heir of the family being now but about five years of age, the trustees take care of the orangery, and this year they built a new house over them. There are some myrtles growing among them, but they look not well for want of trimming. The rest of the garden is all out of order, the orangery being the gardener's chief care, but it is capable of being made one of the best gardens in England, the soil being very agreeable, and a clear silver stream running through it.

Mr. Smee, we think, might fairly claim even greater credit for his work at Wallington, for there he had to contend with a soil which at first was anything but "very agreeable," so that his results, great and

have been accomplished in the face of difficulties with which the gardens of Beddington never had to contend.  
the remaining history of the Carew family and of their mansion



BEDDINGTON CHURCH, FROM MR. SMEE'S GARDEN.

Beddington, we are largely indebted to Mr. Smee's researches. He tells us that Sir Francis, that "grand old gardener" and courtier in 1611, died a bachelor in May, 1611, at the venerable age of eighty-one, and left his estates to his nephew, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who

took the name and arms of Carew on inheriting Beddington. It was in the time of this Sir Nicholas that Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded, and it was to him that Sir Walter's widow, his sister, addressed a request to the effect that he might be buried in Beddington Church. It does not appear from history, nor does Mr. Smee inform us, whether this request was refused or subsequently withdrawn by Sir Walter's widow; but, at all events, Sir Walter Raleigh was buried in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, while his head, after being cut off by the axe of the executioner, was sent to his son at West Horseley, in Surrey, where it was interred. The letter itself, as given by Mr. Smee, is well worth preserving, and accordingly we reproduce it here:—

To my best B[rother], Sirr Nicholes Carew, at Beddington.—I desair, good brother, that you will be pleased to let me berri the worthi boddi of my nobell hosbar, Sirr Walter Ralegh, in your chorche at Beddington—wher I desair to be berred. The lordes have given me his ded boddi, though they denyed me his life. This nit hee shall be brought you with two or three of my men. Let me her (hear) presently. E. R. God holde me in my wites.

The lands at Beddington remained in the hands of the Carews till the year 1791, when Sir Nicholas H. Carew, Bart. (whose father had been raised to that title in 1715) left them to his only daughter for life, and then, at her death, to the eldest son of Dr. John Fountain, Dean of York; and if he had no son (which in the event proved to be the case), then he entailed them, by his will, on the eldest son of Richard Gee, Esq., of Orpington, in Kent, who took the name and arms of Carew by Royal license, his grandmother having been born a Carew. On his dying a bachelor in 1816, he bequeathed Beddington to the widow of his brother William, Mrs. Anne Paston Gee, and she again, at her death, in 1828, devised the estate to Admiral Sir Benjamin Hallowell, who thereon took the name of Carew. His son, Captain Carew, some twenty years ago, sold the estate, with its mansion, orangeries, park, and deer. The rest of the story may be briefly told. The proud Hall of Beddington, where Queen Elizabeth and her Court were once entertained, is now a public institution; and the old stock of the Carews, in spite of having been bolstered up by entails and adoptions of the name by descendants in the female line, passed away last year, when the last bearer of the name died, homeless and landless, in one of the lesser streets of London. Such are, indeed, the "vicissitudes of families."

We must leave Mr. Smee to tell our readers the history of Beddington parish church, its tower, nave, and aisles, its mortuary chapel, its brasses and other monuments, and its recent restoration under the

present rector. It contains, we will only state here, many monuments of the Carews, which will serve to keep alive the memory of that antique family when the present generation shall have passed away. The cut representing a distant view of Beddington Church as seen across the park from Mr. Smee's garden is kindly lent to us by the author.

The neighbourhood of Beddington and Wallington is very richly timbered, though many fine trees have been cruelly and needlessly cut down. One tree of historic interest, for two centuries known among the villagers as Queen Elizabeth's Oak, and which bore some resemblance to Herne's Oak in Windsor Park, as Mr. Smee tells us, was "ruthlessly removed a few years since to make way for an ugly new watercourse, and carried to a timber yard in Croydon." It is not difficult to imagine its fate. But its memory ought to be preserved; and we reproduce an interesting outline of it.



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S OAK.

It only remains to add that Mr. Smee's handsome and agreeable volume is adorned with several hundreds of exquisite wood engravings, large and small, illustrative of the subjects of which he treats—subjects nearly as many and manifold as were discoursed of by the Jewish King of old, who spake of all trees, "from the cedar to the hyssop on the wall." These illustrations, several specimens of which we have been allowed to transfer to our own pages, range over every possible subject in any way connected with a garden, even down to the minutest of shells, aphides, and fungi, and, shall we say the tiny friends or enemies of the horticulturist?—birds and worms.

For much of the contents and of the ornamentation of his volume, Mr Smee, we observe, is indebted to the skill and industry of his accomplished daughter ; and the majority of the botanical drawings have been made and engraved by Mr. Worthington Smith, the fungologist while the geological map of the district in which the author's modern Eden stands, has been supplied from the Ordnance Survey Office by Sir Henry James.

E. WALFORD, M.A.



## PLANTAGENET'S WELL;

A TRUE STORY OF THE DAYS OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

BY LADY C. HOWARD.

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Around the hall were martial shields,  
Which baron bold and knights of yore  
Had borne in murderous battle-fields—  
Where prince and peasant fell before  
The well-aimed blow and hurtled spear.

M. S.

The green trees whispered low and wild—  
It was a sound of joy!  
They were my playmates when a child,  
And rocked me in their arms so wild!  
And still they looked at me and smiled  
As if I were a boy.

*Prelude*—LONGFELLOW.

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**I**T was the close of a day in early summer. The last rays of the setting sun made the forest trees shine like burnished gold, reflecting them in the depths of still, calm pools, which here and there diversified the scene. Groups of sheep and herds of deer were browsing on the short velvet grass, making, with the sweet notes of forest birds and the ever busy hum of insects, a perfect picture of happy, peaceful English life.

Two people were walking through the sunny forest glades: judging from his dress, one was a priest, the other a boy of some fourteen summers.

The priest was a man of about fifty-five, tall, and rather inclined to *embonpoint*. He had earnest grey eyes, hair of snowy whiteness, a Roman nose, rather a weak expression about his mouth, and a broad, intellectual forehead.

A more benevolent looking man was perhaps never seen, and his



character was fully carried out by his deeds. He was a good, kind friend to the poor; none who sought his aid ever went away with their griefs unlightened, if it was in his power to assuage them, and if it was not, his poorer neighbours took the will for the deed, and returned home comforted. Every one, and with reason, blessed the good Padre, or Father John, as the people usually called him. Casual observers might have taken him for the father of the fine boy, whose hand was so confidently placed in his. He was, however, only his sincere friend, guardian, and preceptor. The boy himself was in appearance slight and tall. He had a frank, open countenance, deep blue eyes which looked at you fearlessly, a very straight nose, a complexion sunburnt from exposure to all weathers, and a mouth and chin whose expression showed an amount of firmness and perseverance rarely seen in one so young. Very small feet, and white, strong hands, gave evidence of gentle, perhaps noble birth. As the two sauntered along, they were engaged in a conversation which seemed deeply interesting to both master and pupil, and well it might be, as the subject under their notice was none other than Homer.

As they discussed the glorious poetry of the grand old bard, and Father John told his young pupil of the brave deeds of the warriors there described, the boy's eyes sparkled and his cheeks flushed, and, clasping his hands, he eagerly exclaimed, "Oh! that I may live to be a man, then will I be a soldier, and by God's grace will strive to imitate these glorious deeds."

"Yes, Richard," said the kind priest, smiling at his companion's boyish enthusiasm, "so you shall; and meantime, by much study during these precious years of your boyhood, and many deeds of charity, making your poorer neighbours' woes your own, you will earn a crown of immortal glory, better, far better, than all the perishable ones of this world."

In conversations such as this did the good Father strive to sow in his young charge's mind the seeds of good deeds, of acts which should make his name blessed in many an humble abode, looked to and revered even as his own was, and the boy gave promise of repaying his guardian for all his trouble and unceasing care. So conversing, the two came to a large rambling old house, situated in the heart of the forest. It consisted of two wings—one entirely covered with ivy, which clung to its grey, time-stained walls, twining itself in and out of the quaint casements, making the home of many a sparrow and starling, which, in return for the shelter afforded them, sang a never ending hymn of joy.

praise. In the lovers' "Language of Flowers," ivy means "True Friendship." Its powers of constancy are beautifully described in the following lines of Bernard Barton, addressed to Mrs. Hemans :—

It changes not as seasons flow  
 In changeful, silent course along,  
 Spring finds it verdant, leaves it so,  
 It outlives Summer's song;  
 Autumn no wan nor russet stain  
 Upon its fadeless glory flings,  
 And Winter o'er it sweeps in vain  
 With tempest on his wings.

The other side of the house was built of grey stone, and ended with a square-built tower, where, at certain hours, the curfew rang, bidding all to put out their fires and lights. A characteristic old porch, with a door curiously studded with steel nails, opened into a moderate-sized hall, strewn with rushes, and with a fire of huge logs of wood shedding a warm glow over everything.

High backed chairs, the legs of carved wood, and the seats of crimson leather, were placed round the hall, in the centre of which stood an immense oaken table. Trophies of the chase adorned the walls, stags' heads, with noble antlers; spears, and banners, and other implements of use and war were scattered about.

It was the 10th day of June, in the year of grace 1481. Here, in this lonely forest retreat, Richard had spent all his life, as far as he could remember, with no companion but Father John, ignorant whose son he was, or even if his parents were living. Richard was the only name by which he knew himself.

His leisure hours were spent in the forest in summer, and in reading—curled up in the deep seats of the windows in the old hall, when the weather was too severe for him to go out. It was a happy life, free from care and sorrow.

His little room opened into Father John's, and his in turn into the hall. None of the numerous other rooms in the house were ever used, except the kitchen and a tiny room where the one servant of the establishment, old Allan, slept and grumbled. He was a quaint old man, in keeping with the house and furniture. He had a hooked nose, like a parrot's, small black eyes, set very near together, which made him look as if he could read every thought in your mind, and grey hair, which hung in locks down his back from under a velvet cap. He was very active, in spite of his seventy years, and really willing, but he had a tongue like the clapper of a bell.

*Such were Richard's companions and life at the age of fourteen.*

Money was supplied to the house from time to time by a stranger who paid them short visits. The days passed on swiftly and quietly until the October following the day when this tale begins. It was early in the month, but the trees were changing fast; every day seemed to deepen and alter the beauty of their tints. The leaves as they fell lay rotting in heaps, making a melancholy picture. One day the stranger came and took Richard away with him. After going through many miles of country, and stopping frequently to rest, they came at last to a very large city with hundreds of houses, thousands of men, women, and children thronging the streets, and where the noise and tumult seemed to bewilder Richard. Presently they stopped at a large house, like a palace, and the stranger led the boy into a lofty hall, where state and splendour seemed to reign. Passing through the hall, they came to a range of rooms, each more magnificent than the last, with sculptured arches, painted roofs, matchless tapestry adorning the walls, the floor carpeted with rushes, in marked contrast to the splendour of the rest of the place. At last Richard's guide left him, and he remained alone in a state of suspense and fear, although he did not know of what he was afraid.

Presently, to his astonishment, a man of noble mien appeared; his commanding form and stately bearing awed Richard, as he advanced towards him, fixing his penetrating eyes upon his face. His vest was studded with thick ribs of gold, a purple velvet robe hung in folds around him, royal jewels glittered on his breast, with the Order of the Garter prominent among them, and on his head a crimson velvet cap, richly bordered with ermine, and with a white feather, kept in its place by a brooch of diamonds. Richard tried to bend his knee to him, but his limbs refused their office; so he stood there, quiet and still, but with a sort of doubtful joy in his heart. Seeing Richard's fear, the great man strove to mitigate the harshness of his brow, and with kind speeches cheered his aching heart. He questioned Richard closely on his manner of life, what his occupations and amusements were, and stroked his sunny curls.

Yet while he talked he seemed to be always keeping something back; his looks implied much more than his speeches said. Then he gave Richard an embroidered purse, heavily filled with gold, and kindly pressed his hand. For some time did they stand thus, the man of noble mien looking deeply into Richard's face, his bosom swelling with emotion, as though he wished to speak; but suddenly *he started, frowned, and abruptly left the room.*

Richard's guide returned, and found him dazed and startled by the interview. They got on their horses again, and began their homeward journey.

Richard's guide seemed a mild, kind man, so he thought he would unburden his mind, and ask him a few questions.

"Oh, sir," said Richard, "tell me, I pray you, why you show such care for me, why you employ your time in my behalf. And tell me who is that man of pride and dignity who deigns to notice a stranger boy."

Richard's question confused his guide, but he did not seem displeased; but he told him nothing, though he seemed to know much; he said:

"Youth, you owe me no obligation; I only do my duty; you have no kindred blood with mine; but, hard to say, your birth must to you still remain a secret. Ask no more."

Thus he reprov'd Richard, doing it, however, as if he pitied him; so Richard bowed to his mild rebuke, and promised obedience.

Arrived at the old hall, he consigned Richard to his faithful guardian's care, and, blessing him by the Holy Cross, departed.

After he was gone Richard's heart waxed sad; he felt as if he had sustained some heavy loss; but in the company of Father John all tumultuous thoughts gave way, his looks and words alike softened sorrow. Unruly care was far distant from him. Grief's wildest ravings ceased in his presence, and in his blameless life well did he prove "That the House of Goodness is the House of Peace."

Here for some months Richard's life flowed on evenly, quietly, with nothing to mark the days. By degrees he began to feel that perhaps it was well for him that he was ignorant of the secret of his birth, and to see that he had better not try to find out that which fate appeared to wish concealed.

But soon things were altered; his visionary hopes passed away, leaving a future dark and drear. As in March the sunshine seems to give promise of a fine day, but, with that treachery which belongs to the time, as the day wears on the sun disappears, leaving everything damp and gloomy—this was the case with Richard's life.

One day his guide arrived not as of late, quiet and calm, but he seemed possessed with a wild impatience; care and thought were written in his face.

"Rise, youth," said he to Richard, "and mount this steed."

Richard did as he was told, and bidding farewell to Father John, mounted the horse which was standing, richly caparisoned,

at the door. They rode on in silence at the utmost speed, and, only remaining a few moments for rest and food, kept on until their panting coursers brought them to Bosworth, in Leicestershire.

Here they stopped, but did not dismount. Richard gazed around him with astonishment, and his heart began to beat fast. Far as the eye could see stretched a wilderness of tents, with banners floating in the air, prancing steeds all around, and archers trimly dressed. The sun was just setting in a cloud of burnished gold, tipping the points of the spears everywhere to be seen until they shone like fire. The hum of many voices resounded on the evening air, and sounds of music from time to time came floating down the breeze.

Twilight crept on swiftly; the chieftains were all in their tents, and sentinels were posted around. Richard and his guide moved on towards the tents with wary pace, and dismounting, befriended by the stars, which shone with a bright light, they walked quickly on, answering the challenge of the sentinels, until they came on a martial form who barred their further progress.

He seemed to be listening, his face muffled in his cloak. Suddenly throwing it back, he snatched Richard's hand, and, leading him with swift steps, never slackened his pace until he came to a splendid tent. The pavilion was hung with glowing crimson, the shade deepened by the light of many tapers. A royal couch was in the centre, and beside it lay a polished suit of armour, bright and ready for its owner's use.

The crown was there glittering in the light with many splendid gems gracing it, and close by, as though to guard its safety and dignity, lay a weighty "curtelax" unsheathed. The chief took off his cap, and drew Richard to him. Wrapt in gloom, his face appeared like a clouded sky ere the tempest bursts. Revenge, impatience—all that maddens the soul—despair and frenzy, were revealed in his face, and his eyes shone like burning coals.

Richard felt that there was a likeness between this martial form and the man of noble mien whom he had seen the last time his guide had fetched him. Richard's companion tried to control his emotion; he seemed to be fighting with himself—holding himself proudly. Richard stood, pale and trembling, like an attentive priest who awaits the revelations of the mystic oak. At length his companion spoke.

"No longer wonder, O youth," said he, "why you are brought here; the secret of your birth shall now be revealed. Know that *you are Imperial Richard's son!* I who hold you in these arms am

thy father, and as soon as my power has quenched these alarms you shall be known, be honoured, and be great ! To-morrow, boy, I combat for my crown. Presumptuous Richmond seeks to win renown, and on my ruin raise his upstart name. He leads a renegade band, strangers to war, and against the chieftains of the land means to try his strength. But as even kings cannot command the chance of war, to-morrow's sun will behold me conqueror or will see me among the dead ; for Richard will never grace the victor's car, but glorious win the day, or glorious die ! But you, my son, hear me, and obey my word. Do not seek to mingle in the coming fray ; but, far from winged shaft and gleaming sword, wait in patience the decision of the fight. North of the camp there is a rising mound ; your guide is ready to take you there. From there you can see every chance and movement of the battle. If righteous fate give me the conquest, then shall your noble birth be known to all. Then you may boldly come to the centre of the field, and amidst my chieftains I will own my son. But if I am robbed of empire and renown, then you may be sure your father's eyes will be closed in eternal night, for life without victory were dishonour and disgrace. Should proud Richmond gain the day, which Heaven forbend, then no means will be left you but instant, speedy flight ; you must veil your head and seek concealment. For on ! Richard's friends, far more than on his son, Richard's foes will wreak their vengeance, rage, and fear, even when Richard himself shall be no more. So, go, my son ; one more embrace, and Heaven keep you ; some short reflections claim this awful night before a glimmering in the east heralds the approach of day, when my knights attend to arm me for the fight."

Once more Richard knelt, and his father blessed him ; then, struggling to check a rising tear, he led him forth overwhelmed with grief.

This was on Sunday evening, August the 21st, in the year of grace 1485. The morning of Monday, the 22nd, rose dark and gloomy, a fitting emblem of what was to follow. The two armies were so near each other that during the night many deserted Richard and joined Richmond's army. When the day broke the forces were drawn up in line of battle. The fray began, but no vigour was displayed in the Royal army until Lord Stanley suddenly turned and attacked it in flank ; then Richard saw that all was lost, and exclaiming, "Treason ! Treason ! Treason !" rushed into the midst of the enemy, and made his way to the Earl of Richmond, hewing down all before him.

The King's valour was astonishingly great. The Earl of Richmond

rather shrank back at the sight of such a desperate antagonist, but his attendants gathered round him, and at last Richard, who fought like a wild beast, with the energy and courage of despair, overpowered by sheer force of numbers, fell covered with wounds. His helmet was so beaten in by blows that its form was quite destroyed. He fell near a brook which runs through Bosworth Field, the water of which long remained stained with blood.

Thus died Richard the Third.

The battle only lasted two hours. Young Richard witnessed his father's sad fate from the mound, and a great desire came over him for one last look at his parent. But remembering his father's wishes with respect to him in the event of the battle going in Richmond's favour, with a deep sigh, and feeling stunned and bewildered with the revelations of the night before and the sad events of the day, he turned away, and with one last look at the place where his father lay, departed. After a long, weary journey he found himself in the heart of the forest, at the door of the old house, where all his happy childhood had been spent, and as the thought came into his mind that good Father John still remained to him, he felt almost comforted. But Richard was doomed to disappointment.

Going into the old hall, he saw Father John, as he thought, asleep in his chair, but going up to him found, to his intense sorrow, that the good old man had passed away to that God whose precepts he had so well inculcated in the mind of his young pupil, whose commandments he had so religiously kept, whose word he had so loved to obey.

Richard's grief was very deep at being deprived in a few short hours of his father, whom he had only found to lose for ever, and of the kind old man who had been a father to him in every sense of the word. After paying, in company with old Allan, the last sad respects to his loved preceptor, Richard quitted the old house in the forest for ever, with a sincere prayer that the God of the fatherless would lead him to some safe retreat, where daily toil might give him bread and teach him true peace.

For days he wandered on, until at last one evening he came to Eastwell Park, in Kent. Its owner was Sir Thomas Moyle, a benevolent man, to whom he applied for employment, which was given him, and as chief bricklayer he lived for many years in Sir Thomas's service.

In 1546 Sir Thomas gave him a piece of ground, with permission to build himself a house thereon. This he accordingly did. One day Sir Thomas came upon him, sitting by the side of a well,

reading; he took the book from him, and was surprised to see it was written in Latin, and that "Richard Plantagenet" was inscribed on the fly leaf.

Sir Thomas said, "I see my suspicions were well founded. All my doubts are now removed. You ought to hold a far higher position than that which you now occupy; you ought not to be clothed in this poor manner, and occupy a dependent's place. Drudgery and toil were not your position; need only could have brought you to this, not your birth or blood. I see I am right. I read the answer in your blushing cheek, in your downcast eye; you need not have resort to speech. Often have I seen you when you thought yourself alone, when the evening bell summoned the workmen from their tasks. You avoided your unlearned comrades, and with slow step and musing eye betook yourself to some quiet favourite nook. Your attention seemed to rove; you appeared lost to all outward sounds; and if any one came by, instantly your book was hidden, for fear some one should descry the subject of your meditations. Often have I thought Greek and Roman page were no sealed letters to you. Much have I wished to know your history, but now no longer keep your story in painful secrecy, but tell with simple truth, not to your master, but to your friend, the story of your youth; for you are getting on in life; it is time your labours ceased; here you shall find rest and a quiet home, with every comfort in my power to give to endear it to you. Have you a wish, a hope, a higher bliss in my power to bestow? Is there in your breast any aching void? Tell me all your longings, so that I may supply them. In return, all I ask is your history—confide that to me."

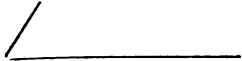
So spoke Sir Thomas Moyle; and at his sympathetic words Richard raised his drooping head, and, with a grateful glance at his benefactor, began his sad tale. Sir Thomas listened with deep attention, and at the close, shaking the old man's hand kindly, he left him to repose.

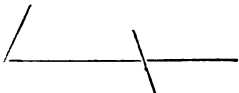
In his comfortable house Richard Plantagenet lived some years after this discovery, dying at the ripe old age of eighty-one, in the fourth year of Edward the Sixth's reign, and he was buried in the parish church of Eastwell, in Kent, the seat of the present Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham, on the 22nd of December, 1550.

The record of his burial is still to be found in the old register of Eastwell Church, as follows:—

"Richard Plantagenet buried the 22nd daye of December, 1550."



To the transcript of the register is subjoined—"It is observed that in the old register there is prefixed to the name of every of noble blood such a mark as this 

At the name of Richard Plantagenet there is the same mark is the first that is so distinguished), only with this difference, there is a line running across it thus 

Richard Plantagenet's tomb, in the wall of Eastwell Church exists, but it appears to be of a much later date. There is remaining in existence in Eastwell Park the ruin of a dwelling said to have been his house, and a dried-up well near it, which to this day is called "Plantagenet's Well." There Sir Thomas Moyle found and heard his strange eventful history.



## THE CONNAUGHT MAN.

**H**'M de rale ould Connaught man,  
De son av de Shan Van Vocht,  
Born wid a screech av laughter  
On de top of a travellin' show  
In de year Anni Domino.

Dey rared me wid proper pride  
On de milk av a piebald mule ;  
Till de Shan, says she (alludin' to me),  
"Let's be sendin' dat child to school,  
Or he'll die an ign'rant fool."

So I wint, and in six months' time,  
Wid de help av a quarry av slate,  
And a flock av hins for making pins,  
Ivery scholar at all I'd bate  
In classical knowledge complate.

"Now it's time ye should choose yer profession,"  
*Wan* mornin' remarked de Shan ;  
"So I'll have ye put in de mounted fut  
On board a Wesht-Indian man—  
It's de only sinsible plan."

Den a rovin' life I lid,  
Crusadin' de ocean blue  
Wid Caizar and Hannibal and dat long-legged cannibal—  
De comical Chinese Jew,  
And de rist av our gallant crew.

But I'll only attimpt for to tell  
Av our grandest advinture av all,  
Whin we chanced to meet wid de Channel Flect  
On de top av de Chinese wall,  
In de middle av a murtherin' squall.

Siven bells were piped by de watch  
As we luffed on de larboard tack,  
Whin de Chinese Jew through his telescope cried,  
"Dey're flyin' de Union Jack,  
Brace ivery binnacle back."

“ Now clare de decks,” says he,  
 “ For I’m goin’ to take command ;  
 For I know by heart ivery mortal part  
 Av my native say and land,  
 And de sky on ayther hand—

“ We’ve tin rigimints av horse  
 Chewin’ de cud below,  
 And a park of artillery bould  
 Away up aloft, I know,  
 Impatient to spake to de foe.

“ You, Hannibal, take to de wather  
 Wid a big battalion av horse !  
 And let Julius Caizar climb de shrouds  
 To command de artillery force.  
 I’ll remain in my cabin av coorse ;

“ For I hear it beginnin’ to tunder,  
 And de lightnin’ ’ll soon commence,  
 And de rain in me eyes it vaaries in size  
 From a shillin’ to eighteen pince,  
 Divle de laste pritince.”

So into de wather, intint upon slaughther,  
 Bould Hannibal led de Huzzars,  
 And Julius Caizar saluted de foe  
 Wid sizeable shrapnel bars,  
 From his post on de mizin spars :

Till de mist clared slowly off ;  
 And what do ye tink we found ?  
 Why sure dat de say had run away  
 And lift us upon dthry ground,  
 Wid de inimy scathered around.

And a finer sight nor dat—  
 For, strokin’ his charger’s neck,  
 And wavin’ his hat, bould Hannibal sat  
 On deir Lord High Admiral’s deck,  
 And dat same a beautiful wreck.

And whin we politely axed  
That Lord High Admiral if he  
Would lay his fleet at the conquerin' feet  
Of our good ship "Anna Liffey,"  
He did it, bedad, in a jiffey.

But wan tires in coorse av time  
Av such scenes av sorraful strife ;  
So wid lashins av pinsion and hon'rable mintion  
I widdrew into private life,  
A Caylebs in search av a wife.

So all you rich young maids,  
And widdies wid iligant farms,  
Since I've freely tould what a haro bould  
I'm proved by my deeds av arms,  
Listen now to my paicable charms !

First I wakes meself up in de mornin'  
Wid a cannon I brought from de East  
Den I kills half a cow for my break'ast,  
Before milkin' de rest of de baste,  
Lest de crayther should go to waste.

Next I washes de nourishment down  
Wid spring wather mixed wid potheen,  
Thin I sits my cabin on fire,  
To ridden me ould dudheen,  
But no matther—de thatch is green.

And dere isn't a weddin' at all,  
A funeral or a fair,  
Or any sort of fun and sport,  
But me and de shtick is dere,  
Impatient to have our share.

So all you heiresses dear,  
For I've thought of de purtiest plan,  
Come in sixes and sivens, and tins and ilivens  
To your darlin' ould Connaught man,  
And he'll marry yez all if he can.

## ON HORSEBACK.

BY A LADY.

**R**IDING! What pages, nay, what volumes, have been written on the subject of that most delightful and invigorating of all modes of exercise, and with what result? One would suppose from the theories propounded, and from the number of persons of both sexes who have been induced, simply by reading articles treating of the horse and his rider, to try their skill in the noble art of horsemanship, that there was nothing left that could be said, and no further advice that could be offered, either to those who wish to learn, or to others who have already "graduated." But it is one thing to read, and quite another to understand and profit by what is read—to mark, learn, and inwardly digest the thoughts and meaning of the writer as conveyed by his words; and this more especially applies to all that has ever been written in regard to riding.

Practical experience has proved to me the difficulty of making pupils comprehend, in the spirit, simple instructions, even when they profess to understand the meaning of any technical expression made use of; and unless you can succeed in that respect the chances are very much against any satisfactory result being gained by the lessons given.

My remarks are intended to apply almost exclusively to the female sex, and I venture to assert that there is no more charming sight than a graceful woman sitting her horse with ease and confidence; but a really good horsewoman, in the fullest acceptance of the term, is rare to find. I make this assertion with all due deference to the numbers who ride, and who ride well in the eyes of the multitude who are not over critical; but there is not one woman in fifty who knows what she is about; and it is not always the riders' own fault that they are so ignorant, it is chiefly the consequence of bad teaching. No man, and still less a woman, can expect to ride well unless he begins very young, and a girl has less chance than a boy of learning to ride properly, unless she has a mother, or other female relative, who, being herself a good rider, is also capable of imparting her own knowledge to her youthful pupil. The custom prevalent in many families, of the daughters being allowed to take  
ons in riding either in a fashionable riding-school in London, or

at some watering place, is, in many respects, most objectionable, and, to say the least of it, is a waste of time and money, for a woman cannot learn to ride well by such means. A man who has good hands himself may teach a woman how to handle reins, and to humour her horse's mouth; but it is quite impossible for him to teach her how to sit in her saddle, from the simple fact that he cannot do it himself. A man is as much at sea in a side-saddle as a landsman would be if he were sent up to the mast-head without having learned in early youth how "to hold on by his eyelids!"

I am continually told that a side-saddle must hurt a horse's back unless the animal has long been accustomed to carry a lady; but there is no greater mistake than to suppose that to be a necessary consequence. If the saddle fits the horse, and the rider sits straight, there will be no more mark on the horse's back than from a man's saddle; but I candidly confess that these two points are not very easy to attain—firstly, because one seldom finds more than one side-saddle, or at most two, in ordinary saddle-rooms, and they do not fit horses so easily as a man's saddle, and the second point can only be acquired by practice. The saddle must not only fit the horse properly, but it ought to suit the rider equally well; and this latter and most important point is in most cases completely ignored. I hold that for the rider to be comfortably seated goes a long way towards preventing the saddle from injuring the horse's back. When a saddler makes a side-saddle to order, he invariably wishes the lady to see it in progress at his shop, and to sit on it for him to judge of the position of the pommels; but in default of personal measurement, in sending a written order the lady should be very particular to describe her height, and whether she possesses long or short legs, for to be correct in this last respect is of great importance, as far as comfort in the saddle goes. If the rider has short legs, and is put into a long saddle, her right leg will not have a proper grasp of the centre pommel, and she will thereby feel less secure in her seat, besides being uncomfortable; and the same argument applies to long legs in a short saddle with even greater force. It is also most necessary that the third pommel should come exactly in the right place, for if it is placed too low it will press on the rider's leg, and it ought not to be felt unless it is wanted. Many persons advocate extra straps on a side-saddle—called balance straps!—with a view to keeping it straight; but this is a most absurd and erroneous idea, for if the rider does not sit straight, or the saddle does not fit the horse, all the straps that ever came out of a saddler's shop will not keep the saddle in its place, and, for my own part, I even

object to the usual outside strap attached to side-saddles; it is simply useless lumber.

Having procured a suitable saddle, the next step is to learn to sit on it, and without experience this is not so simple as it looks. Nothing but constant practice will give either a good or a secure seat; balance is the great point, and, this gained, security will be the result. Many a woman will have a pretty and graceful seat on horseback, but it does not follow that it is a good one, and a good and secure seat may not always be a graceful one. When the horse is going only at a foot pace the rider may appear to sit straight and well, but put him into a trot and then let us watch—the lady is now all on one side, leaning well in her stirrup, so as to rise to the action of the horse, leaving a great space of saddle on the off side; this is not as it should be. It is quite possible for a woman to sit as straight in trotting as at a slower pace, and she should not attempt to rise solely from the stirrup, for by so doing she brings the saddle out of its place, and a sore back is probably the consequence. She ought to rise from her right knee, pressing it down between the pommels, and then there will be no fear of the saddle moving. If the rider cannot accomplish this at first, she should practise a few times without a stirrup, and she will then realise the merit of the plan suggested, both in keeping the saddle straight and securing her own balance.

In these days of extra pommels a stirrup is not necessary to a lady in the same degree that stirrups are to a man, and if it were dispensed with in a beginner, till her balance in the saddle is certain, we should not see ladies "working" in their saddles, for they would then have no lever to enable them to wriggle about, and it is this same wriggling that gives so many sore backs, which a quiet, firm seat never does.

To revert to a previous remark on the rarity of good horsewomen, I again repeat it, but I use the term as distinguished from "plucky" or hard riders. Women who combine these qualities, and who ride well to hounds, are generally mounted on good hunters who know their business, and their riders being ignorant of their danger they get the credit of being good riders, though it does not follow that they are good horsewomen; but if one of the number can add the latter accomplishment to the list she gains a hundred per cent. of pleasure more than her sister equestrians.

One often hears men say that such a horse in their stable pulls so hard that there is little pleasure in riding him, although he is perfect in every other respect, and yet that he is as quiet as a lamb with a lady, because all women have light hands. This is so far true that a woman's hand must be lighter than a man's, for the reason that there

is less weight of muscle ; and when a horse with a fretful mouth has been continually pulled at by the heavy hand of a man, or ridden much at exercise by grooms, who do more to ruin horses' mouths than any one, and then feels the lighter one of a woman, he naturally goes more pleasantly, and ceases to pull because he is not pulled at. I do not deny that there are men with hands as light and delicate in the handling of a horse's mouth as those of any woman, and if the generality of men were to hold on less by their horse's mouth they would not find so many hard pullers to complain of. Not but what it is an advantage to a powerful horse, that has to carry sixteen stone or more, if he can carry some of the weight in his mouth—that is to say, be allowed to lean a little on his bit. A woman's hands ought to be by nature light, but many are hard and without any elasticity of wrist or finger, and these require special training to acquire the art of using the reins lightly. It is very surprising to see how many riders there are of both sexes who, when they have once got hold of the reins, are afraid of letting them go again, and this is one cause of "deadness" of hand ; and another consequence is that if the horse ducks his head or alters the position in any way the rider's body goes with the reins instead of holding them with ease, so as to allow of the arm only following the vagaries of the horse's head.

Few people agree with respect to the bit most suitable for a lady's horse, but my own opinion is that a plain double bridle is the best, and of as light a kind as can be to suit his mouth. The Dimchurch curb, with its moveable mouthpiece, is the best I know among bits that can be light or sharp according to the height of the port. It is also insisted on by many persons that it is better for a lady to use only the curb and to allow the bridoon to hang loose, with the idea that the rider has more purchase, and that it will make the horse go more on his haunches ; but if the horse has not been properly trained to bring his hind legs well under him, or his make and shape are impediments, a sharp bit will not have the desired effect, and if the rider only uses the curb all chance of learning "hand" is gone. The rider ought to use both reins in quick paces, slackening or tightening each according to the pace she wishes to go and to the horse's eagerness at the moment and if she can only learn to do this, and never to keep a dead pull, and to understand the merit and advantage of thus playing with her horse's mouth, she will have advanced a great way towards becoming a good horsewoman.

Those who begin as children in the country have a great advantage over their sisters whom circumstances have prevented from ever getting on a horse until they have arrived at woman's estate. These



have a hard task before them, and their teachers a still harder one, particularly if they are self-sufficient damsels who, seeing others ride, think that it is only necessary to procure a habit and a horse to enable them to hold their own either in Rotten Row or even in the hunting field. I am not making this assertion without personal knowledge of several instances of this same self-sufficiency and the terrible accidents that have been the natural consequences. To attain perfection in the art of riding, a woman ought not only to have begun in early childhood, but she and her pony must understand each other thoroughly, so that when she is old enough to be trusted out riding alone, she can make her pony her companion and friend, be able to get on and off without assistance, in search of wild flowers, nuts, or any similar country pursuit. As her pony gives place to a horse, the latter will become equally her friend; and to go out with her horse for a "schooling" ride will be as natural a mode of taking air and exercise as a drive in the family carriage, or a prim constitutional walk with the governess or companion, would be to the more conventionally brought up young woman. We need hardly ask which is likely to prove the more cheerful and healthy of the two. An experienced horsewoman should always wear a spur when out alone or on a "schooling" expedition, as she will know when and how to use it, and a horse will always go better up to his bit when he knows his rider has a spur—but I do not by any means recommend a beginner to wear one, as she may use it unconsciously. These "schooling" rides which I suggest will have the effect of making a horse much more handy in the hunting field as well as for hack riding. And he will not mind being turned away from other horses, if he has been accustomed to jump in cold blood; he and his rider will also be more clever at opening gates. This may seem a superfluous remark, but experience has taught me how few men there are who know how to open a gate, and still fewer women; and however much hard riders may scorn gates, being *able* to open them is a very necessary accomplishment both for hack riding and hunting. Many men are unable to catch a gate when it is opened, much less to open it and fling it for those who follow. It has often happened to me in going from covert to covert, and even when hounds have been running, that a gentleman has kindly offered to open a gate for me, and on accepting his assistance I found him unable to do so and I have opened it for him instead.

The kind of "schooling" before mentioned not only improves the horse, but goes a long way towards perfecting his rider's hand, for the horse may not always be in the same temper, and he may require

more patience and humouring one day than he does another, but in a short time the greatest confidence will be established between the two, and the horse is such a noble animal that he will do far more for his friend than he will do for the mere master or mistress who only cares to ride him for the sake of exercise or the excitement of a gallop: and he repays one thoroughly for any trouble one takes in training him. The woman who has learned to ride in this exceptional manner will be much less dependent on others in the hunting field, whether she wishes to ride hard or only to follow the line by means of lanes and gaps, with an occasional fence, and we shall never hear complaints of her "being in the way," and that the "hunting field is no place for a woman," and other uncomplimentary remarks, which I must say have not surprised me when I see ladies galloping about, utterly ignorant as to why they gallop, annoying the whole field, and most of all their male friend, father, or brother as the case may be, whom they have persuaded to take them out for a day's hunting. If a lady is to go out hunting in any fashion let her be able to take care of herself, so that if her *chaperon*, to keep near the hounds, is obliged to take a stiffer line than she or her horse is equal to, she need not be a clog on him, but let her follow others who ride less hard without feeling it necessary to appeal to them for help or protection, and after a little experience she will discover many who, although no longer able to ride straight to hounds, being thorough sportsmen, are no mean pilots to pin her faith on. And to arrive at this feeling of independence and self-reliance a woman must have learned to ride in the country in the unconventional manner I have described. It may be argued that this training will make her "horsey;" but in that result as a necessary consequence I do not agree at all, for in most cases the more she really knows on the subject the more quiet she will be. The really "horsey" damsel in the "slang" meaning of the term is usually "slangy" in other respects, and on horseback she squares her elbows, holding her hands anywhere but as they ought to be held, frets her horse to death, thinking by such means to attract notice for her good horsemanship, and will engage in "horsey" talk, probably proving thereby how completely ignorant she is of the horse, his nature, and his ways. Let us see this showy lady at the covert side, and listen to her conversation, and then compare her with yonder quiet-looking woman, perfectly "got up," with her hair, whatever the prevailing fashion may be, neatly dressed close to her head, and the hat firmly set on. There is nothing to attract the attention of the general public; there is no squaring of the elbows or show about her, and she is quite content to exchange a few words with acquaintances

who happen to be near her, without talking too much, for fear of distracting her own or her neighbour's attention from the business of the day, and she listens as anxiously as any one for the first whimper from some steady old hound that proclaims the "quarry" to be on foot. Then my quiet friend goes off with her *chaperon* or groom, and whether she intends to ride hard or merely to follow the line, the chances are that she will not be far off at the finish, and that without having attracted any unpleasing remark, from the fact of her never being found in anybody's way; and at the end of the day many men will probably recall how they saw her take such and such fences, and will wonder how it happened that she was always to the fore but never obtrusive.

Her flashy rival was less fortunate. Ready to gallop directly the rest of the field started, away she went, without in the least knowing where she was going or why, and after being nearly squeezed in a gateway, or ridden over at a gap, her *chaperon* wisely guided her to a road, and she was no more seen.

These little sketches will illustrate the difference I wish to describe between the woman who thinks she can ride, and who causes men to inveigh against the presence of the fair sex in the hunting field, and she who says little on the subject, and who yet wins admiration for her good riding, and with whom no fault can be found. If all my fair friends would take example by this latter portrait, those whose ambition it is to ride hunting would be hailed as an attraction in the field by their male friends, instead of being looked upon as out of place, which I am afraid is often the case now.

It is bad enough to find a man who endeavours to follow hounds but cannot ride, and who does his best to prevent other people by crossing them at fences, only to perform a "voluntary;" but to come across a woman who continually "hangs fire" at obstructions is a thousand times worse. With regard to the horse upon which a woman ought to learn to ride a few words may be added. An old hunter or a charger is undoubtedly the best. My own inclination would lead me to advise the former, as a pupil is likely to learn more quickly on such an animal; but for a very timid person the charger might be preferable, for he has been so highly trained, and his spirit kept so completely within bounds, that it would be impossible for the most nervous of riders to feel any fear when mounted.

# MY FIRST DUCK.

BY "PATHFINDER."

**M**Y first duck! On second thoughts I rather doubt whether I am justified in prefixing the possessive pronoun "my" to that duck; still, since Mrs. Glass calls it "your" hare, while still recommending you to catch the same, perhaps I may be allowed the same literal licence. Let me say at once that nobody else claimed the bird—in fact, nobody else shot at it, and it fell dead almost at my feet; but, alas! it never quite came to hand. Circumstances over which I had no control prevented my adding that ill-fated bird to the "Birds of the British Isles" which (falling victims, as the first fruits of their species, to my youthful aim) have been immortalised by our local taxidermist.

What these circumstances were I must go on to relate. Time and tide are said to wait for no man, and one of these impartial forces had something to do with the fate of my hero.

It was in the autumn of —— (never mind how many years ago), that I received an invitation to spend the latter part of my holidays with a jolly old uncle in Cardiganshire. He owned a large estate of bog and hill, with an unprofitable suspicion of lead permeating the latter, while the former abutted for a mile or so on the estuary of the River Dovey. I was to bring my gun, as I was promised plenty of wild shooting, under the special guidance of a certain "character" known to me long before only by the *nom de chasse* of "The Little Tailor."

Need I say how eagerly I accepted my uncle's invitation, and prepared my very slender shooting "kit" for the campaign? I was a long, keen, gun-bitten school boy, painfully self-conscious of my stick-ups and incipient whisker, when the Shrewsbury and Aberystwith coach deposited me at the cross-road which led to my uncle's house. There he was, waiting for me, looking ruddy and jovial as ever, and with him a short, bandy-legged, blear-eyed man, dressed in seedy black velveteen, and connected with a hand barrow for my luggage, to whom I was shortly introduced as being "The Little Tailor," of whose sayings and doings I had heard so many racy anecdotes. By profession this queer little fellow was, as his nickname inferred, a tailor; I believe when things sporting were slack he crossed his legs and condescended to ameliorate the rags and tatters of the hamlet

where he resided ; but during some nine months in the year he hung about my uncle's back premises, providing by hook or by crook fish and fowl for "the master's" larder, always ready and eager at a moment's notice to take the field with his master or his guests, and lead them right up to whatever game there was to be shot at on the estate, or, for that matter, over the border either. Suffering as the unfortunate man did from an incurable mania for destroying and appropriating the wild denizens of the bog or hill—to wit, the game thereof—my uncle wisely determined that he should do so as his keeper, and, by an irregular wage and more regular interviews with the butler, he kept on good terms with him, though his patience was frequently tried to the utmost by the tailor's drinking propensities, which, when the fit came on him, sent him back after a three or four days' absence with the fishiest of eyes and a glowing nose that you could almost light your pipe at. His tobacco, like his liquors, he preferred neat—an inexhaustible quid bulged out his left cheek from morning to night. He spoke English in a fair but original style, occasionally introducing *sesquipedalia verba* picked up from the newspapers, which he understood as little as he was proud of them. He was full of anecdotes, and his tongue was seldom quiet, but he was always respectful and "know'd" his place. Such was my companion and *fidus Achates* for the next six weeks. And what a glorious time we had of it! Oh for the joys of a tramp over a rough wild beat, with its mixed bag, and no unpleasant suggestions as to your non-possession of a game-licence ; no would-be-sharp watchers to inquire "yer bizness a trespassin'," if perchance you follow a wild covey a few fields beyond your bounds. Ah !—come, I'm off the line. Whip me back to that duck and ducking of mine which I sat down to write about.

The yarns "The Little Tailor" was wont to spin to me about his "doughty deeds" amongst the wild fowl in winter time, with a certain long-barrelled ramshackle rusty gun, which was slung to the rafters of his cottage, made me as keen as mustard to have an innings at the same kind of game.

"When would the ducks begin to show?" I asked. "Oh! for the matter of that there was ever a few dooks about; but in a week or two, about the end of October, if I could get out along with him by nights he would expose to me a grand shoot. But I must be sure to borrow the master's long gun." "What gun?" I asked. "Oh, the master's got a beautiful gun within, what he bought last year; she will throw five loads of shot quite easy, and kill most any distance. He lended her to me once last winter, and I had a misfortune wid her; the nose of her got chocked up with snow as I pushed her over

the say-wall, and when I fired she split for more than a foot down the barrel. The master was mighty vexed about it; I durstn't meet him for a long whiles, but the mistress said a soft word for poor Morgan the tailor, and the smith took off the bursted part, and I expect she will shoot as good as ever. You will have to get her from the master if you want to get a dook."

Need I say that within a very few hours I made a diligent inquiry of my uncle concerning the above abbreviated duck-gun, and was introduced to her ladyship, where, with certain mixed company, she was reclining in a darkish corner of my uncle's sanctum? Her high and mighty muzzle towered above the motley herd of rods, walking-sticks, &c., amid which she was reposing, even as the axe of the *licitor* lorded it over the surrounding *fascies*. On a large scale, in truth, was this "little love" of my sporting uncle. Not far short of twenty pounds in weight, and, goodness knows how many inches of barrel (minus the amputated part), she might possibly come fairly up to the shoulder of a tall powerful man, but it required a mighty muscular effort and elongation of the arms, and generally staggery attitude, before I could secure a momentary squint down the barrel, and then I was nothing loth to "ground arms" with a sigh of relief. However, nothing daunted by her ladyship's monstrous proportions, I formally proposed for her trigger, and permission was given me to "go in and win," if I could, with an amusing caution not to imitate her former suitor's—the tailor's—behaviour, by unnecessarily blowing her up.

Not many days elapsed before I had an opportunity of bringing matters to an issue. "The Little Tailor" and I were returning home on a gusty, wild afternoon, after a weary but not unsuccessful tramp, when we made out sundry dusky patches floating with the tide up the Dovey, which the keen sight of my companion pronounced to be "dooks an' widgins." With a view to reclaim certain land from the ravages of high tides, my uncle had erected, here and there, low stone and stake embankments and walls, which ran down to low water mark. These sea-walls were a great help to "The Little Tailor" in covering his stealthy advance on the "dook" of the period, as he floated up on the tide, or vegetated on the mud banks. On the present occasion he thought that if I was artful enough to creep down to the end of one of these said walls I should probably get a shot. But then, my little fourteen-bore single was such a poor tool to go into action with! Happy thought! Now will be the time to try my uncle's young cannon; we were close home, so I packed the tailor off post haste to fetch "her." Oh! shades of impatience! What a time the little beggar was gone! In an ocular point of view I was

straining at the leash like a greyhound who has sighted his hare. The ducks kept coming in closer and closer to the shore. From where I stood they seemed to be hardly twenty yards from the end of one of the walls. I was inwardly confounding my messenger, morally convinced that he was sipping beer in the servants' hall, and about to slip down to the river and try my luck with my own little gun, when the object of my objurgations appeared at the "double," trailing the great gun, and panting and perspiring as if he had been racing all the way, instead of from the first corner only.

We had some difficulty in loading. The weapon was not only heavy in hand, but such a great "bore," that, having no proper wadding, we had to administer an alarming "bolus" of paper to bring her up to the mark (about two and a half hands on the ramrod, so said the tailor), and no cap could fit her properly; however, at last I was off with her in my arms, and with stealthy stride and humped back I gained the shelter of the wall without attracting the attention of my quarry. Now for a moment's rest and a change of hands for the gun. Didn't my arm ache, that's all? and wasn't I puffing and blowing like a young grampus? It was a mercy the ducks didn't hear me. However, I shut off steam as well as I could, and paddled down the soft, muddy ditch behind the wall as noiselessly as I could, for a hundred yards or so, when I thought I would take stock of the relative positions of the ducks and myself. So I doffed my hat, and clambering up the green, slimy stones, peeped over the wall. I do not think that I shall ever forget the scene before me: a wild stormy sunset in the western background, with every symptom of a dirty night brewing in the offing; a stiff breeze hissed through the coping stones of the wall charged with the many flavours of the sea, and occasionally whisked a splash of salt spray into my face; the air was full of weird cries of wild sea birds, discoursing sweet music to a sportsman's ear; the lap-lapping of the tide on the other side of the wall seemed to keep time with the thumping of my heart. Three curlew, taken for once in their lives off their guard, flapped lazily past within a few yards of me. Happily for my chance at the ducks, I had left the gun at the foot of the wall or I do not think I could have resisted the temptation to give them a salute. But, oh! culmination of excitement! there was a big patch of ducks dancing on the waves, well within range of the wall, about 150 yards farther down. I slipped back into the ditch in no time, seized the big gun, and, grovelling down under the shelter of the wall, crept along *till I thought I was about opposite them.* Another *shin-grazing climb and a peep*, with the mortifying result of finding the ducks had

moved a good bit farther down. Back again into the ditch, and another exhausting stalk. I am by this time almost at the end of the wall, and the tide is swirling up past me and creeping round behind me. I calculate that there must be three or four feet of water on the other side of the wall, and deepening every minute. And now, with cocked gun, and all in a tremble with excitement, I make my last scramble up the wall, secure as firm a footing as I can, poke the muzzle of the gun over the coping-stones, my foot slips a little, the gun barrel grates against the stones, and in a moment up rise the ducks with fifty quacking power, and the whole sky is alive with winged fowl, informing all whom it may concern with their discordant and reproachful cries that "There he is, the sneak! Behind the wall! There he is! There he is!" The ducks wheel back overhead; with a mighty effort I hoist the big gun up to my shoulder, and blaze into the brown of them. Ye Gods! what a kick my shoulder got, and how I napped it on the right cheek bone! But little I recked of that, for didn't a great quacker come flop down into the water quite close to me! Yes, but how am I to secure the same? Hooray! the tide is floating it up right towards me. Slowly and surely that noble bird, with its red webbed feet turned up to the sky, sailed up to me, but no nearer than some three or four feet would it come. Horror! the tide is taking it past me. Oh for a retriever, or fishing rod, or anything! Happy thought! perhaps I can reach it with the muzzle of the gun. I make a wild, despairing poke with the same in the direction of the bird. The laws of gravity are upset—in plain words I lose my balance, and before I can say "Jack Robinson" I am over head and ears in some unknown depth of water. Need I say that the instinct of self-preservation being omnipotent, I instantly surrendered the gun to Father Neptune, as a tribute for trespassing on his domains, and rose, not a little frightened, and sputtering and gesticulating a good deal, to the surface, and with a stroke and a kick or two reached the wall, and clambered on to it once more?

I could almost have cried for very vexation; not a vestige of the duck to be seen, nor of my uncle's gun either. What on earth was I to do? There would be an awful blow up about it when I got home. The water was too muddy to see anything of it; besides it was getting dark, and the tide was rising fast—in fact, I had to clamber along the top of the wall, to high water mark, to avoid a second involuntary bath.

"The Little Tailor" was fearfully excited when I related my misfortunes. *He had a lively reminiscence of the master's words to him after his little exploit with the gun, and did not prognosticate a very*



happy interview between me and my relation when I should come to relate my sad story to him—in fact, if I remember well, a hundred pounds was the fancy figure at which he valued his non-participation in the present catastrophe. We held a consultation about it, and came to the conclusion that, as there was some probability of recovering the gun at low tide, it would be as well, perhaps, to avoid raising the avuncular wrath that evening by saying nothing about it. I pointed out exactly where I had fallen in, and "The Little Tailor" promised to be up at "grey dawn" next morning, and narrowly inspect the "flotsam" and "jetsam" about the spot, and see what he could do to recover the lost property. And so we parted on that disastrous evening.


I am sorry to have to confess that I had to "draw the long bow" to account for my wet clothes and late appearance at the dinner table, and very trying were the frequent remarks as to the "absence" displayed in my demeanour, and general falling off from my usual flow of spirits. Happily no awkward questions were put about the gun—in fact, I do not think my uncle knew anything about its having left the security of his library. I will draw a veil over the horrors of the night which followed that uncomfortable evening, of the fearful dreams of a jury of ducks finding me "guilty" and sentencing me to be secured by the neck to the big gun and drowned in "full fathom five." I couldn't sleep after the first streak of dawn appeared, so slipped on my clothes and sneaked down to the kitchen with the wariness of a burglar, and out of the back door off to the scene of my last evening's performance. Oh! what a relief it was to meet "The Little Tailor" marching home with the lost piece of ordnance, none the worse, beyond a little mud and rust, for its night's pickling in the briny. In a secure outhouse we cleaned her ladyship up much sand, oil, and tow being expended on her toilet, and watching my uncle safe out of the way I smuggled her back to her old berth in his "sanctum," which I believe she occupies to this day.

Many years elapsed before I told "the master" of his gun's second adventure, when he, good-humouredly, seemed to think (but the distance lends, &c.,) that the recovery of his gun was as nothing compared with the hard lines of losing *my first duck, and ducking.*

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# CLEAVELAND: ROYALIST, WIT, AND POET.

BY EDWIN GOADBY.

T the commencement of the seventeenth century Loughborough was one of the quaintest of Midland towns. Situate on the top of a knoll on the left bank of the sleepy River Soar, with rich slopes of intervening meadow land, silted up by the river in earlier times, and a long range of high-arched bridges to carry its main turnpike safely over the flats during the regular floods, the town was still true to its old name—"The place by the lake." Behind it rose up the unenclosed wooded heights of the Charnwood Hills, where William the Conqueror declined to hunt because he declined to break his neck, and wild game abounded, and foresters held their yearly open courts at the coped oak, perpetuating their old Saxon customs. The town within was quaintness itself. Thatched houses, narrow streets, a market, and a market-cross; wine and ale houses, with their devices painted over the doors; and members of the guild of carpenters and other trade associations moving about, not too anxiously, or peeping out of their shops; now and then a long string of pack-horses passing through the street with corn or salt, or a lumbering waggon jolting along on its way to Leicester or to Nottingham, or possibly London or York; or rubicund yeomen crowding in, with their white-aproned wives and daughters; or a wayside minstrel, singing his songs or playing his conjuring tricks; or an irruption of boys from the high-gabled Grammar School by the church, which had sent many a poor scholar to Oxford or Cambridge; or a grand peal from the noble old tower of the church itself, which stood out in the surrounding landscape, bold and ubiquitous,—all these made it quite a curiosity to neighbouring villagers not less than to passing travellers or beggars, sure of a night's rest in a farmstead, and a few pence from the dispensers of the various local charities.

Our business, however, is with the Grammar School. It was a plain building, but it gave a free and substantial education to all the youths of the town, and it had a remarkable history. One Thomas Burton, a native and a merchant of the staple, had left lands in the

fifteenth century for pious purposes, which had subsequently been diverted and devoted to a free school, the payment of town taxes and the support of the poor. The school itself dated from June 28 1569, and its rules show that education was once a serious business. The school-doors were to be opened at six o'clock in the morning from Lady-day to Michaelmas, and at seven from Michaelmas to Lady-day. One hour was allowed for breakfast, and two hours—from eleven till one—for dinner. It was the duty of the master and his assistants to teach the boys "to read in psalter or testament, to teach them "writing and accounts, sufficient for being put to apprenticeship," and "to instruct youths in classical learning, beginning with ye grammar, untill fit for ye Universitie." Many famous men have been educated in this school, including Dr. Pulteney, the botanist, and Bishop Davys, of Peterborough, who acted as tutor to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

At the date I have mentioned the schoolmaster was Mr. George Dawson, a scholar unknown to fame, and his assistant was Thomas Cleaveland, M.A., father of a more famous son, in the person of John Cleaveland, orator, wit, royalist, and poet. There has always been some doubt as to the position occupied by Cleaveland, and as to whether his son was born at Loughborough or at Hinckley, whither the father subsequently removed; but I am able to settle both points by the very best evidence. An examination of the accounts of the bridge-master, who was the financial officer of Burton's charity, shows that Thomas Cleaveland was an usher in the Grammar School possibly acting as curate to the Rev. John Brown, the rector of the parish, at the same time. His salary was small, as appears by the following entry, which occurs first in 1611, and every year subsequently until his removal to Hinckley:—

"Item, paid to Mr. Cleaveland (usher), Simon Mudd's legacy due as before (*i.e.* half yearly), XLs."

Four pounds a year could hardly have been the whole of his salary, but as the schoolmaster himself only received £12 13s. 6d. a year, and could not hold other preferment—though he acted as clerk in the town, keeping the public accounts, and writing out the parish register—I assume that Cleaveland supplemented his wretched salary in one way or another. Coin had been debased between 1544 and 1560, so that in the early part of the seventeenth century the shilling contained but ninety-three grains of silver, and wheat had risen to 38s. 6d. per quarter. Under these circumstances, no man could be "passing rich" upon four pounds a year. Four children were born to the Rev. Thomas Cleaveland, as the register styles his

during his residence in the town: "Mary Cleaveland"—I copy the old spelling—was baptised October 17, and buried October 19, 1611; John, the poet, was baptised June 17, 1613; Margaret, August 27, 1615; and Joseph, of whom we subsequently hear nothing, June 14, 1620. In 1621 Cleaveland obtained the living of Hinckley. He at once placed his son John under the care of Richard Vines, the headmaster of the Hinckley Grammar School, who, curiously enough, was as ardent a Puritan as his pupil became a Royalist. The future poet was so forward a scholar that he entered Christ Church College, Cambridge, in his fifteenth year—that is, in 1628. When eighteen he became B.A., at twenty-one he was elected fellow of St. John's, and at twenty-two he became M.A. Thus, as a quaint writer remarks, "To cherish so great hopes, the Lady Margaret drew forth both her breasts. Christ College gave him admission, and St. John's a fellowship. There he lived about nine years, the delight and ornament of that society. What service as well as reputation he did it, let his orations and epistles speak; to which the library oweth much of its learning, the chapel much of its pious decency, and the college much of its renown."

During Cleaveland's residence in Cambridge he was much moved by two incidents, which may be said to have determined his whole future career. The first incident was a royal visit. Charles I. reached Cambridge in May, 1633, accompanied by Laud, Bishop of London, on his way to Scotland to cure Presbyterianism, "the loud rustle of him," as Carlyle says, "disturbing for a day the summer husbandries and operations of mankind." In his capacity of orator, Cleaveland wrote an epistle on the event, which is preserved in his works, and may be cited as a fair specimen of his Latinity. The following extract may suffice to justify Fuller's criticism that he was a "pure Latinist":—

Cæsaris Epilogus fuit Prologus Caroli, neque enim optior Stella, quam Invictissima illius Herois Anima, quæ vestræ soboli res gerendas ominaretur. Stellam dixi? Muto factum; crederem potius ipsum Solem fuisse, qui tunc temporis tibi relinnavit moderamen Diei, et ut Principis cunas fortius videret, suum in Stellam contraxit oculum. Ecce ut patrissat Carolus! Ut ad vestras Virtutes anhelus surgit! Quod sub pientissimo Rege accidisse legimus Solem multis gradibus retro ferri, Principis ætis pari portento compensavit damnum, cujus festina virtus devorat Horologium, et Pueritiâ nondum libatâ meridiem attingit. . . . O felicem interim Academiam, et Æternitatem quandam nactam! quæ in Rege et Principe, et esse nostrum, et nostrum fore simul complectitur. Non est quod plura expectentur sæcula; viximus et nostram et posterorum vitam. Sed vereor ne molestus fuerim importuno officio, quod in tam illustri presentia in nescio quid *magus piaculo* excrescit. *Minima* coram Rege Errata, tanquam angustiores *rimæ, extenduntur lumine.* Oratio itaque nostra pro genio temporum reformabitur,

vel, quod tantundem est, rescindetur. Hoc unicum præfabor votum; Vivas Augustissimè, Pietas tuorum et Tremor Hostium. Vivas denique eam indutus gloriam, ut Filium tuum Carolum appellemus Maximum, quia solo Patre minorem.

As might be expected, the King was highly delighted, and summoned Cleaveland to his presence, gave him his hand to kiss, and offered him other expressions of grace and kindness. A copy of the letter was sent by command to the King at Huntingdon, and Cleaveland was henceforth, whatever he might have been previously, an enthusiastic and devoted Royalist. The second incident was Oliver Cromwell's election as M.P. for Cambridge in 1640, "recommended by Hampden, say some; not needing any recommendation in those fen counties, think others," as Carlyle puts the matter. Cambridge was a Parliamentary hot-bed, but Cleaveland worked hard against Cromwell, whom he detested and privately designated as "a screech-owl"—in those days choice epithets were rare; and foreseeing disaster, as the result of his futile opposition, he turned upon the town and said, "That single vote had ruined both Church and kingdom." Cambridge soon became an important garrison town; but before this and other serious indications of the direction of affairs occurred, Cleaveland found that he had raised a storm about his ears. "Perceiving the ostracism that was intended," says one writer, "he became a volunteer in his academic exile, and would no longer breathe the common air with such pests of mankind." Another writer states that he lost his fellowship by reason of his outrageous royalism. He doffed his cap and gown, and proceeded to the King's camp at Oxford, where he was well received, and indeed he deserved to be, being a martyr to his King. He had been the first to appear in verse on the King's side, and probably the poem thus honoured was the one on "The King's Return":—

Return'd; I'll ne'er believ't; first prove him hence—  
Kings travel by their beams and influence.  
Who says the soul gives out her Gests, or goes  
A flitting progress 'twixt the head and toes?  
She rules by omnipresence; and shall we  
Deny a Prince the same ubiquity?

But the foundation of his reputation in the camp was "The Rebel Scot," one of the bitterest of his satires, to be noticed anon. Cleaveland, however, was not a warrior, he was only a wit, though the point of his pen did more mischief than the pike of a Puritan. The Parliamentarians never forgave him his attacks, and the Cavaliers never got his verses. The first opening that came was given him by

Charles—it was the Judge-Advocateship of the garrison at Newark, in Nottinghamshire, under Sir R. Wills, Governor of the place. Here he remained until its surrender in 1646, employing his wit and his verse in various ways. He kept the garrison in good heart in spite of frequent sieges. His reply to the summons of surrender is fortunately preserved, and it displays the full-blooded sincerity of his royalism. He wrote—“I am neither to be stroak'd into apostacy by the mention of fair conditions in a misty notion; nor to be scared into dishonour by your running derision on the fate of Chester. . . . Whereas you urge the expense of the siege, and the pressure of the country in supporting your charge—there I confess I am touched to the quick. But their miseries, though they make my heart bleed, must not make my honour. My compassion to my country must not make me a parricide to my Prince. Yet, in order to their ease, if you will grant me a pass for some gentlemen to go to Oxford, that I may know His Majesty's pleasure, whether, according to his letter, he will wind up the business in general, or leave every commander to steer his own course; then I shall know what to determine. Otherwise, I desire you to take notice, that when I received my commission for the government of this place, I annexed my life as a label to my trust.”

Whilst at Newark, an amusing correspondence took place between Cleaveland and a Parliamentary officer who signs himself W. E., but whose real name I have been unable to discover. The servant of this officer, Hill by name, decamped to Newark, with £138 os. 8d. of his master's money. W. E. wrote to Cleaveland—“Give the fellow his just reward: prefer him, or send him hither, and we shall, if you dare not trust him, let him be trussed; if you dare, I shall wish you more such servants.” Cleaveland's reply is very caustic: “Did not Demas leave Paul? Did not Onesimus run from his master Philemon? . . . You say that your man is entered our ark; I am sorry you were so ignorant in Scripture as to let him come single. . . . Reflect but upon yourself, how you have used our Common Master, and I doubt not but you will pardon your man. He hath but transcribed rebellion, and copied out that disloyalty in short-hand which you have committed in text.” W. E. laments that so much wit should be wasted upon him, whereupon replies Cleaveland, “My wit shall be on what side heaven you please, provided it ever be antarctick to yours.” Though Cleaveland had the better of this combat, he was sorely worsted in another. After Newark surrendered he made another effort to join himself to the King. He was taken prisoner by a body of Scottish troopers under David Lesley, afterwards Lord Newark,

who may or may not have suspected the real character of his prisoner. Cleaveland was threatened with the gallows, numerous papers being found upon him. He was brought before Lesley, and his papers were examined. They proved to be only a bundle of verses. "Is this all ye have to charge him with?" asked Lesley. "For shame! for shame! Let the poor fellow go about his business, and *sell his ballads!*" Cleaveland made no reply, but pocketed his ballads—damnatory as most of them were, had they been read—and became a wanderer. Report says he found Bacchus more comforting than the immortal Nine, but this is probably a Puritan slander. He was not without friends, and one of them declares that as many places emulously contended for his abode as cities for the birthplace of Homer.

Further misfortune befel him. He reached Norwich, and became a private tutor; but he was again arrested in November, 1655. A curious document is extant, in the form of a letter from Major-General Haynes to the President of the Council, explaining the whole affair. It is worth quoting entire.

May it please your Lordship,

In observance to the orders of his Highness and Council sent unto us, we have this day sent unto the garrison of Yarmouth one John Cleaveland, of Norwich, late Judge-Advocate of Newark, who we have judged to be comprised within the second head. The reasons of judgment are:—

1. He confesseth that about a year since he came from London to the City of Norwich, and giveth no account of any business he had there; only he pretendeth that Edward Cooke, Esq., maketh use of him to help him in his studies.

2. Mr. Cleaveland confesseth that he hath lived in the said Mr. Cooke's house ever since he came to the said city, and that he but seldom went into the city, and never but once into the country. Indeed, his privacy hath been such that none or but few, save Papists and Cavaliers, did know that there was such a person resident in these parts.

3. For that the place of the said Mr. Cleaveland, his abode—viz., the said Mr. Cooke's—is a family of notorious disorder, and where Papists, delinquents, and other disaffected persons of the late King's party, do often resort more than to any family in the said city or county of Norfolk, as is commonly reported.

4. Mr. Cleaveland liveth in a genteel garbe, yet he confesseth that he hath no estate but £20 per annum allowed by two gentlemen, and £30 per annum by the said Mr. Cooke.

5. Mr. Cleaveland is a person of great abilities, and so able to do the greater disservice: all which we humbly submit, and remain

Your Honour's trusty humble servants,

This remarkable epistle was signed by Haynes and thirteen others, and is dated Norwich, November 10, 1655. Cromwell had desired *e discontented* to be looked after, and a scholar was arrested *cause he was poor, clever, had been an old enemy, and wore "a*

genteel garbe." His arrest is noted by Carlyle, as follows:—"This is John Cleaveland, the famed Cantab scholar, Royalist Judge-Advocate, and thrice-illustrious satirist and son of the Muses; who had 'gone through eleven editions' in those times, far transcending all Miltons and all Mortals,—and does not now need any twelfth edition that we hear of. Still recognisable for a man of lively parts and brilliant petulant character: directed, alas! almost wholly to the worship of clothes,—which is by nature a transient one!"

Cleaveland remained at Yarmouth for some little time, occupying his enforced leisure in the composition of poetic trifles. Not relishing his captivity, however, he resolved on making a direct appeal to Cromwell himself. This letter is perhaps the best and purest specimen of his style, but it is too long to quote entire, besides being pretty generally known. He appealed to Cromwell's generosity, referred to his past fidelity as a voucher for his present loyalty, and desired him with acts of mildness to "vanquish his own victory." "Can your Thunder be levell'd so low as our grovelling condition? Can your tow'ring spirit which hath quarried upon kingdoms make a stoop at us who are the rubbish of these ruines? Methinks I hear your former Achievements interceding with you, not to sully your glories with trampling upon the prostrate, nor clog the wheels of your chariot with so degenerate a triumph." Generous to his old and prostrate antagonist, Cromwell ordered his immediate release. Cleaveland went to London, taking up his residence in Gray's Inn, and associating with a noted club of wits. Nichols says this club included the author of "Hudibras;" but this could hardly have been the case, as Mr. Robert Bell produces evidence to show that Butler was steward at Ludlow Castle in 1661, and had previously been in other similar situations. I have been unable to discover the name or the members of this club, but I suspect it was the "King Club," and that Cleaveland, like all the others, received the cognomen of "King" Cleaveland, which he most certainly deserved. The Puritan Rota or Coffee Club numbered among its attenders Milton, Marvell, Cyriac Skinner, Harrington, and Nevill; and the King Club must have had a like brilliant assemblage, though it has found no such lively historian or sketcher as Pepys. An intermittent fever which raged in London seized Cleaveland in April, 1658, and he fell a victim to it on the 29th, in the forty-fifth year of his age. His body was taken from his chambers to Hurasdown House, and thence it was conveyed, on the 1st of May, to the parish church of St. Michael Royal, College Hill, where it was buried by his old friend, the Rev. Edward Thurman, who penned a Latin poem on his death. His funeral sermon was



preached by Dr. Pearson, afterwards Bishop of Chester, w Fuller, quaintly, "rendered this reason why he cautiously dec commending of the deceased, because such praising wou adequate to any expectation in that auditory, seeing such w him not would suspect it far above, whilst such who were ac with him did know it much beneath his due dessert." Elegia poured forth in abundance, whilst many who admitted his whilst he lived disputed his position after his death, or essaye their "cuckoo-eggs in his nest." Everybody has read "Hu but there are not many who are equally familiar with Cleavelk was to Butler what Jonson was to Shakespeare and Parnell t No one has even attempted to show that Cleaveland exerci influence over the development of his more famous success no diligent student can read the poems of the former wit covering in them hints of style and certain kinds of satire : allusiveness which serve to give to "Hudibras" half its cha power.

Cleaveland was by no means a voluminous writer. H works do not make a volume of the size of "Hudibras," found quite as many imitators, and to *Cleavelandise* was common as recently it was to write "Carlyleise." But his oc coarseness—a quality as common in Robert Herrick, who wa student at Cambridge in his time—offends our polite ears ; t shall esteem myself fortunate if I can only do for the form SYLVANUS URBAN did for the latter in the earlier number magazine. The same tendency to conceits is observable poems of both, though it is not so systematically deve Cleaveland, who calls up image after image, and scarcely himself with the orderly pursuit and elaboration of any. his love poems are most characterised by what may be systematic ideas. "Fuscara, or the Bee-Errant," is some Herrick's style. The airy freebooter passes from Fuscara's : her hand :—

Here, while his canting drone-pipe scan'd  
The mystick figures of her hand,  
He tipples palmistry, and dines  
On all her fortune-telling lines.  
He bathes in bliss, and finds no odds  
Between this nectar and the gods'.  
He perches now upon her wrist  
—per hawk for such a fist),  
= that flesh his bill of fare,  
ven cannibals would spare.

From hence he to the woodbine bends,  
 That quivers at her finger's ends,  
 That runs division on the tree  
 Like a thick-branching pedigree ;  
 So 'tis not her the bee devours,  
 It is a pretty maze of flowers.  
 It is the rose that bleeds when he  
 Nibbles his nice phlebotomy.

In other poems he exhausts his fancy in comparisons. Thus he writes of a vision :—

Not the fair abbess of the skies,  
 With all her nunnery of eyes,  
 Can show me such a glorious prize.

\* \* \* \*

Is not the universe strait-laced,  
 When I can clasp it in the waist ?  
 My amorous fold about thee hurl'd,  
 With Drake, I girdle in the world.  
 I hoop the firmament, and make  
 This, my embrace, the zodiack.

Of another, he writes :—

Say the astrologer who spells the stars,  
 In that fair alphabet reads peace and wars,  
 Mistakes his globe, and in her brighter eye  
 Interprets heaven's physiognomy.  
 Call her the metaphysics of her sex,  
 And say she tortures wits, as quartans vex  
 Physicians ; call her the squar'd circle ; say  
 She is the very rule of Algebra.  
 Whate'er thou understand'st not say of her,  
 For that's the way to write her character.

**Phillis** is walking in the garden before sunrise, giving life as the sun gives it :—

The flowers call'd out of their beds  
 Start and raise up their drowsie heads ;  
 And he that for their colour seeks  
 May see it mounting to her cheeks,  
 Where roses mix ; no civil war  
 Divides her York and Lancaster.

But the reader will have had enough of these love trifles, and we pass to his satiric poems on State affairs, where the range for quotation is more varied, and must be discreetly traversed. There is not the same objection to far-fetched imagery in satire as in other forms of poetry, and, indeed, it rather gives weight and directness to it. If wit be the detection of the congruous in the incongruous, *Cleaveland must rank very high*, for his short sparkles are abundant,

and he no sooner charms us with one touch of his pen than he essays another, finding in the resources of his memory something more apt and more astonishing. At the same time, were we to apply a rigid test to his poetry, we should regard it as little better than exaggerated prose, especially prose such as Cleaveland himself was able to write. However, all satiric poetry is open to this objection, and Cleaveland's aim was not so much to cultivate a jingling as a masculine style, to hit hard and sure, and to pack his verse with thoughts and Attic salt. So rich are some of his poems in historic and contemporary allusions, that no one could do them justice but a Zachary Gray, who has done as much to make the fame of Butler as scholiasts have done to interpret Shakespeare, and without any taint of Boswellising. I have noticed that Butler must have derived considerable inspiration from Cleaveland. Compare them both on the Canon of 1640, called the *Et cetera* oath. Butler makes a flying allusion to it in Part 1, Canto ii., but there is more vigour in Cleaveland's description, and Dr. Gray quotes the latter as in some sense explanatory of the former. Butler's description of Smectymnuus, again, suggests Cleaveland's, which was evidently familiar to him, and there are a hundred other points where "Hudibras" suggests, and seems more natural when considered as the logical development of, many of Cleaveland's scattered efforts. The two satirists worked the same vein, and the earlier one was more wasteful and careless, scattering his treasures about in perfect indifference, whereas the other constructed a story, and had all the advantages of a better ear for verse, and a more sprightly fancy, not so much disturbed by egotism or special advocacy.

I must limit myself to one or two quotations. I will begin with "Smectymnuus," so called from the initial letters of the persons composing the club:—Stephen Marshall, Edward Calamy, Thomas Young, Mathew Newcomen, William Spurstow. They were opponents of Episcopacy, and their followers bore the above name:—

But do the Brotherhood then play their prizes  
 Like mummers in religion, with disguises?  
 Outbrave us with a name in rank and file?  
 A name which, if 'twere rain'd, would spread a mile.  
 The saints monopoly, the zealous cluster,  
 Which, like a porcupine, presents a muster,  
 And shoots his quills at Bishops and their sees,  
 A devout litter of young Maccabees.  
 Thus Jack-of-all-trades hath distinctly shown  
 The twelve Apostles in a cherry-stone.  
 Thus faction's *à la mode* in treason's fashion,  
 Now we have heresie by complication.

Like to Don Quixote's rosary of slaves  
 Strung on a chain, a murnival of knaves  
 Pack'd in a trick, like gipsies when they ride,  
 Or like the college which sit all of a side.

The "Hue and Cry after Sir John Presbyter" is more obscure in some of its lines, but it exhibits Cleaveland's power of condensed description:—

With hair in character, and lugs (ears) in text,  
 With a splay mouth, and a nose circumflex,  
 With a set ruft of musket-bore, that wears  
 Like cartrages, or linnen bandileers,  
 Exhausted of their sulphurous contents  
 In pulpit fire-works, which the Bombal vents;  
 The negative and Covenanting oath,  
 Like two moustachoes issuing from his mouth,  
 The bush upon his chin, like a carved story  
 In a box-knot, cut by the Directory;  
 Madam's confession hanging at his ear  
 Wire-drawn through all the questions, How and where;  
 Each circumstance so in the hearing felt,  
 That when his ears are cropp'd he'll count them gelt.  
 The weeping cassock scar'd into a jump,  
 A sign the Presbyter's worn to the stump;  
 The Presbyter, though charmed against mischance  
 With the Divine Right of an Ordinance—  
 If you meet any that do thus attire 'em  
 Stop them, they are the tribe of Adoniram.

The "Mixt Assembly" and "The Rebel Scot," are both terribly bitter pieces, and justify Cleaveland's own lines:—

A poet should be feared  
 When angry, like a comet's flaming beard.

He heaps all his withering satire on the Scot. To curse him properly he must "swallow daggers first." His clans are "rags of geography," and had Cain been a Scot—

God would have changed his doom,  
 Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home.

As rebels, they must be reclaimed, but by force, the Prince who would do it otherwise being—

Like him or worse,  
 Who saddled his own back to shame his horse.

Quite as happy, in another style, is his poem on "The King's Disguise." Here is an extract:—

O for a State-Distinction to arraign  
 Charles of high treason 'gainst my sovereign!  
 His muffled feature speaks him a recluse,  
 His ruins prove him a religious house.

Heaven, which the minster of thy person owns,  
Will fine thee for dilapidations.

— Thou look'st like one

Whose looks are under Sequestration ;  
Whose renegado form, at the first glance,  
Shews like the self-denying Ordinance.

• • • • •  
But pardon, Sir, since I presume to be  
Clerk of this Closet to your Majesty ;  
Methinks in this your dark mysterious dress  
I see the Gospel couched in Parables,  
The second view my purblind fancy wipes  
And shows religion in its dusky types ;  
Such a text royal, so obscure a shade,  
Was Solomon in proverbs all arrayed.

The two elegies, one on the death of Mr. Edward King, and the other on the Archbishop of Canterbury, are not without fine poetic touches, overladen with much fantastic effort and not a little laboured imagery. The first, however, is worthy of being remembered, and the poet need not ask why does not—

Some new island in thy rescue peep,  
To heave thy resurrection from the deep,

when he has embalmed his memory in such living verse.

What Cleaveland did in verse for his Presbyterian foes he did in prose for the Parliamentarians. His characters are wonderfully witty, though coarse withal. That of a country committee-man must have been eminently sensational in its time. Here is the receipt for this Grand-Catholicon :—"Take a State-martyr, one that for his good behaviour hath paid the excise of his ears, so suffered captivity by the land piracy of ship-money ; next a primitive freeholder, one that hates the King because he is a gentleman, transgressing the Magna Charta of delving Adam. Add to these a mortified bankrupt, that helps out his false weights with some scruples of conscience, and with his peremptory scales can doom his Prince to a *Mene Tekel*. These with a new blue-stockin'd Justice, lately made of a good basket-hilted yeoman, with a short-handed clerk tack'd to the rear of him to carry the knapsack of his understanding ; together with two or three equivocal Sirs, whose religion, like their gentility, is the extract of their acres ; being therefore spiritual because they are earthly ; not forgetting the man of the law, whose corruption gives the *Hogan* to the sincere Juncto. These are the simples of this precious compound, a kind of Dutch Hotch-Potch, the *Hogan-Mogan* Committee-man." The *Diurnal-Maker*, or Parliamentary journalist, fared no better at Cleaveland's hands, and one of the figures brings in no less a person

than Sir Samuel Lake, the supposed hero of "Hudibras." To call a diurnal-maker an author, he says, is to swallow him up in the phrase, "like Sir S. L. in a great saddle, nothing to be seen but the giddy feather in his crown." "To call him an historian is to knight a mandrake; 'tis to view him through a perspective, and by that gross hyperbole to give the reputation of an engineer to a maker of mouse-traps. Such an historian would hardly pass muster with a Scotch stationer in a sieve-full of ballads and godly books. He would not serve for the breast-plate of a begging Grecian. Not a worm that gnaws on the dull scalp of voluminous Holinshed but at every meal devoured more chronicle than his whole tribe amounts to. A marginal note of W. P. would serve for a winding-sheet." The diurnal itself was similarly described, and with as much force. It is "a puny chronicle, scarce pin-feathered with the wings of time. It is a history in sippets: the English Iliads in a nut-shell; the Apocryphal Parliament's Book of Maccabees in single sheets. It would tire a Welshman to reckon up how many *Aps* 'tis removed from an annal; for it is of that extract, only of the younger house, like a shrimp to a lobster."

My task is now done. Many a man pays the penalty of an immediate posthumous fame by subsequent neglect, and this has been the fate of Cleaveland. It is a rare thing to meet with his works in private houses, and rarer still to encounter any one who is willing to excuse his occasional vulgarity as readily as allowances are made for Herrick, or for greater men. As his friend Edward Thurman has sung, "*Exitium Carolus ipse suum*"—he has perished with Charles. Butler followed, and we forget the satirist of the King's camp. It is pleasant to laugh over Hudibras and Ralph, and we forget the author of "The Rebel Scot" or the fierce satirist of the Smectymnuans. But it is not fair to a man who made a style and who was a literary knight-errant of an original and now extinct species. Fuller, who may be said to have profited by his study of Cleaveland, describes him as "a general artist, a pure Latinist, exquisite orator, and (which was his master-piece) eminent poet. His epithets were metaphors, carrying in them a difficult plainness, difficult at the hearing, plain at the considering thereof. His lofty fancy may seem to stride from the top of one mountain to the top of another, so making to itself a constant level and champaign of continued elevations." Fuller's words will have their weight with Fuller's admirers, but it is a pity no one has striven to do for Cleaveland what has been done for so many antiques in these hero-worshipping times. It has not been done, and hence this feeble attempt.

## A VALENTINE.



WHAT shall I send my sweet to-day,  
When all the woods attune to love?  
And fain I'd show the lark and dove  
That I can love as well as they.

I'll send a locket full of hair ;  
But no, for it might chance to lie  
Near to her heart, and I should die  
Of Love's sweet envy to be there !

A violet were meet to give ;  
Yet stay !— she'd touch it with her lips,  
And after such complete eclipse  
How could my soul content to live ?

I'll send a kiss, for that will be  
The quickest sent, the lightest borne,  
And well I know to-morrow morn  
She'll send another back to me.

Go, happy winds, ah ! do not stay,  
Enamoured of my lady's cheek,  
But hasten home and I'll bespeak  
Like services another day !

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

## THE MAJORCAN ORIGIN OF THE FAMILY OF BUONAPARTE.

**F**IVE-AND-TWENTY years ago, situated behind the parochial church of San Jaime, at Palma, the capital of the Balearic Islands, there stood a house which still presented the appearance of having once been a handsome edifice, and which from time immemorial had borne the name of *Casa Buonaparte*. In 1846 a journal of Palma, *El Propogador Balear*, took occasion therefrom, and from the corroborative testimony of the documents produced and cited upon the following occasion, to establish the certainty that the family of Napoleon I. was originally native of that island, *i.e.* Majorcan.

The article appeared to me so interesting at the time that I transcribed it, and reproduce it here in an English dress from one of my old "note-books":—

"A traveller strolling one day through the streets of Palma, on arriving in front of the *Casa Buonaparte* was observed by an aged ecclesiastic, who at the moment was looking out of one of the windows, to stop suddenly; and, after surveying the house from base to roof, contemplate with marked interest the architectural grandeur of its front.

"The bearing of the stranger; no less than the decorations on his breast, of which one was the crimson ribbon and cross of the Legion of Honour, indicated him to be a French military officer of distinguished rank who had passed through the wars of the Empire.

Too much engrossed with the interesting object of his contemplation, some moments elapsed before he became conscious that he was himself an object of marked attention to the venerable ecclesiastic at the open window, who, as he now caught the less occupied gaze of the stranger, with a courteous inclination of the head, addressed him in the French language as follows:—

"Your surprise, monsieur, seems great at the architectural beauty of the façade of this house, and you may with reason consider it worthy of admiration. But you would admire it yet more if you knew that it is the house whence issued the progenitors of the man



who has filled the world with his fame, and made his name a proud title to the admiration and love of your countrymen. If you would desire to see the interior, I shall be most happy to gratify your wish. Pray enter; and I will show you the apartment where the ancestors of Napoleon were born, and the roof, now blackened by time, beneath which the life, traditions, and fortunes of his family were fostered during three centuries.'

"While thus addressed by the venerable and sympathising ecclesiastic, the manly countenance of the enthusiastic Buonapartist was lit up with the deep-felt joy and sentiment of thankfulness which the words and courteous invitation of the speaker had kindled in his breast. The name of Napoleon, coupled with circumstances of such local and historical interest, could not other than deeply move him, dispelling the doubt and uncertainty on the subject of the identity of that house of which he had received some vague information from the host of his hotel on the previous evening. As one whom the bullets of Jena and Mont St. Jean had respected, he felt privileged in the gratification of his curiosity, courteously accepting the welcome invitation.

"The officer at once entered the house, and ascended the stone staircase, at the top of which the ecclesiastic received him with the most charming geniality of manner. The first object to which he directed the attention of his visitor was a large, stone-sculptured armorial shield placed above the door which gave entry into the spacious *salon* of the 'Casa Buonaparte.'

"'Look at that escutcheon,' said the priest; 'you will there see that same eagle that you have beheld gleaming above the standards of the great man of our age. The eagle was the military insignia which the Majorcan Buonapartes bore upon their banners and shields; and if the armies of Napoleon added thereto the thunderbolt of Jupiter in the claws of the king of birds, it was to indicate that Napoleon was the bearer of war's thunder, or rather to announce to the nations his Imperial apotheosis, after the manner of the emperors of Ancient Rome. The glory your countrymen have acquired on the battlefield they owe to Napoleon; and, as I perceive, you have served under him for many years. I can comprehend and excuse the pride you feel at thus being beneath its roof. This is the cradle of his race!'

"'To dispel any doubt you may have entertained on the subject, I will here show you a document I am possessed of,' taking it from *an antique carved oaken bookcase*, the shelves of which were filled *compact array with volumes and parchment-bound MSS.* 'Here,

said he, 'is the Royal Decree by which, on the 23rd July, 1409, Martin I., King of Aragon, rewarded the services of Doctor Hugo Buonaparte, Majorcan, by nominating him *Regente* (Chief Judiciary President) of Corsica. That magistrate, born in this very house, is the direct ancestor of Napoleon, and the first of that family who established himself in the other island. He it was who there founded the illustrious stock from which in course of time was to issue the great man whose war-genius humbled the proudest thrones of continental Europe.

" 'What I have now told you is furthermore proved by this other document,' taking from the same compartment of the MSS. another similarly skin-bound collection of parchments. 'Here you will see the legal powers given and conferred by the same *Regente* upon the 27th May, 1419, to his brother, Bartolomé Buonaparte, to sell all the possessions and properties which he had left but still held in Majorca, and to remit to him the product, by reason of his resolve to remain and settle definitively in Corsica with the children already borne to him by his wife, Juana de Saucis. These two documents bear, as you will perceive, in themselves every authenticity necessary to obtain and give credit to their contents. They prove that in the second decennium of the fifteenth century a Buonaparte passed from Majorca into the Island of Corsica, where he established himself and begot children, who became the stock and progenitors of the Corsican family of the Buonapartes, and of Napoleon.

" 'Now lend me your attention yet a little longer, and listen to this letter, written to the author of 'The Chronicles of Majorca,' Don Geronimo Alemany, by a learned Jesuit of the College of Trilingue, whom various affairs having relation to his society had obliged to proceed to Corsica :—

" To Señor D. Geronimo de Alemany.

" '*Ajaccio, May 23, 1752.*

" 'MY DEAR SENOR,—Desirous to fulfil the commission that M. Herarger charged me to execute for you, I visited and searched all the public archives of this city. As result of my labours, I have to inform you that from several documents preserved therein it is attested that the family of Buonaparte, *originally from Majorca*, first began here in the person of Hugo Buonaparte, who was *Regente* of this island about the year 1418, and before whom no similar name is to be found in Corsica. In further result of my researches, I found that the sons of that *Regente*, by name Stephano, Ferdinando, and *Andrés*, became persons of distinction; that they obtained upon

several occasions offices of mark in the Republic,\* in the class of patricians ; and that since the fifteenth century until the present day the Buonapartes have been lords of Baetria. I think that this will suffice to convince you of the identity of the Majorcan and Corsican families.

“ ‘They are most assuredly one and the same race, if what M. Herarger has told me on your part be true. But he added before my departure for Marseilles that the Majorcan house was become extinct. That of Corsica still subsists, and reckons many members, of whom Hermann and Carlos Buonaparte are both established in Tuscany.

“ ‘That God, our Lord, may preserve your life, is the prayer of your Servant and Brother in Jesus Christ,

“ ‘EUSEBIO CASSAR,

“ ‘Of the Society of Jesus.’

“ ‘Do you not see, monsieur,’ said the venerable ecclesiastic, ‘do you not see in that Charles Buonaparte the husband of Lætita Ramolino, and in both the parents of the First Consul, of the Emperor and King of Italy?’ ”

JOHN LEIGHTON, F.S.A.

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\* Corsica was at this time a dependency of the Genoese Republic.

## THE IRISH PRESS.

**I**N recent years, whenever the utterances of the Irish press have been brought under the notice of the English people, the attention of the public on this side of the Channel has been directed for the most part to articles which are, in the opinion of the Irish Executive, calculated to foment discontent, or to blow into living flame the slumbering ashes of sedition. Though, however, the titles of the *Irishman*, and its cheaper edition, the *Flag of Ireland*; the *Nation*, and its cheaper edition, the *Weekly News*, are familiar to the reading public, very few contributors to the daily and weekly papers in London have ever seen copies of the Irish "National" journals. They circulate among the Irish resident in the metropolis; but are rarely read in the houses of any other section of the population. It may be further stated, as a somewhat curious fact, that they are seldom, if ever, seen on the tables of newspaper editors in the metropolis. It may not, therefore, be uninteresting to describe briefly the character of these papers, the widespread and potent influence of which cannot be disregarded; and to indicate the effect they exercise on the state of Irish political feeling in its various phases. No one who remembers the deep respect with which the Roman Catholic clergy were considered some few years ago by the people constituting their flocks could have possibly anticipated the indifference with which their views as political guides are now received. This alteration in sentiment must be attributed in the main to the effect of the writing in the journalistic organs generally known in England as "National." Twenty, indeed a dozen years ago, any one who dared to utter in public a sentence derogatory to a priest in the south or west of Ireland would probably have been the object of a violent assault; and any one who might have had the hardihood to inflict any bodily injury on one of the spiritual guides of the majority of the people would probably have been the victim of lynch-law as prompt and final as the improvised code under which so many obnoxious persons were done to death in the earlier days of the American Republic. The contrast between the state of feeling indicated and that which now prevails is the most striking which has ever been presented in the recorded history of any country. *Within a very few years a priest has been burned in effigy; another*

has been struck in the face at a public meeting; while the most extreme of the "National" organs employ their bitterest satire and most pungent rhetorical darts to assail men who, like Cardinal Cullen and the Roman Catholic Bishop of Kerry, have publicly denounced the Fenian confederacy as being a secret society.

The *Nation*, the oldest of the "National" papers, was started in October, 1842. In a short time it gathered to the ranks of its contributors all the talented young men who advocated the principles of the National party. Among these the best known at this side of the Channel are Maurice O'Connell, M.P., John O'Connell, M.P., Charles Gavan Duffy, and Denis Florence M'Carthy. The articles were characterised by remarkable vigour and beauty of diction, and some of the songs and other poems published in its columns have in a republished form taken a standard position in Anglo-Irish literature. Under the title of "The Spirit of the Nation" these lyrics have attained a wide popularity, and such songs as "The Battle Eve of the Brigade" and "Clare's Dragoons," by Thomas Davis, "The Memory of the Dead," published anonymously, and "O'Domhnall Abu" (commonly written O'Donnell Aboo), by M. J. M'Cann, are known through the length and breadth of the land; and the knowledge of such pieces for recitation as "The Geraldines" and "My Grave," and "The Lament of Owen Roe O'Neill," by Thomas Davis, is equally broadly diffused. On their first publication, the *Quarterly Review* described these metrical selections as possessing great beauty of language and imagery, and *Fraser's Magazine* declared that though they were mischievous it "dared not condemn them, so full were they of beauty." Mr. Isaac Butt, Q.C., now member of Parliament for Limerick, a gentleman who at one time directed the magazine which takes its name from Ireland's olden university, spoke of them as being "inspired;" and the martial tone and spirit of some of the ballads elicited from the *Tablet* the expression that they were "the music of the battle-field." The following is an extract from the preface to the edition of "The Spirit of the Nation," published in February, 1854:—"A new edition of 'The Spirit of the Nation' has been long called for. It had got so completely out of print that the publishers, after long inquiry, only obtained a copy accidentally at an auction of books. Meantime its reputation has been steadily rising, not only at home, but in England and America." Francis Jeffrey and Miss Mitford in England, and Longfellow in America, have written and spoken of some of the poems with enthusiasm, and a new demand for them has grown up in both countries. Still more recently the *great Tory periodical* quoted above contained a justly laudatory

notice of some of the poets whose names have been more closely connected with the palmy days of the *Nation*. The importance of these metrical effusions in Irish history will be learned from the following paragraph, taken from the preface to the edition published in 1845:—"It (the collected work) was seized on by Ireland's friends as the first bud of a new season, when manhood, mind, and nationality would replace submission, hatred, and provincialism. It was paraded by our foes as the most alarming sign of the decision and confidence of the National party, and accordingly they arraigned it in the press, in the meeting, in Parliament, and finally put it on its trial with O'Connell in 1844."

The *Irishman*, originally started in Belfast by Mr. Denis Holland—a native of Cork, whose death in America has been recently announced—and afterwards transferred to Dublin, has now reached its fifteenth volume. It is not the purpose of this brief paper to express any political opinion. It may, however, be stated that some of the articles published in the *Irishman* are remarkable for their fervent eloquence and rhetorical beauty. It will be remembered by all who have watched the progress of recorded events for the last few years that Mr. Pigott, the proprietor of the *Irishman*, was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for inserting an article entitled "The Holocaust," written on the occasion of the execution of Allen, Larkin, and Gould, at Manchester, for the murder of Police-sergeant Brett, in their successful effort to rescue two prisoners accused of Fenianism. At the trial, the judge, as well as the counsel on both sides, referred to the exquisite diction which characterised some of the passages contained in the subject of the indictment.

An extract from a number of the *Irishman* published in the earlier half of last month will give some idea of the influence it endeavours to extend. This is chosen inasmuch as it deals with a subject with which people on both sides of the Channel have recently become familiar. This article, from an American correspondent, refers to the reply of Father Burke, the Dominican Friar, to Mr. Froude, on Irish history:—

A Roman Catholic priest, we all know, is not a free agent in religious or political matters. If we ignore this fact we are unfit to render a verdict in this case. He may talk as much treason as another man, but nobody but a fool expects him to rise in revolt or to sanction insurrection like other men. This is the key to what seems so difficult to some. We attach too much importance to what a priest says about politics, we seem to doubt the justice of a revolt against tyranny unless we have the approval of the clergy; forgetting that priests are commissioned to preach *religion and not politics*—that their mission is one of peace, not of war.

*We would rather have the opinion of Isaac Butt on a question of law than the*

opinion of Cardinal Cullen; and we would sooner consult Drs. Stokes, Corrigan, M'Donnell, or Lyons (Irish doctors) on the state of our physical health, than Drs. Ullathorne, Manning, or Moriarty.

But if it were a question touching our salvation, we (as Catholics) would never think of applying to a Stokes, or a Corrigan, or an Isaac Butt. Why it should be different in politics appears to be entirely due to the fact that when priests were treated as rogues and rapparees, they became the advisers of the people, and shared their fortunes and their fate. Then the clergy were less opposed to resistance and revolt than they are now. They now enjoy all the liberty they can desire, while the people are still oppressed by the same tyranny and the same tyrants that set the same price on the head of a priest and the head of a wolf. All this, however, is fortunately passing away. The people have learned to think and to act for themselves in political matters. The words of the priests are no longer of weight if they are spoken more in the interest of England than of Ireland. This is well exemplified in the cases of Cardinal Cullen, Dr. Moriarty, and other eminent ecclesiastics noted for their saintly and holy zeal for the Catholic Church, but noted also as the enemies of Irish independence. As the priests of God, every Catholic must hold them in the highest esteem, but as Irish patriots the humblest peasant in Ireland abhors the political doctrine they preach.

One feature of Irish daily journalism is perhaps more remarkable than that of any other newspaper press in the world. It is that in a country where, even on the returns most favourable to Protestants, the Roman Catholics constitute something like three-fourths of the population, all the daily morning papers in Dublin, and most of the dailies of any importance, are the property of Protestants, and directed by professors of that creed. And here the fact may be noted that amidst a gradually diminishing population and a decaying commerce, there are in Dublin as many daily morning papers as there are in London—if the organ devoted in the English metropolis to the interest of a particular trade be excepted—and that there are more evening papers, if the evening editions of the Dublin morning journals be considered.

The oldest paper in Ireland is *Saunders's News Letter*, the name of which suggests its early date. It professes what may be called constitutional principles. It has been for years the property of the Messrs. Potts, by whom large fortunes have been made through the agency of the journal with which their family name is familiarly associated. Of late, doubtless, owing to the high social position which the family has assumed and the wealth it has accumulated, the interest of the paper as a commercial undertaking has not been advanced with the enterprise which characterises the conduct of its young contemporaries.

*The Daily Express* may be described as representing the clerical phases of Protestant opinion; its tone is always dignified and

thoughtful, and though one might desire that religious questions should be discussed in its columns with more impartiality and less bias, the diction in which its articles are written amply proves that they are generally indited by men of high culture and unquestionable ability. Its musical criticisms, written by Sir Robert Stewart, Mus. Doc., Professor of Music in the University of Dublin, constitute one of the most attractive sections of Irish journalism.

The *Mail*, morning and evening editions of which are published, although strongly Conservative, differs from the contemporary to which reference has just been made in advocating the Conservative cause more from the political than from the religious point of view. It has been always ably edited, and some well known novelists and authors in other branches of literature have won their rhetorical spurs in its columns. It is almost uncompromising in its opposition to what we may call Liberal opinions as represented by modern Liberal Governments. Its leading articles are written in a terse and incisive style—a method of writing which is fully appreciated by the race which has made rhetorical fencing a distinct branch of journalistic literature, and almost a trait of national character.

In the "Newspaper Directory" the *Irish Times* is described as a Liberal-Conservative newspaper. The phrase as a distinctive title is so vague that it is unnecessary—indeed it would be superfluous and redundant—to endeavour to define it. The brief history of this paper contains the recital of one of the most remarkable successes ever achieved in the records of journalism. Its owner—a gentleman connected by lineage with several noble families in Ireland—though having no previous training calculated to lead a newspaper to profit—no mean undertaking—showed after a time that he was able and willing to abandon social aristocracy to take his own part in the Republic of Letters. Those who have studied the vicissitudes of journalistic enterprise know well the difficulties through which a newly started paper has to pass before it reaches not only vigorous manhood but—so to speak—healthy infancy. Perhaps there is no more astonishing phenomenon in the history of modern commerce than that men of capital should start newspapers. It is perhaps the only kind of speculation in which a man voluntarily invests his money without the slightest hope of receiving any return until several years have passed away. Even the association of the name of Charles Dickens with the most sober and impartial of English journals was not potent enough to secure its success; and the name of the *Morning Chronicle* departed from literature a few years after it was believed that it would remain a



feature of English journalism as long as the Houses of Lords and Commons were to legislate for the United Kingdom. The tentative experience of many years is necessary before the organiser of a newspaper can gauge the feeling of the constituents to which he addresses himself. In this respect the proprietor of the *Irish Times* has made himself a conspicuous exception. In these days no project in journalism—indeed it may be said in anything—can secure a prosperous result unless it be promoted with commercial courage. To the exercise of this quality the proprietor of the *Irish Times* may attribute the position of the journal with which his name in Ireland is now identified. Struggling at first against the obstacles which normally oppose the progress of a newly-established newspaper, he soon showed by his commercial activity that he was determined to prove that a daily paper in Ireland might be able to rival its competitors in its own land, though they had the valuable advantage of older age. It is not necessary in this place to specify the various stages through which the *Irish Times* has passed, but it may not be amiss to indicate briefly the literary machinery through which its present position is maintained. The general staff comprises as many *employés* as most of the daily London newspapers, and if the room for printers and machinery is somewhat circumscribed, the economy of space has been carefully and exactly calculated so that the greatest amount of work is done within the smallest circumference. Though classics and journalism may not seem to have anything in common, in this case the aptitude for the one has proved indirectly the capacity for the other. This observation will be more readily understood when the fact is adduced that the Rev. G. W. Wheeler, M.A., well known in academic circles in Ireland as the annotative editor of several Greek and Latin classics, has been the editor of the *Irish Times* almost since its beginning. The "Continental Gossip" from Paris, by Major Massey, a gentleman connected with several aristocratic families in the south of Ireland, is written in such a lively and brilliant style that some surprise has been expressed that the "special" of the *Irish Times* has not appeared in some higher walk of literature. The London correspondence is supplied by Mr. J. H. Doyle, one of the most active and experienced members of the press in the metropolis. Its staff of printers and machine hands is nearly equal in number to that of any English daily journal. Regarding its circulation relatively with the numbers issued of the other Dublin "dailies," it is not the purpose of this brief article to give an opinion. Indeed the subject of superiority in this respect has been recently the cause

of a rhetorical duello between the *Irish Times* and the *Freeman's Journal*, the battle being a drawn one, so far at all events as the public are enabled to judge. The *Irish Times* is the only Dublin daily which publishes a sheet of eight pages. The enterprise of the proprietor is further demonstrated by his establishment of a brass band consisting of youths who are being trained as compositors. When they play at concerts or other entertainments they appear in handsome uniforms under the direction of their own bandmaster. Indeed, the *Irish Times* band has become one of the institutions of Dublin, and its services are always available—even at the sacrifice of the results of their ordinary labour—whenever the cause of charity can be promoted by its performance. A servants' agency also forms part of the system organised by the proprietor for the advancement of the journal which he so energetically promotes.

However the question of circulation may be decided, it is unquestionable that as an organ of opinion the *Freeman's Journal* appeals to the sympathies of the greatest number. This will be readily understood when it is stated that it advocates Catholic opinion in the sense in which it is understood in Ireland—that is to say, Ultramontane politics. In further illustration of the statement that the Dublin press is directed by Protestant promoters, it may be stated as a curiosity of journalistic literature that the *Freeman's Journal*—the representative organ of the extreme Catholic party—is the property of a Protestant, Sir John Gray. This gentleman, however, has always strenuously advocated the cause of Ireland, as it is understood by the majority of the people. He was the friend and fellow prisoner of O'Connell, at whose skirt—to use his own words recently delivered—he first entered public life. In England Sir John Gray is best known as having made the motion on the subject of the Irish Church which may be designated as the precursor of the destruction of that institution. The *Freeman's* leading articles are written in a vigorous style and with uncompromising devotion to the cause it endeavours to promote. From time to time articles said to have been inspired by members of Liberal Governments have appeared in its columns. While the circulation of the other journals is principally local, the *Freeman's Journal* is read in every place where Irish people dwell, so that its influence may be said to extend to the limits of the habitable globe.

Evening editions are published by the *Mail*, the *Express*, and the *Irish Times*. There are, besides, two evening papers—similar to the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Globe* in England, inasmuch as they have no morning editions—the *Evening Telegraph*, issued from the

*Freeman* office, and the *Evening Post*. No other portion of the Dublin press demands notice in this place; the character of the other journals can be easily obtained from a newspaper directory. There is, however, another paper in Ireland which may be cited among the curiosities of journalistic literature. This is the *Limerick Chronicle*, with which is identified one of the most respected families connected with the city whose name the paper bears. Its peculiarity, until recently, consisted in its military news, which was the freshest and fullest to be found in any paper in the United Kingdom. Indeed, at one time it was quoted in the English journals, and it was a saying that commandants of garrisons often learned their prospective movements from the *Limerick Chronicle* before they received any orders respecting them from the Horse Guards. Even now, though the Dublin daily papers reach Limerick early in the day, the *Limerick Chronicle* holds its own as a commercial speculation. It seldom inserts editorial articles; but this defect—if, indeed, it be one—is amply supplied by the able and tasteful manner in which it is sub-edited.

To sum up briefly the contents of this article—suggesting some peculiarities of the Irish press—it may be said that the Irish National press has done much to estrange the people in Ireland from the priests; that almost every influential paper in the sister island is directed by Protestants; and that the daily press of Dublin enumerates as many representatives as the daily press in London.

T. F. O'DONNELL.

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## TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

ON the 9th of January, a few minutes before eleven in the forenoon, Napoleon III. breathed his last. The event was forthwith communicated to the world, and we were not only startled at the news, but the cloud of misfortune being cleared away by Death, we all of us became aware that the late Emperor stood in the foremost rank of great men. Napoleon died in exile, and at the age of sixty-five; but if, like his favourite hero, Julius Cæsar, he had been assassinated in the meridian of his power and in the vigour of his manhood, the sensation caused by his death could hardly have been more profound. Perhaps the dust of a century must rest upon his tomb before he will be fairly estimated, for the Muse of History disdains the story that wears the gloss of novelty. The excitement coincident to his death, however, shows that he will have a niche in the Temple of Fame that would have satisfied the most voracious ambition. But what would have most gratified the late Emperor, if he could have had a prevision of the talk of mankind on the morrow of his death, was that in France, his native land, in Italy, the land he redeemed from bondage, and in England, the land he loved with the love of an adopted son, he was kindly remembered. Nor is the death of the exiled Emperor an unimportant event. His late sorrows had to some extent made Imperialism and his dynasty unpopular in France. A people covetous of military glory could not forgive the fatal field of Sedan. They did not remember the twenty years of prosperity, but even a section of devoted Imperialists held that the Prince who had surrendered his sword to the German victor could not again be the ruling Emperor of the French. Napoleon III. is dead, and an obstruction to the restoration of the Empire is removed. Napoleon IV. is too young to be responsible for the troubles of the Empire. He is so young that he may live to give the word of command when France is ready for the war of vengeance. While Napoleon III. lived the restoration of the Empire was well nigh impossible, but now no one who is conversant with French affairs will say that it is impossible. It was not the political consequences that

men thought of when they heard of the death of Napoleon III. They thought of his wonderful career—an exile in boyhood, a forlorn adventurer in his early manhood, the prisoner of Ham, the refugee in England, the Prince President, the Emperor of the French, the arbiter of peace and war, the ally of England in the Crimean war, the hero of the Italian war, and once more an exile in England. And throughout this career Napoleon bore himself as became a king of men. In prosperity never unduly exultant, in adversity ever calm, he had often manifested an intrepid bearing in moments of danger, and amidst the horrors of Sedan men marvelled at the fearless demeanour of the unfortunate and suffering Emperor. It is admitted that he rendered splendid service to the cause of human progress. He might have fought Germany in 1864, and triumphed, but his triumph would have postponed the unity of Germany; and posterity will not blame him for hoping to keep up the position of France without deluging Europe with blood. His Mexican expedition was a mistake; but success might have been a blessing to that country. When his death was announced to the Italian Chamber, there was a grateful acknowledgment that he had by his advice and by his prowess emancipated Italy. After centuries of hostility, he united England and France in the bonds of amity. There is something touching in his staunch and enduring friendship for our country. He offended his subjects rather than relax that friendship, and adopted a policy of free trade beneficial to both countries, though it was not popular in France. About his private character there is to be said that his wife and son were devoted to him, and no man ever had more loving friends. Their affection was not less ardent when he was in exile, and when he died they grieved with warm and irrepressible grief. He was human. He had faults and failings, but his virtues were grand and conspicuous. Take him altogether, he was the greatest man of our times, and though dying in exile it is not surprising that his death has engaged the attention and thought of the world.

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IN these high-pressure days it is gratifying to see an author stepping aside from general work to set up a literary monument, however small, by which he would desire to be remembered. I have myself had these fits of longing to live in the future, to be known and to be read long after the weeds have buried the plain slab with him in whose memory it was once set up fresh and new. I fancy *Blanchard Jerrold* was influenced by some sentiment of this kind

when he wrote "The Christian Vagabond," which he contributed some time since to my pages. It is an earnest and worthy performance, and I am glad to receive the work in book form, nicely printed and embellished with characteristic illustrations by the author himself. "The Christian Vagabond" strikes the key-note of the best and holiest impulses of the human heart.

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DR. SHEA, of New York, has been engaged for a considerable time in an investigation of the names of the States, in their origin and significance. He has set forth the result in an "Historical Record," from which I gather some very curious information. Some of our educationists will do well to revise their books on geography from these new facts. Alabama is from the name of the tribe originally written Alibamon by the French. The late Rev. Mr. Byington, an accomplished Choctaw scholar, sustained the earlier French by making the Alibamons to be Choctaws, and he ridiculed the translation, *Here we rest; or, the land of rest*. Mississippi is not Choctaw or Natchez at all. The name first reached the French missionaries and *voyageurs* through the northern Algonquin tribes, and is clearly intelligible in their languages. Missi or Michi means *great*; sipi, *river*; so that it simply means great river, a derivation supported by the Greek. The Ottawa was called Kichisipi, a *great river*; and Colonel Pichlynn, a very intelligent Shawnee, when asked by the late Buckingham Smith the meaning of Chesapeake, at once said Kichi-sipik—place of the great water. Arkansas is written in early French documents Alkansas, so that the French word *arc* certainly did not enter it, and such compounds are not in the style of the French. Alkansas or Arkansas was the name given by the Algonquins tribe to the nation calling themselves Quappas. Kentucky is by Algonquin scholars interpreted like Connecticut—the *long river*. Ohio is not a Shawnee word, or a word in any Algonquin dialect. It is pure Iroquois, like Ontario, and means, in Iroquois, *beautiful river*. Michigan is Michi, *great*; and gami, *lake*, in Algonquin, and is given in an early French Illinois dictionary. As earliest given it is Michigami. Illinois is not a compound of Indian and French, but a Canadian-French attempt to express the word Illiniwek, which in Algonquin is a verbal form, "We are men." The *wek* gradually got written *ois*, pronounced *way*, or nearly so. We say Illy-noy; but the French said Illeen-way, and the Indians Illeen-week. Wisconsin arises from a misprint; all the early French documents have Ouisconsin, or Misconsin, and this seems to come from Miscošì

*it is red.* Wishcons may mean *a small beaver lodge.* Missouri is a name first given in Marquette's journal, and evidently Algonquin. In an Illinois dictionary the meaning given is *Canoe.* In Baraga's dictionary, for *It is muddy,* he gives *ajishkiwika,* but no word like Missouri. Iowa is written at first *Aiouès,* and was applied to a tribe of Indians, and would seem to be simply *Ajawa*—across, beyond, as if to say *the tribe beyond the river.* With this we may compare the term *Hebrews,* so called from having *crossed over* into another country, from the Euphrates. Texas was a name applied to a confederacy, and is said by Morfi, in his "Manuscript History of Texas," to mean *Friends.*

THERE is no data upon which to form a reliable account of the origin of billiards. Dr. Johnson gives reasons for believing that the game had its birth in England. Todd argues that billiards originated in France. Strutt, who is an excellent authority on "Sports and Pastimes," believes billiards to be merely the game of *paille-maille* transferred from the ground to the table, and concerning which "Cavendish" gave an illustration in the first volume of my "entirely new series." Billiards superseded shovel-board. In 1674 a billiard table had six pockets. The bed of the table was made of oak, and the cushions were stuffed with "fine flax or cotton." Maces, not cues, were used, made of some weighty wood and tipped with ivory. The peculiarity of the game consisted in the use of a small arch of ivory, called the "port" (placed where the pyramid spot now stands), and of an ivory peg or "king," placed at the opposite end of the table. Two balls were used, and the game played was the white-winning game (single pool), five up by day-light, three by candle-light. Beyond the "lives" scores were counted appertaining to passing the port or to touching the king. "French billiards," which was essentially single pool, was next introduced. "Carambole," the precursor of billiards as now played in England, was the next advance in the game. "Curiously enough, the French have of late years entirely discarded pockets, playing only cannons: and what was formerly the French game is now called the English game." Up to 1810 the development of the game was very slow; soon after this date the introduction of cue-playing, leathern tips and chalk, side-strokes, and improvements in tables caused quite a revolution in the science of billiards. A man named Bentley, proprietor of a billiard room at Bath, discovered the side-stroke; and May, a billiard table keeper, first popularised the spot. When Cook became the champion player of England he eclipsed all previous scores, making breaks of 417 (137 spots), 447

(138 spots), 512 (167 spots, a cannon intervening), 531, and 752 (220 spots, two all-round breaks intervening). Next to Cook, Joseph Bennett has made the largest break on record—viz., 510 off the balls, including 149 consecutive spots. At present Cook is champion, and for some time to come there is every reason to believe that the holder of the cup will be found in either Cook, Bennett, or Roberts, jun., who are the three leading players of billiards. I gather these interesting notes from a new book on billiards, by Joseph Bennett, edited by "Cavendish," and published by De la Rue and Co. This work, for the first time it seems to me, reduces the game to a complete and comprehensive system. "Cavendish" has shown a remarkable capacity in other directions for harmonising and working out general principles; with the aid of a finished player, he has brought his theory of a systematic treatise to a practical issue. The new billiard book must become a necessary companion to those who study the game scientifically.

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WHO shall write the Life of Lord Lytton, as that of Dickens is being written by his friend John Forster? I cannot think of any man who has lived in the midst of us down to these last days whose biography would make so varied and so intensely interesting a story of high literary and political life during the last half century. Dickens was always a lion among men of letters; Thackeray was a constant attendant at clubs, and haunted the studios of artists; but the author of "The Caxtons," "The Lady of Lyons," and "King Arthur"—the poet, the pamphleteer, the novelist, the Whig politician, the Tory statesman, the peer: the man who from the beginning of his career was behind the scenes in every phase of public life—political, literary, dramatic, artistic, diplomatic, aristocratic, Bohemian, or whatever else—during a period covering the life of two or three generations, must have left behind him the materials of a biographical work hardly less attractive than his most successful book or his most famous play. His letters, his memoranda, his rough literary sketches, his diary, if he has left one, the materials of autobiography whereof we shall most likely hear very soon—will make one of the most popular books of the next ten years. And what if it should contain private revelations? There are domestic passages in the biography of Dickens which the world is expecting shortly to hear narrated. A mystery as yet unrevealed hangs over the home experience of Thackeray. Already the contemporaries of the author of "Pelham" have been shown a little way



behind the scenes of his married life. Will anything more be told; will misconceptions be removed; will the story as it stands be confirmed; or will not a word be added to the imperfect picture? But first we are all looking for the posthumous novel, "Opinions of Kenelm Chillingley," which happily received the author's own finishing touches before he died. In that he was able to set his seal to the last of his numerous works he was so much more fortunate than Thackeray, Dickens, or Macaulay. The novel must be great to add to his fame. When will England produce another to perform high-class work in so many and such varied fields of intellectual activity?

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FEW more interesting controversies, both in a literary and an historical point of view, have ever arisen than the discussion which has recently been carried on respecting the authenticity and genuineness of the Swiss legend in which the archery feats of William Tell are described. The object of this brief note is not to attempt to settle the dispute, but merely to state that the story has penetrated the Arctic circle. In the metrical traditions of Lapland and Russian Karelia all the leading particulars in the life of the Swiss hero are closely reproduced—unless, indeed, the story be of Northern origin. In Lapland literature it is varied, so that the son is the active, and the father the passive, personage in the tale. The latter has been taken captive by a band of Finn marauders. The former—a boy twelve years of age—threatens the party with his bow from a position of safety on the other side of a lake. The captors, dreading his skill, promise the father's liberty on a condition similar to that related in the Swiss legend. "Raise one hand and sink the other, for the water will attract the arrow," is the father's advice. The apple is duly cloven, and the father released. The incident of the jump from the boat is also recited; and the northern locality specified as distinctly as the Lucerne of Swiss history. The legend in this form was discovered about thirty years ago by Mathias Alexander Castren, a native of Finland. In the Finnish and Lappish metrical writings he also discovered the leading particulars of the adventure of Ulysses with the Cyclops. From what original source—says a reviewer of Castren's work—or through what channels these traditions have travelled, it is probably vain to inquire or dispute: the triumph of courage over numbers, of policy over brute force, has its charm for the rudest nations, and from Jack the Giant Killer to William Tell the key-note of the strain is ever the same.

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CLYTIE.


A NOVEL OF MODERN LIFE.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

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CHAPTER I.

ON THE BRINK.

WO men loved her. One was rich ; the other poor. Her whole life was influenced by an accident, a mistake, a misunderstanding, a calumny. They who loved her most were her detractors. Sometimes our best friends are the first to be deceived by appearances which belie us.

Tom Mayfield gave her the name of Clytie even before he had spoken to her ; she was so round and dimply, and had such wavy hair, and such brown tender eyes, and was altogether so much like the popular statuette of the goddess who was changed into a sunflower for very love. Tom Mayfield was a student in Dunelm University, and he saw Clytie first at a boat-race on the Wear. She was accompanied by her grandfather, the organist of St. Bride's, with whom Tom speedily made friends, that he might have facilities for wooing this belle of the cathedral city.

Tom had already a rival before he had the right to regard any man as his opponent. Love's shadows of doubt and fear had fallen upon him before his sun of hope could even be said to have risen. Tom was poor. Philip Ransford was rich. Tom was a pale-faced student, and burnt the midnight oil over hard tasks that were his battles for wealth and fame. Philip Ransford was a big,

burly fellow, who followed the hounds, belonged to London Clubs, kept a yacht, and was the son of James Ransford, whose cotton factories manufactured money with a daily regularity that at any moment could be made into a sum and reckoned up to the closest nicety.

When Philip Ransford learnt that Tom Mayfield was a frequent visitor at the organist's pretty little house in the Bailey, he swore with his fist clenched that he would ride over Tom in the street, or brain him with his whip-handle.

"Calls her Clytie, does he?" Phil muttered, as he strode along the Bailey on a summer's evening, after a day's salmon fishing up the river; "I'll Clytie him!"

It was glorious to see the sun finding out the moss and lichens in that dull street which echoed the footsteps of Clytie's swashbuckling lover. The quaint gables of St. Bride's flung purple shadows over the road, and the great Cathedral towers rose up strong and bold against the red sky. On one side of the street a high wall shut in the Cathedral Close and St. Bride's; on the other the back entrances of some dozen houses opposed the gloom of the mossy wall; but now and then you had a peep of paradise, for the fronts of the houses looked out upon the Wear, and here and there a door was open, showing a long vista of lawn and garden, of tree and river, and of distant hills cold and blue, in contrast with the red of the sun which set behind St. Cuthbert's towers. Farther down the street called the Bailey, as you came to a bend of the way, an arch closed the road. It seemed to be filled with a picture of laburnum, lilac, and elm, with a bit of balustrade and a shimmering glimpse of river. This was an outlet into the Banks, separated from the Bailey by the Prebend's Bridge, on which Tom Mayfield first saw Clytie, who lived within the Bailey, and a few yards on this side of that lovely picture of laburnum, lilac, and elm framed in the crumbling old archway of Prebend's Bridge.

The Hermitage was a small house. It was hard to divine how it had come to find a place among the fine houses which were built on either side of it, with gardens sloping down to the beautiful northern river. It was rented at only twenty-five pounds a year; but it belonged to the Dean and Chapter, and they were very particular about their tenants. Indeed, it was looked upon as a patent of respectability to be allowed to rent the Hermitage. Old Luke Waller, when he arrived in Dunelm with his grandchild, then an infant of six, brought a special letter of introduction to the Dean from a noble lord, through whose influence he had been appointed

organist of St. Bride's, at the handsome salary of two hundred a year, one hundred and fifty of which came out of his lordship's purse, unknown to Luke Waller, whose antecedents were a complete blank to the citizens of Dunelm.

Luke had a history that would have astonished the ancient city of St. Cuthbert. Sometimes when he was playing the voluntary at church, and thinking of the past, he got his story mixed up in the music, and found himself wandering in imagination through the streets of London. It had been necessary on several occasions for the parson to send a message round to the organ-loft to stop the musical reverie with which he was accompanying his reminiscences. On these occasions Luke Waller would suddenly pull himself together and go through the service with an earnestness that lent additional charms to the quiet simplicity which marked the orthodoxy of St. Bride's. But he would go back again with Clytie when the church was empty, lock the doors, get the girl to blow for him (it was a small organ, and she delighted in the work), and play out his dream. He was a strange old man—a tottering, grey-headed old man, with almost a youthful blue eye, white teeth, and cheeks like the streaky side of an old-fashioned apple, red and wrinkly. Life to him was a daily devotion to the happiness of his granddaughter, Mary, or Clytie, as I have re-christened her in deference to the poetic fancy of Tom Mayfield, and for some suggestiveness in the name which may be justified hereafter.

Phil Ransford entered the Hermitage on this summer evening of my story, with his fishing tackle and a creel containing a brace of salmon, which in all their red and silvery beauty he laid on a bed of grass before Luke and Clytie.

"Those are fine fish," said Mr. Waller.

"I brought them for your acceptance, if you will oblige me," said Phil.

Clytie looked up admiringly at Phil's manly figure, and smiled with a quiet satisfaction.

"Thank you," said the old man—"thank you, Mr. Ransford; one will be quite enough for us."

"You can pickle the other," said Phil; "your cook is up to that, I suppose, eh, Miss Waller?"

"Oh, yes," said Clytie.

"Yes, she can cook," said Mr. Waller; "that must be said in her favour."

Phil had sat down, and laid his fishing-rod in a corner of the room.

"You are tired," said Luke Waller; but there was little or no sympathy in the remark.

"I am, and hungry. I very nearly took that first fish into a public on the river and had a steak cut out of him; but I thought a brace of salmon would look far better at the Hermitage."

Although the organist did not much care for Phil Ransford's society, he could not well resist a hint so pointedly given.

"Have one cut now—stay and sup with us," said the old man.

"I should just be in time for dinner at home," said Phil; "but salmon cutlets and Hermitage society!—Mr. Waller, I accept your most kind invitation."

"That is well," said the old man. "Mary, my love, order the supper."

Phil Ransford watched the young lady as she left the room, and Clytie answered his admiring gaze with a look of conscious triumph. There was hardly a girl in Dunelm who would not have accepted Phil Ransford as a lover. He was even freely admitted to the Cathedral society. Educated at Harrow and Cambridge, young Ransford had a double claim to recognition. He had received the traditional training of a gentleman, and was rich; he excelled in manly sports, danced like an angel according to several flighty young things of forty, was a member of the Reform, and would some day, if he chose, sit in the House of Commons. Luke Waller was therefore somewhat flattered at Mr. Ransford's attentions, and Clytie encouraged them, because she rather enjoyed the jealousy and spitefulness of the Cathedral set who systematically kept her out of the society of the Close. But old Waller never left Ransford and Clytie alone; he had twice refused to allow Phil to see her home from those outside evening parties at which they occasionally met; but he had not been able to prevent Phil Ransford from stopping her now and then in the quiet old streets, and talking to her. Dunelm was such a dear silent old city that two people might step aside into an odd nook or corner, in the shadow of an old archway, or beneath an old tree, and talk to each other for an hour without being seen by any one. But it was enough for the old city if the gossips or lovers were seen by one person; the incident was soon reported; it was not necessary to employ the town crier, though Dunelm went to the expense of having such an officer. Phil Ransford frequently flung himself in the way of Clytie, and Tom Mayfield was jealous of him. Ransford had six months' start of the young student. He made a sort of declaration of love to the lady four weeks before that vision of beauty appeared to Tom, recalling to his

fancy his favourite bust of Clytie which was the only ornament in his little room near St. Cuthbert's gateway, where they rested the mythical bones of the patron saint in the mythical days of old.

## CHAPTER II.

## "FRIENDS OR FOES?"

"I LOVE you," said Tom Mayfield. "You round, bewitching beauty; if you will only be mine I will never desert you, like the fool in the story."

He was addressing a large Parian bust of Clytie. It stood upon his table amidst a pile of books and examination papers.

"I am not rich like that coarse, vulgar Ransford; but I have a heart that is true and faithful; I never loved before; I have an independent income of two hundred a year; I am an orphan; I mean to go to the Bar, and with you by my side I will make a name and fortune."

He moved the bust round and put his hand upon it.

"My dear Clytie! I am only twenty-two. They tell me you are seventeen. Our ages fit admirably. The man should be a few years older than the woman. I am sufficiently romantic to be an interesting lover, but a practical fellow for all that. I should take care of you and protect you; and I should be proud of you. I want no money with you, and your dear old grandfather shall always have a seat in the ingle-nook."

The light fell upon the statue; fell tenderly upon the wavy hair; upon the full round bosom. Tom Mayfield looked at it and sighed.

"Let me see," he said, taking up a copy of *Lemprière*, "who were you in the classic days? A daughter of Oceanus and Tethys, beloved by Apollo, who deserted you for Leucothea. You pined away and were changed into a sunflower, and you still turn to the sun as in pledge of your love. Turn to me, my dear Clytie! Let me be your sun; I will always shine upon you, always be warm and gentle and loving."

He moved the figure again, that he might contemplate the three-quarter face.

"Upon my soul it is a marvellous likeness! What a lovely, dreamy face it is!"

Then he turned over again the pages of the dictionary.

"There was another Clytie. What! A concubine of Amyntor,

son of Phrastor, whose calumny caused Amyntor to put out the eyes of his falsely accused son Phoenix !”

The young student took up a pen and blotted from the book all the other Clyties except the one beloved of Apollo.

“A concubine indeed ! Perish the thought. Heaven would not permit it. But they call Ransford a woman-killer. They say he is a very gay fellow in town ; they say he lured that pretty daughter of old Pim the verger to London. Yes, now I remember the story ; it killed the old man.”

He paced the room.

“Why do these dark thoughts come into my mind just now ? A hint of suspicion, even in fancy, is an insult to her. My very soul blushes at it. By heavens, if Ransford harboured a dishonourable thought against her I would kill him like a dog !”

A knock at the door.

“Mr. Philip Ransford,” said the servant.

Tom Mayfield started and rubbed his eyes as if he were in a dream.

“You are surprised to see me,” said Phil.

Tom did not speak.

“You are more than surprised ; my visit does not seem agreeable to you.”

“Pray forgive me,” said the student, recovering his self-possession.

“My mind was taken up just then with a very knotty and curious question.”

“Ah, a problem in Euclid ?”

“No ; a supposititious incident cropping up out of a classical story. Take a seat, Mr. Ransford.”

“May I smoke ?” asked Phil, producing a cigar case.

“By all means ; I will light up too.”

Tom filled his favourite meerschaum ; Phil Ransford lighted a cigar.

“I ventured to call as I was passing to ask if you would come and dine with us to-morrow ; I expect a friend or two in a quiet way—not a dinner party, you know—would have done the formal thing, but you said you were not a stickler for ceremonies when I met you at the Dean’s the other evening, and, as I saw your lamp gleaming out and attracting all the moths in the Green to your window, I determined all in a minute to drop in upon you.”

“Very kind of you,” said Tom. “I will come ; I was thinking of you when you knocked at the door. Do you believe in spiritualism ?”

“No.”

"Nor I."

"Why do you ask?"

"Don't know. How do you account for those startling coincidences which occur to all of us? For example, the moment you were near my rooms I began to think of you. It was curious that you should step in just as I was registering a sort of vow concerning you."

"Concerning me? a vow?" said Mr. Ransford, taking his cigar from his mouth.

"Yes," said Tom Mayfield, smoking steadily. "Odd, is it not, and I have only known you about six weeks?"

"Are you joking?"

"No," said Tom, "you have no idea what an interest I take in you."

"And you were thinking of me the moment I entered?"

"I was."

"Did I form part of the problem you were trying to solve?"

"You did."

Phil Ransford smiled and relighted his cigar with affected calmness. Tom Mayfield looked straight at him with a quiet composure, but not unkindly.

"Will you explain?" said Mr. Ransford.

"Some other time," said Tom Mayfield.

"No time like the present," replied Phil, who mentally measured his own strength against Tom's, and felt that the odds were in his favour.

"Some other time," said Tom firmly. "At what hour do you dine?"

"Six; but look here, don't you know, there is something in your manner which is mysterious and not altogether friendly—let us understand each other."

"We do, perfectly, my dear friend," said Tom, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "And I hope we shall be good friends; they tell me your wine is even finer than the Dean's. Did I not see you starting on a fishing excursion this morning?"

"You did. I called on old Waller as I came back, and emptied my creel at the Hermitage."

Tom winced, but the smoke hid his face sufficiently to prevent Phil Ransford from noticing the effect of his shot.

"Ah, you visit at the Hermitage?"

"Occasionally."

"What will you drink?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"Sure! Have some claret?"



"No, thank you; I must get home. I will not keep you from your studies any longer. I used to burn the midnight oil myself. Good night. To-morrow at six, then, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you?"

"Thank you, yes," said Tom. "Good night."

"I must not be rash," said Tom, when he had shut the door. "I don't like him, Clytie! I register that vow in thy name!"

"Humph!" grunted Phil Ransford, as he strode over the Green, "that was the bust on his table. It's devilish like; never saw such a portrait. He was thinking of me, was he? And was thinking what might be the result of a supposititious incident in real life. There was an ugly look in his eyes. Ah! ah! He's as jealous as a Turk, and without the right to be. She says she has only spoken to him twice. We shall see what we shall see. I'll either be friend or foe, whichever he likes. Heaven help him if he shows fight. I'll soon make Dunelm too hot for him!—or London either, for that matter—damned pauper!"

### CHAPTER III.

#### IN THE ORGAN LOFT.

TOM MAYFIELD made the acquaintance of the Ransford family at dinner, as arranged. They were good sort of people in their way, believed in money, and were at the same time proud of Phil having worn a gown. It was absolutely necessary that you should have done so, to get into the inner circle of Dunelm society. When you did get there, it was not much to boast of; still, it was the thing to be there, and the Dean was a grand old boy who understood the secret of dining, and knew by heart and taste the best port wine vintages.

Phil Ransford had a father and mother and some brothers and sisters, but it is not necessary to introduce them here. They treated Tom Mayfield with deference and respect; he had a way of commanding both, and especially when Money stood up and challenged Intellect. Phil was courteous and hospitable, and politely considerate in his attentions to the young student.

"Why is she not invited to his house?" Tom asked himself, as he walked to his chambers from the big house on the hill. "Why do not his sisters call upon her? She is the granddaughter of a professional man. Old Waller is clever too, behaves himself like a gentleman, dines now and then with the Dean, was introduced to the Dean and Chapter by a lord."

Tom puzzled himself with a variety of questions all the way home, and when he got there he again addressed himself to Clytie.

"Well, madame, I've been to his house ; it is a fine place, lots of old oak furniture and pictures, expensive pictures—very bad though, some of them ; vulgar old dog his father ; thinks money everything ; but they all think that ; I quoted a few great men who were notoriously poor ; but Phil Ransford would be friends."

Tom lighted his pipe and drew down the blinds.

"*You* don't think money can do everything? Do you, my love? I shall ask you in person soon. I am going to be rash, because I love you very much. I only went to that Cotton house to see what he was like at home, to study him, to find him out ; and I do not like him, Clytie ; no, my dear girl, he is not what we men call straight. You have not been to his house. Mrs. Ransford does not know you ; the Misses Ransford don't—I asked them. They do not think you are beautiful ; they professed not even to think you pretty ; they had seen you often, oh, yes, at the Cathedral and at St. Bride's ; it is Sunday to-morrow, and I shall be at your church in the morning, and I shall walk home with you—if possible."

The next day was a hot, lazy summer Sunday. All nature seemed to be resting. The bells which chimed for service sounded as if they were dressed up in their Sunday clothes, and only leaned upon their elbows and simpered what they had to say. The sun slept on the river, hot and rosy, like an infant. The water lay tranquilly beneath the trees. Shadows of towers and gables and moss-covered walls fell here and there, brown and motionless. The only stir seemed to be a sort of sunny pulsation of the air. The birds were still. A bee or butterfly might be seen poised on an open flower. The laburnum and lilac near the archway of the Prebend's Bridge seemed to swoon with happiness in the glowing light. It was a day for love and worship, for dreaming, for sitting in the shade of the Banks, for standing inside the Cathedral porch and listening to the choristers, for doing nothing, and doing that lazily.

Tom Mayfield went to St. Bride's on that summer Sunday morning, and Luke Waller had one of his musical dreams in the opening voluntary. When service was over, Tom went straight to the organ-loft. The organist was playing the congregation out. When the last footfall was heard, the blower, hot and tired, began to let the wind run down.

"Go on," said Tom, slipping a shilling into his hand.

"All right," said the man, and up went the indicator.

The organist turned and with a pleasant smile recognised the young student.

"Don't get up, sir," said Tom ; "pray go on. You are just in the vein. It is a lovely bit of harmonisation."

The old man was pleased. His fingers pressed the ivory keys with a loving fondness. It seemed as if he caressed them, and they responded with tender voices. The music wandered about the old church, laden with the scent of lilac that crept in from an adjacent garden. A soft tread and a rustle of silk came up the gallery stairs, and presently the beauty of the Hermitage drew the organ-loft curtains and stood by the player. She moved with graceful condescension to Tom Mayfield, whose eyes responded, full of respect and love. Clytie laid her hand upon her grandfather's shoulder.

"Come, grandfather dear, we shall not have time for our little walk."

In Dunelm everybody walked a little way after morning church until dinner-time, which on Sundays with all classes was in the middle of the day.

The old man took her hand in his right hand, finishing his extempore performance with the left; then he put in the stops one after the other, until the music seemed to go far away in the distance, finishing in a sort of harmonic sigh.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed the young student. "A most touching finale. There is nothing like the minor key."

Clytie smiled approvingly.

"May I walk a little way with you, Mr. Waller?" Tom asked, looking all the time at the lady.

"Yes, yes," said the old man, "by all means; we shall only stroll in the shade of the trees, through the Banks, round over the Bridge, and then home."

The lady was dressed with becoming taste. A light, thin silk dress—lilac flowers on a creamy ground—a Brussels-lace pellerine, a chip bonnet trimmed with lilac flowers, light gloves, and her dress slightly open at the neck so that you saw the full throat, purer in shade and whiteness than the small pearl brooch that rested there. She was indeed supremely beautiful, this belle of the northern city. No wonder match-making mammas tried to keep her out of the inner ring of Dunelm society. Their task was not altogether an easy one. Tom Mayfield now felt how lonely he was. If his father and mother had been alive, they should have called upon her, and given him the right to invite the organist and his grand-daughter home.

Tom walked by her side in the Banks, and talked to her with his voice specially attuned to her ear. She knew that he loved her. She could read it in every glance of his eye. She tried to justify his admiration. It made her happy to be admired. Even in church she enjoyed the silent homage of the people. A few of the Dunelm

women were as mad about her as the men; she was so sweet and pretty. Clytie knew people turned round to look at her. She seemed to fill the street; her soft sympathetic eyes, her perfectly oval face, her red lips, her brown wavy hair; her exquisite figure, round and full, like the ideal woman of a painter's dream; her gentle dove-like manner, impressed beholders as if they had seen a vision of beauty; and the old grey walls of the city set off the picture; she was so bright and graceful—a contrast to the big solemn houses and the quaint crumbling towers.

Passing over Prebend's Bridge they met the Ransfords; old Ransford, Mrs. Ransford, the sisters, young Ransford, and Phil. The whole family swept by, receiving with a vulgar effort at hauteur, intended for Clytie, the polite recognition of Mr. Mayfield. When the flood of silk and muslin and perfume had passed, the Wallers and Tom discovered that Phil Ransford was left behind. He shook hands with Clytie, looked through Tom Mayfield (who met his gaze with calm defiance), and told Mr. Waller that it was awfully hot. Luke said he rather thought it was warmer than usual, but that was to be expected at this time of the year. Clytie seemed a little confused, but presently recovered and enjoyed her triumph. She saw that the two men were jealous, and she really did not care a button for either of them. If she had any choice between the two, the balance of liking was in Phil Ransford's favour. He was rich, very rich she understood; and he had already made her several valuable presents. Among these was a necklet of pearls with a diamond clasp. She had not dared to show it to her grandfather, because somehow she had felt that she ought not to have accepted so costly a gift. She had, however, done an odd thing: one day when she was on a visit at a friend of Luke's, a widow at Newcastle, she had called upon a jeweller there and asked him the value of the necklet. He said it was worth a hundred and fifty guineas; and from that moment Phil Ransford seemed to have some special claim upon her, some mysterious authority. She had admitted to herself a peculiar sense of obligation which she could not explain; it kindled a new desire within her, an ambition which for the time got possession of her, body and soul. She would like to be a fine lady, a queen of fashion and beauty, a goddess in that grand society of wealth and loveliness, of show and pomp, which Phil Ransford had described to her as existing in London, where she ought to live. All this was in her mind when she looked at Tom Mayfield and Phil Ransford on this summer Sunday. The new, well-fitting clothes of her rich admirer, his heavy watch-guard, his silver-

headed cane, his gloves, his shiny hat, his general air of wealth, told in her inexperienced mind against Tom Mayfield's dingy college gown and grey trousers. Moreover, Tom talked of books, of poetry, of music, and the earnestness of life; while Phil was full of flower shows, archery meetings, and the pretty frivolities of existence.

Phil walked with the party to the Hermitage, and monopolised a great deal of Clytie's attention; and he did it with an air of authority that did not even escape the notice of Grandfather Waller, who resolved in his own mind to speak about it to Clytie before the day was over.

Meanwhile the two young men left the Wallers at the front door of the Hermitage, and walked together along the Bailey to Tom Mayfield's rooms. They did not speak until they were within the welcome shadow of St. Cuthbert's Gateway, and then Phil Ransford said,

"Mr. Mayfield, you and I must have a serious conversation."

"By all means," said Tom, looking up calmly into the face of his stalwart companion.

"A serious conversation," Phil repeated.

"When you please," said Tom.

"To-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Shall I call upon you?"

"Yes."

"At eight to-morrow night?"

"That will suit me."

"It is an engagement then?"

"By all means."

"Good morning," said Phil, and the two parted.

The reader will already have gleaned that Tom did not live in college. He preferred an independent existence outside. His little bachelor dinner was waiting for him as he entered his room. He ate it thoughtfully, and, lighting his pipe immediately afterwards, sat near the window where he could see the College Green and hear the bees humming in the lime trees. He had turned his back upon his favourite bust, but he was questioning his own heart about the living prototype, and Phil Ransford seemed to him like a dark, ugly shadow in the sunshine. He sat dreaming until the Cathedral chimes lazily invited Dunelm to afternoon service; Dunelm responded with suitable lethargy. Tom Mayfield laid down his pipe, and casting a longing look at the white unconscious statue, slipped out upon the Green, glided through the cloisters, and found rest for his troubled thoughts in the soft, soothing, dreamy music of the Cathedral choir.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE WARNING.

THERE was a square, old-fashioned garden at the Hermitage. It was shut in by high walls covered with ivy. The garden beds were marked out by tall boundaries of box-wood. The flowers were old-fashioned and sweet beyond description. At the bottom of the garden there was a narrow terrace, upon which stood a summer-house, a round sort of chalet, covered with ivy, with which half a dozen other creepers struggled for recognition. Terrace and summer-house overlooked a broad expanse of ornamental lawn belonging to the next house, which in its turn was shut in by the River Wear. Nothing could be more picturesque than this bit of Dunelm. Occasionally on summer afternoons the Wallers drank tea on the terrace, the old man entertaining his grand-daughter with his violin and with stories of the great world of London, in which she took an inextinguishable interest.

"After dinner, Mary, let the servant go out, and lock the door; we will have a quiet hour in the summer-house before evening service; if there are callers, they will think we are out too."

"Yes, dear," said Clytie; but after dinner she seemed loth to go; and when they were alone in the house she sat down to the piano, and commenced to sing.

"Now, my pet, come along," said the old man, putting her garden hat upon her head—"come along; I want to talk to you."

He took her arm, and put it within his own, and they went together to the summer-house.

"There; now we can have a good long talk," said the old man, placing a low rush chair for the young girl, and patting her cheek as she sat down and looked inquiringly at him.

"You know how dearly I love you," he said.

"My dear grandfather!"

"That I would willingly lay my life down for you—sit still, my darling—that no sacrifice would be too great for me to make to secure your happiness."

"Dear grandfather, what have I done that you should think it necessary to say this?" asked Clytie, almost in tears.

"Nothing, love; nothing. Mr. Philip Ransford evidently admires you very much. I noticed that to-day when you saw him you changed colour; and I thought he seemed more familiar in his manner than our acquaintance with him warranted."

Clytie did not speak. She had the necklet in her pocket; it seemed to burn her hand that lay upon it.

"Now, I would never stand between you and the choice of your heart; but I do not like Mr. Ransford; that is, I do not like him as your admirer. I have no faith in him as your lover; he is a mere butterfly of society—a gay, frivolous young fellow, who looks at life from a very different point of view to an honest, earnest man."

"He is not much like a butterfly, dear grandfather," said Clytie, smiling.

She had got over her first fright, and was now prepared to meet her grandfather courageously.

"Not so far as gracefulness and elegance go," said Luke, rather pleased that Clytie did not appear to take the matter seriously.

"Mr. Mayfield would do better for that part; his gown might serve for wings, but it is a pity it is so old and shabby."

Clytie laughed a little ringing laugh at her picture of Tom as a butterfly.

"You quizzical puss," said the old man; "you are just like your mother."

"Let us talk about her, dear," said Clytie, promptly. "You never talk about my father and mother, though I am always asking to know everything about them; tell me of my mother at the opera."

"Not now, dear," said Luke; "by-and-by. But this Mr. Ransford, he made me uncomfortable this morning; I don't like him."

"Nor I, dear," said Clytie; "but we must be civil to him."

"You don't like him?"

"Not I," said Clytie.

"You like Mr. Mayfield, then?" said Luke, his countenance changing to an expression of pleasant anticipation.

"No; no more than I do Mr. Ransford."

"Oh," said Luke, his face dropping again.

"I don't care for any one but you, dear," said Clytie, getting up and flinging her arms round her grandfather; "my dear, dear old father and mother and grandfather and everything; surely you don't want me to like some one else and leave you?"

"My own darling," said the old man, his voice trembling with emotion; "I could part with you, if it were necessary, to be the wife of a good, true man; but even that would try me sorely. But—oh, my love, do not let us talk of it; you will never leave me; you will never leave your dear old grandfather!"

Luke laid his hand upon the girl's shoulder, and wept.

"Never, dear, never," said the girl, sobbing, and secretly vowing to throw that burning necklace into the river.

"There, there, I am an old fool," said Luke; "forgive me, my child; let us go into the house and have some music; we have had enough of this; but promise, love, to have no secrets from me. I can advise you better than all the world, for I love you better."

"Yes, dear," said Clytie.

"Your mother died broken-hearted, my child, because she trusted to a young gay nobleman, in whom she believed rather than listen to me, her father who loved her with all his soul."

"My poor mother!" said Clytie; "sit down, grandfather, and tell me of her, all from the first; you tell me something new every time we talk of her."

"It was not her fault altogether, poor dear," said the old man, as if he were talking to himself; "I ought not to have allowed her to go on the stage. It was her mother's dying request that she should not, but I disregarded that. As time wore on the dying request seemed to get weaker and weaker, and Mary had wondrous powers, and no other wish in life. When she appeared London went mad about her; a young nobleman fell madly in love with her, he followed her everywhere, she went away with him to Paris, she wrote and told me she was married, but secretly. I heard from her next at Rome, then from Florence, next from St. Petersburg. This consumed many months, and then I no longer heard of her. I went to the young man's father, a lord; he ordered me to be thrust into the street, upbraided me that my daughter had disgraced his son, threatened to lock me up. But there, you know the story; let us go into the house."

"No, dear, tell it to me again—it will do me good," said Clytie, her hand in her pocket trying to crush those scorching pearls.

"I conducted the orchestra at the Olympic, but my health failed. I gave up everything. I wrote everywhere, inquired everywhere, but could learn nothing of my child. A year had passed away, when I got a letter from Boulogne. Mary was ill there, sick unto death. Her husband, she said, had deserted her; she was on her way home with her baby, but had been taken ill at Boulogne. I hastened thither, I found her; my poor darling, I did not know her, only her soft sweet voice was unchanged; she was dying of the small-pox"—

Clytie shuddered; despite the hot, burning sun, a chill ran through her veins.

"She died in my arms. Heaven would not let me go with her, because there was her child for me to take care of—you, my darlin'—"



I buried her there, and thought my heart was in her grave ; but God has been good ; we are happy here, you and I, my darling, in this dear old city, where we can dream of the past and prepare ourselves for the better land, where we shall meet those we loved, pure and beautiful as we knew them when they were young."

"Come into the house now, dear," said Clytie, with unfeigned tenderness, and leading the old man as if he were a child.

"But he was punished!" suddenly exclaimed Luke, "punished. Her betrayer died miserably, stabbed in a brawl at Homburg, killed like a dog ; and I went to his father again, went to gloat over him, to scoff at his misery ; but oh, my love, he was broken down, he was torn with grief like a common man, and when he heard my story he grasped my hand, said we would be friends, and I know him now, dear, as the best and most kind-hearted of men. He is wifeless, childless. So far as I could I traced your mother in her journey on the Continent and used every possible exertion to obtain proofs of her marriage, but without avail. Those proofs would make you a lady of title"—

Clytie's heart beat wildly.

"His lordship would acknowledge you as his daughter."

"We should be rich, and live in the great city," said Clytie, her eyes sparkling.

"You would be rich, and a great lady ; yes," said Mr. Waller ; "but you might not be happy, not half so happy as you are here."

"No. And why do I not see the lord who is my other grandfather?"

"Ah ! you will never see him, dear—I have promised it—unless we can prove your mother's marriage, which is the only subject of difference between us. He is as sure that his son did not marry her as I am convinced he did. His lordship learnt a great deal about his son's life that I did not know of. It was the wild, reckless, purposeless life of a libertine, and his end was in keeping with it."

"Poor, dear mother ! And you, dear, how you must have suffered."

"I should not tell you all these sad things, my child, only that they will be a warning to you, only to trust in me—not to have secrets from me ; and now that I know you do not care for this Ransford, I will tell you that I dislike him ; I believe he is a villain—a heartless, vain fellow. Let us avoid him."

"Yes," said Clytie ; and she regretted that she was not standing on Prebend's Bridge that she might hurl his presents into the river.

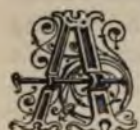
But at night, when she found a note inside her Prayer-book at

church as she had found twice before, she slipped it into her pocket, thinking she would see what he had to say this last time, and then burn his letters, and either fling his jewels into the river or send them back to him. The pew-opener at St. Bride's had been an old servant of Ransford's father, and he saw no harm, so long as Miss Waller made no complaint, in complying with Phil's wishes about the Prayer-book. Clytie heard but little of the church service that night. A crowd of conflicting thoughts and fancies filled her bewildered brain. She loved her grandfather, but after all she could not help thinking that she lived a very humdrum life at Dunelm. The daughter of an actress, the child of a lord's son, how could she settle down to the ways of toadying citizens and stuck-up parsons' wives? Then she tried to pray for guidance, for content—tried to seek consolation and relief in the responses of the Litany; but she had heard all this so often, had joined in it so long as a matter of course, that she could find no pathos in it, no stirring appeal to her heart; her fancy would go whirling on among riches, and pomp, and fashions, and all the vanities of the world; and if Phil Ransford married her she thought how she could go to London during the season, and be a fine lady in Dunelm too. Of course he would marry her; she had no doubt about that. Her only difficulty was that she did not love him. The preacher that night held forth against fashion and dress, against money, against pleasure, against balls and parties, against everything which in Clytie's opinion must give zest to life. He said those who were of the world could never go to heaven. A very high Churchman, he contrasted the life of a Sister of Mercy with that of a young lady of fashion, and the comparison was altogether unfavourable to Clytie, whose spirit revolting against the preacher, she felt that it was impossible to be really good; but when he uttered the benediction, and the organ pealed out in grand and soul-stirring tones, she fell upon her knees and prayed earnestly, and the tears coming to her eyes, she felt better, and hoped she was not so wicked as she had seemed to be, nor so wicked as the parson evidently believed she was. Yet she went home with Phil Ransford's letter, and she did not throw the pearl and diamond necklace into the Wear.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THREE MONTHS WITH A "LION KING."



CALAMITY which occurred at Bolton not very long ago, by which the popular one-armed McCarty, the "Lion King" of Mrs. Manders's Travelling Menagerie (a title as absurd as it was presumptuous), lost his life, brings to my recollection certain events in the career of the original and most celebrated of these self-styled subduers of the "King of the desert," the relation of which may prove interesting to SYLVANUS URBAN and his readers, especially such as study the nature and habits of animals.

In the year 1838, happening to be in Paris, and stopping at Lawson's Hôtel Bedford, in the Rue St. Honoré, I was one morning informed that a new visitor of some notoriety had arrived, and that we were to be honoured at the *table d'hôte* with the presence of Van Amburgh, the great "Lion King," and his coadjutor, the head of the speculation, Mr. Titus, two thoroughbred Yankees. They had accepted an engagement at the Porte St. Martin Theatre of £2,000 for the ensuing month. At this time the hero of my little story was in the zenith of his gladiatorial glory, having performed, "himself and brutes," several times before Her Majesty and the Prince Consort and very select audiences of the leading aristocracy, besides having been publicly hung on the walls of the Royal Academy, immortalised by the inimitable pencil of Sir Edwin Landseer, painted expressly for His Grace the Duke of Wellington—the "Iron Duke." Under such favourable auspices you can imagine that the "King's" visit to Paris naturally created much curiosity and excitement among admirers of the stirring and terrible, and at the hotel in particular at which he "descended" was looked upon as both "sensational" and gratifying.

Accident placed me nearly next to him and his party at the dinner table, and by a congenial spirit in the conversation we very soon got on good terms: "liquoring up" together and retiring afterwards to smoke the "calumet of familiarity"—in short, in a few days we were intimate cronies. I quickly discovered that he was a very stupid, ignorant fellow, and for an American totally devoid of that peculiar

drollery and smartness in conversation which, if not always enlightening, is comical and amusing.

In personal appearance Van Amburgh was, even off the stage, rather remarkable. He stood about 5 ft. 10 in. in height, walked extremely upright, studiously so, and very slowly: a sort of theatrical strut, which would have drawn your attention to him had you not known he was the great brute-tamer direct from New York and London. He had immensely broad shoulders, small hips, and very straight legs, small in proportion to his "uppers." His features were long and narrow, quite the American type: an exceedingly pleasing expression, a frank, good-natured manner. He was also very communicative. With these decided advantages he had one great drawback: he was afflicted with the most mysterious, profound, and unintelligible squint of the left eye that ever revolved in the head of a human being: when he chose it was perfectly appalling. By some his complete dominion over his animals was attributed to this peculiarity of vision; certainly I would defy any one to be sure at whom or what at times he was glaring. The varieties of expression in this "piercer" I believe to have been put on as a part of the by-play or business of his acting; be that as it may, I am sure it had no effect whatever upon the animus of the beasts.

He was received by the Parisians with that enthusiasm and *furor* which they usually display towards exhibitions where are to be enjoyed the charms of novelty, accompanied by apparently imminent danger. The latter quality has for them peculiar attractions; indeed, I verily believe that some portion of the audience would have been more than pleased at witnessing his death by lions in the middle of the arena. It is quite certain that Van Amburgh was for a length of time followed in all his performances by a gentleman who had wagered that he would be torn in pieces, and that he would be there to see it. This man of sanguinary expectations, whoever he was—a fact never ascertained—always sat in a front seat or private box, and peering through an opera glass, never withdrew it for a moment from the cage during the "King's" presence in it. He had followed him to Paris and resumed his usual nightly prominent position. As we all know, he was, fortunately for poor Van, doomed to be disappointed in his heartless pursuit of him; still it annoyed his Leonic Majesty. The engagement proceeded for some nights with the greatest success and satisfaction to all parties: the management chuckled over their profits, the audience applauded to the skies—and Van Amburgh and Titus shook hands, and "calculated they had whipped creation." So far so good; everything went smoothly; but accidents will happen

which "we reckon no one can calculate on." Not being a witness of the *contredans* myself, I will give it in the words of the "King." "They (the animals) were in first-rate hitch—more so on that night than I'd known them since making tracks for Paris. They'd behaved uncommon righteous. Prince (the lion) and Beauty (the Bengal tiger) had done their bit, I guess, up to Webster, and so had Vic (the lioness), and had all gone up den to wait orders. I was about striden backwards to send the leopards to the front, when, not noticing that Vic's tail lay out, straight as a bowsprit, I trod mighty hard across it with a sort of rolling squeeze, which was near carting me. In one instant, quick as a squirrel, she had me through the calf and held on firm, dead lock. I said nothing, I knew that would only flurry her—and perhaps the others too—and she might then have rolled me; so collecting my almighty power, with good aim, I let her have it just above the nose. She dropped hugging like wind, and made off Indian fashion, on her belly, to old Prince. It certainly was weighty, that blow. I never hit an animal so hard before—but my fixings just then weren't pleasant, I calculate—so I gave her all I could. After she'd skedaddled, I backed out quiet, bleeding like Niagara." The curtain fell at the excitement of the scene—the blood was instantly mopped out of the cage, for fear the other animals should taste or smell it, and then Van Amburgh made all haste home to the hotel, where it happened that I was ready to receive and console him.

He was in the most exquisite pain, but bore it manfully, and smoked his cigar with the utmost coolness, save occasionally giving utterance to those peculiar Yankee oaths which characterise the nation. So large and deep, however, were the indentions made by the lioness's fangs, that upon examination I found I could easily pass my two fingers, one on each side, into the holes, and make them meet. In a few days the leg swelled, inflammation set in, and Mr. Gunning and Sir William Chermiside pronounced it a very threatening, dangerous case: and in that state, under the most anxious and careful treatment, it continued, the bad symptoms obstinately and gradually increasing.

At this time I had taken advantage of being in Paris to join the class of that famous and justly celebrated historical painter Paul Delaroche, at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, for the purpose of studying the human figure. I had previously been a pupil in London of Mr. Charles Hancock, whose talent as an animal painter was highly appreciated, and whose near approach to Landseer was frequently made the subject of warm contention. I had often shown my  
es of animals, consisting principally of dogs, deer, cats, and

horses, to the suffering Van Amburgh, whom it was now a mercy to amuse, and he expressed great interest in and admiration of the art, more especially as the subjects were so thoroughly after his own taste. His cage of animals had been removed to a stable yard in the Champs Elysées—of which he had the key—and his engagement at the Porte St. Martin was broken. His leg still continued increasing in size, not yielding in the slightest degree to any kind of treatment; in short, the unlucky Van's "fixings," as he called them, were as "still as a storm."

Nevertheless, I said to myself, here is a glorious opportunity for minutely and quietly studying the beauties and terrors, the drawing and grandeur of expression of the heads of the feline family. Consequently I asked him if he would give me permission to make sketches of his superb beasts. "I should think I guess I would, friend," he good naturedly replied—"You know where to find them; poor dears, dying for their Boss! Dan the keeper stops with 'em all day long, so you'll have nothing to do but to knock at the gate and say who you are, and then do as you like with 'em. I shall see Dan before you, and let him know about your coming."

The next morning early I packed up my painting traps, and proceeded to the scene of action. I found the animals in a most commodious, airy stable-yard, under a sort of carriage-drive, well protected from the weather, and in a capital light for my purpose. The performing cage had been taken to pieces, and the beasts had been removed into their travelling-dens. The lion and lioness were together; the enormous Bengal tiger, that measured twenty-two feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, was alone; while the leopards, of which there were seven, occupied the third van. I was more struck than ever by their extreme beauty, their sleekness of coat, and their perfection of condition. But I soon discovered that these attractions were obtained only by the greatest attention to their health and welfare. For instance, my assiduous Daniel, shortly after my introduction, entered the lion's den, and, brush in hand, commenced grooming him, an operation which he seemed to enjoy, and submitted to with the greatest patience and good-humour. He next performed the same kind office for the disgraced Vic, who also appeared equally grateful and equally as docile as her lord and master. Their thanks were expressed by a series of joyous boundings up and down, and against the boarded sides of the den, but with such ponderous grace and roaring that I really trembled for the fate of Daniel, who, not attempting to interfere with them, stood perfectly mute and indifferent, his brush in one hand, his broom in the other. With the

latter, as soon as quiet was restored, he swept out the den. This service was continued to each cage of animals, and with the like results.

I soon set to work and completed a study of the lion and lioness's heads, which, to the intense delight of Van Amburgh, I presented to him. Unfortunately his leg persistently got worse, and with it his health was fast failing. Alarming debility, fainting fits, and profuse perspirations were the coming evils. For my part, I began to dread the worst; and as for Titus, he was past all hope or consolation, and spent his time in brandy and tears. At length came the crisis. Amputation was proposed. Van would not listen to any limb-losing; he preferred death a thousand times over. A consultation with the best French surgeons was next held. Baron Larry, as a *dernier ressort*, requested permission to open the leg, which had now swollen to an enormous size; by keeping it in a continual hot bath he hoped to bring on suppuration. To this Van Amburgh consented; and never shall I forget the scene of confusion and uproar he caused at the operation. This courageous, dauntless gladiator, who daily and nightly risked his life; who boasted that he would face the most savage wild beast, and indeed on several occasions had done so; whose coolness and presence of mind were beyond a doubt; and whose American philosophy of death would have led you to believe that he had already suffered that last convulsion at least ten times—the instant that all was in readiness (he had been removed for convenience from the bed into an arm-chair) and he caught sight of the knife, he howled and yelled worse than any hyena. He cried for mercy, begged, prayed, and implored like a child that they would not *hurt him*, and, in fine, that they would desist: he could never stand it; it would kill him at once; he should die under the operation. However, all his beseechings were now too late, and in vain; he was in the hands of men who, accustomed to scenes of this description, were as deaf and unmoved as posts. With the assistance of two men, besides Titus and myself, the cursing, swearing, and violent patient—for that was the turn his mind and temper had taken ere he resigned himself to the knife—was held down by main force after severe struggling. I may truly say it was a fight for life. What a blessing is chloroform! Baron Larry at length passed the scalpel in at the back of the leg, a little above the calf, and below the knee, and drew it out about an inch above the ankle. The wound was fully eight inches long, and as deep as he could make it. During its progress the yelling, cursing, and *gthing* was inconceivably disgusting and ridiculous. Nevertheless,

the "King" was fairly beaten, and when all was over, and the limb comfortably placed in a hot bath, his gratitude was boundless, and his thanks unceasing and sincere. He wept like the veriest child.

A few days sufficed to show that the operation had been attended with signal success. From day to day there was manifest improvement in both the poisoned leg and his shaken health, and thus in time was the mighty tamer of the denizens of the forests and deserts restored from the brink of the grave to his normal condition of gigantic strength and health.

During his progress to convalescence I daily availed myself of the opportunity of sketching and studying the beautiful beasts in the Champs Elysées. I was left much alone with them, and became quite familiar and good friends with all of them.

I come now to the secret—the very soul, as it were, of the tamer's existence and professional success, which I discovered under the following strange circumstances. On arriving at the extremities of the tiger, anxious to express the peculiar action of clawing natural to all the feline tribe, I essayed to irritate him with the handle of a hoe used for scraping out the dens, trusting that he would strike at it with his paw. It was all in vain, I could not procure the demonstration of talons necessary for my purpose, although I over and over again tried to bring him to *the scratch*. In despair I gave it up and sat down and smoked, considering what next to do, when I presently observed that my striped model beauty had prepared himself for a siesta, and in his *abandon* had thrust out his huge foot beneath the bottom bar, so that it hung listlessly on the outside, in a sort of drooping position. Softly, almost imperceptibly, smoothing it down with one hand—a sensation that evidently gave him pleasure and confidence—I with the other tenderly drew open his toes, still continuing the mesmeric movement. He at first half opened his terror-striking eyes, and gazed dozingly but inquiringly at me, as much as to say, "What are you going to do?" I did not, however, desist, but cautiously continued my examination; nor was I to be satisfied until I had thoroughly ascertained the truth of my suspicions—*he had no claws*. They had been extracted as you would extract the finger nail of a human being, and the toes afterwards cauterised. Upon carefully scrutinising the feet of the other animals I soon made assurance doubly sure, and incontrovertibly convinced myself that they had been all served alike; from the lion to the leopards they were *clawless*.

The conclusions I immediately came to within myself at this astounding mutilation were these:—Here is beyond comparison the



very handsomest and noblest collection of wild beasts ever seen together, tame, submissive, and tractable as domestic-bred animals, in most superb coat, fat as moles, and apparently as affectionate and grateful for kindness as would be the most intelligent and faithful of man's companions; the one great and accountable reason for this is that in themselves—their courage, their ferocity, and their savage natures—they are vanquished, annihilated, utterly undone and demoralised. Plundered of their weapons, offensive and defensive, their very heartstrings torn asunder, their quick, sensitive natures crushed out—cast off the rack, cowed, bleeding, benumbed and incapable, to obey the will of their torturer. "Ah," I exclaimed, "poor beautiful and pampered creatures, you are not what you seem; you are no longer lions and tigers, rulers of deserts and jungles; unhappy, miserable brutes, I pity you from my heart; nevertheless, in your low estate you are yet more admirable than man!"

On returning to the hotel, when alone with Van Amburgh I made a point of reciting to him my accidental discovery of his secret "ways and means" of obtaining his surprising supremacy. His embarrassment and confusion were at first profound and helpless, but to me, in my disgust, really enjoyable. Recovering himself, however, quickly, he rather violently exclaimed, "May I be——!" (a national oath) "if you were to tell other folks of this, youngster, you would just ruin the consarn. You artists are too inquisitive. I wonder natur' stands to it, always prying into her bosom secrets. She'll revolutionise some day, I guess, and throw you. What could you want with their claws? Why, a tom-cat's would have done you quite as well, I calculate, as my innocents'." A volley of slang followed this repentance of his liberal free admission to his magnificent menagerie. When cooled down, he extracted from me a promise, as "a gentleman and man of honour," that I would never repeat what I had seen to any one, *so long as he was performing*. I have kept my word. This is the first time I have ever disclosed the excruciating process, the refined agony, and despicable cowardice by which Van Amburgh made himself a "Lion King!"

The first meeting between Van and his animals after so long an absence as nearly three months was one of the most touching ebullitions of attachment ever witnessed or possible to imagine. The party consisted of Titus; the great performer himself, on crutches; a Colonel Perrignez, of the Algerian Army; and myself. Van carried with him a large bag of sweet biscuits and lumps of sugar—for I must here mention that he had taught them to eat all sorts of nicnacs, and they had become extremely fond of them, and looked for them

from his hand with greedy anxiety. They were always fed upon cooked meat, and never on any account permitted to taste or smell blood. On entering the stable yard, immediately catching sight of their master, the whole place was in an uproar; the animals sprang against the bars, rose up on them, rubbed themselves violently against them, purring and roaring *sotto voce*, and exhibiting every conceivable demonstration of affection and delight at his return that their natures dictated and were capable of. Nothing but Van's caresses would pacify or calm them. "Pretty dears, I would go in to them," he said, "but I fear they would rough me, and I am yet too weak." However, perceiving a chair handy, he exclaimed, "My pets, be patient and I'll come and talk to you." Taking the chair with one hand, he opened the lion's den with the other, and hobbled as well as he could up the little steps which led to the doorway; but so eager were they to get at him, that had it not been for the assistance of Dan, they most assuredly would have jumped out and got at large. Once inside, Van seated himself most majestically in the middle, crutch in hand; then, calling the lioness to him, he read her a lecture on her misbehaviour and the impropriety of biting him. Prince, in the meantime, sat by his side, with his magnificent head resting on his knees, apparently listening to and inwardly digesting the advice given to his less reflective spouse. Van then patted and played with them, and finally put each through a short rehearsal of some of their well known tricks and attitudes, simply keeping them off him by the authority of his crutch, finishing his visit by a distribution of cakes and sugar, and a renewal of fond and endearing expressions of his regard for them. The whole scene was of the most interesting and absorbing description, far surpassing any exhibition that I had ever before either read of or could have supposed such ferocious natures admitted of displaying. The same ceremony was gone through with each set of animals, the leopards literally mobbing and hustling him, almost beyond his control; he had, indeed, considerable difficulty in keeping them at all within bounds.

Van Amburgh is now no more, but he died a natural death—not torn to pieces in revenge for unjustifiable brutality and vulgar daring. He was *par excellence* at the head of his then novel and hazardous calling—a "*Lion King*."

## THE TICHBORNE DOLE.



WHAT time Plantagenet the king  
Was wading through his troubled reign ;  
And Strongbow drew the sword, to bring  
The exiled Dermot back again ;  
At Tichborne Manor, day by day,  
The Lady Mabel Tichborne lay.

So long her bed had been her lot,  
And four white walls her only scene,  
It may be she remembered not  
That skies were blue and meadows green ;  
But visions of a world more fair  
Had often cheered her spirit there.

And she had learned that rank and gain  
Are nothing but a broken reed ;  
And she had learned, by schooling pain,  
To pity all who pity need ;  
The naked, hungry, sick, and blind  
Were never absent from her mind.

Her husband, Roger Tichborne, Knight,  
Stood, one March morning, at her side,  
Prepared to see her make the flight  
Across Death's darkly-rolling tide ;  
"O, art thou here, my lord?" said she—  
"I have one boon to ask of thee."

"What wouldst thou, wife?" Sir Roger said.  
"I crave, my lord, a piece of ground,  
To furnish forth a dole of bread,  
As often as this day comes round ;  
It is our Lady's Day, you know,  
Now grant my boon, and let me go."

'Twas long ere Roger Tichborne spoke,  
Then seized he up a smoking brand,  
And, half in earnest, half in joke,  
Said, "I will give thee so much land  
As thou canst walk around to-day,  
While this pine candle burns away."

"Done with thee," said the noble dame;  
"Put by thy brand till noontide hour;  
And though I am but weak and lame,  
It may be God will give me power  
To feed the poor this day with bread,  
For ages after I am dead."

From hall and cot the neighbours went  
To see their lady do her part;  
She stood before them old and bent,  
But youthful fire was in her heart;  
Said all, "The Lord direct her feet!  
Was ever one so brave and sweet?"

A minute's pause to think and pray,  
And raise on high her thankful song;  
And now the saint is on her way,  
From utter weakness made so strong,  
That she, who scarce could move a hand,  
Goes round a goodly piece of land.

And one may yet, without the walls  
Of Tichborne Park, behold the place—  
A field, wide-acred, named "The Crawls,"  
Where Lady Mabel, in her grace,  
Left for awhile her dying bed,  
To earn the poor a piece of bread.

Sir Roger Tichborne lifts his eyes,  
So much amazed, he cannot speak;  
The half-burnt brand before him lies,  
The colour mantles in his cheeks;  
While mutters he, "By'r Lady's name,  
Had ever king a grander dame?"

*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

When on her bed again she lay,  
 The house was gathered at her call ;  
 "Now, listen to the words I say,  
 Bear witness to them, one and all,  
 While those broad acres feed the poor,  
 The Tichborne glory shall endure.

"But should a Tichborne ever dare,  
 (As men will do, for sake of greed),  
 To meddle with the poor man's share  
 Of Tichborne land ; in very deed  
 The shadow of my curse shall veil  
 The Tichborne name, and heirs will fail."

\* \* \* \* \*

Well nigh six hundred years had fled,  
 Since Lady Mabel passed away ;  
 And men had tasted of her bread,  
 And called her blest each Lady Day ;  
 Until to Tichborne Hall one year  
 A lawless multitude drew near.

There every thief, and every knave,  
 And every wild and wanton soul,  
 For miles around Dame Mabel's grave,  
 With riot clamoured for the dole ;  
 Thenceforward, for the sake of peace,  
 The gift, alas ! was made to cease.

And from that hour, the Tichbornes lost  
 The kindly light of Fortune's smile,  
 The good old name, so widely tost  
 Through court and camp, was hid awhile ;  
 'Twas ever so—"No poor man wrong,  
 If thou wouldst have thy castle strong !"

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THE DEAD STRANGER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

BY THE REV. B. W. SAVILE, M.A.

CHAPTER I.

A FRIEND of mine—he was called Waldrich—had scarcely left the University two years, and had been employing himself as supernumerary and unsalaried junior barrister in a provincial capital, when the Holy War agitated all Germany. The object was the emancipation of the country from the yoke of the French conqueror, and a pious zeal, as every one knows, took possession of the whole nation. “Freedom and Fatherland” was the war cry in every town and village. Thousands of young men joyfully flew to the standards. It was a question of the honour of Germany and of the hope that the Land of Hermann would perhaps awake to a nobler existence, under a lawfully constituted state of things, more worthy of this civilised age. My friend Waldrich partook warmly of this holy zeal and noble hope. To be brief, he took a polite leave of the President of the Courts, and chose the sword instead of the pen.

As he had not yet fully attained his majority, and having no father or mother living, and money being in every case essential to travelling, he wrote to his guardian for permission to join the campaign for his country, and solicited a hundred dollars for his travelling expenses.

His guardian, Herr Bantes, was a rich manufacturer in the small town of Herbesheim, on the Aa, who had, it might be said, brought him up, although Waldrich had only lived in his house as a boy before he went to the University.

Herr Bantes was a queer, whimsical old gentleman. He sent him in reply a letter with fifteen louis d’or in gold, the contents of which were as follows:—“My friend, when you are one year older you may dispose of yourself and the small residue of your property according to your own pleasure. Till that time I beg you to put off your campaign for the Fatherland, and to apply yourself to business, that you may one day get some situation whereby you may earn your bread, which will be very needful for you. I know my duty to my

departed friend, your late father. Have done with all your enthusiastic fancies, and become steady. I will therefore not send you a single kreutzer, and remain, &c."

The fifteen louis d'or wrapped in paper contrasted strangely, but not by any means disagreeably, with this letter. Waldrich would have been long in explaining the difficulty, and would perhaps never have done so, had not his eye glanced upon the bit of paper in which the money had been enclosed, and which had fallen on the floor. He took it up, and read :—

"Do not be discouraged. Embrace the holy cause of suffering Germany. God protect you ! is the prayer of

"Your former playfellow,

"FREDERICA."

This said playfellow Frederica was none other than Herr Bantes's young daughter. Heaven knows how she managed with the sealing up of her father's letter. Waldrich stood enraptured, more delighted with the heroic heart of the young German girl than with the gold which Frederica had enclosed, probably out of her own savings. He wrote immediately to a friend in Herbesheim, enclosed a few grateful lines for the little girl (forgetting that the little girl in four years' time might be somewhat grown), called her even his German Thusnelda, and betook himself proudly, like a second Hermann, to the Army of the Rhine.

I have no intention of circumstantially detailing Waldrich's Hermann-like deeds. It is enough that he was in his place when wanted. Napoleon was happily dethroned, and sent off to Elba. Waldrich did not return home like the other volunteers, but consented to enter as lieutenant in a regiment of the line. Life in campaign pleased him better than behind the piles of deeds and papers in a dusty office. His regiment took part in the second campaign against France, and at length at the final close returned home, with drums beating and songs of triumph.

Waldrich, who had fought in two great battles and several skirmishes, had been fortunate enough to escape without a single wound. He flattered himself he should, as a defender of his country, receive in preference to others some civil office as a reward. He was much esteemed in his regiment for his amiable qualities and many acquirements ; but as regards the situation, it was not to be had as soon as he hoped. There were too many sons and cousins of privy councillors and presidents, &c., to be provided for, who had been prudent enough to allow others to fight the holy war of freedom, and remain

themselves safe at home, and who possessed, moreover, the advantages of birth ; whereas Waldrich's parents ranked only among the middle classes.

There was no helping this. He continued lieutenant, and the more willingly as Herr Bantes, his former guardian, had long since delivered over to him the very small residue of his paternal property, which had also long since been scattered to the winds. He remained, therefore, in the garrison, wrote poetry when on guard, and made philosophical observations on parade. This was woefully wearisome to him, till the troops changed quarters, when it most unexpectedly happened that his company was ordered off to the small town of Herbesheim. At the head of his company (for the captain, a rich baron, was absent on leave) he entered his native town as commandant. Oh ! what were his sensations at sight of the two black, high-pointed church towers ! The drum ceased before the Guildhall. Two of the Town Council brought the billets. The commandant, as a matter of course, was quartered in the best, viz., the handsomest house in the town—that is to say, with Herr Bantes. The worthy members of the Town Council could not have bestowed on him a greater favour.

The company separated very well pleased, for it was just then the very agreeable hour of dinner, and the respectable inhabitants, informed betimes of the expected quartering, were fully prepared to receive their new guests. Waldrich, who had known the two town magistrates from his boyish days, remarked that he himself could not have been recognised, for they treated him with respect and as an entire stranger, and escorted him themselves, although he declined the honour, to the manufacturer's house. Here Herr Bantes received him with equal formality, and led him with much politeness into a very nice, well-furnished room.

"Captain," said Herr Bantes, "this and the adjoining rooms were occupied by your predecessor ; accept what we have to offer, pray make yourself comfortable, and we hope to see you at dinner, and such like. I hope you will make yourself quite at home."

Our Waldrich was exceedingly amused at his unexpected incognito. His plan was to discover himself on some fitting occasion, that the surprise might be the greater. He had no sooner changed his dress than he was called to dinner. There he found, besides Herr Bantes and his lady, and some old clerks and overseers of the manufactory, with all of whom he was well acquainted, a young girl, whom he did not know. The party seated themselves. The conversation turned upon the weather, on the company's march that day, on the regret

of the whole town that the former regiment, which had been especially liked, should be removed into another town.

"Meanwhile, I hope," said Waldrich, "that you will not be dissatisfied with me and my men. Let us only become domesticated with you."

Now, in order to become domesticated, it was natural that the commandant, who had already been wondering that the friend of his youth, Frederica, to whom he was indebted for his fifteen louis d'or, was not to be seen—that he, I say, should ask his hostess whether she had any children. "One daughter," replied Madame Bantes, and pointed to the young lady, who modestly cast her eyes down on her plate.

Waldrich's admiring eyes, however, wandered across more than the occasion warranted. Merciful heaven! what a noble creature is the little Rietchen become. Waldrich did not say that aloud, but he thought it to himself as he looked more attentively at the modest girl. He made some polite observation to the parents, as well as his first amazement would let him, and was heartily glad when the old papa exclaimed:—"A spoonful more gravy, and such like, with your dry bit of roast meat there, commandant."

Madame Bantes spoke of a son who had died in early childhood, and she still spoke of him with the sorrowing affection of a mother.

"Have done with that topic, mamma," cried the papa; "who knows? perhaps in the end he might have become a mere spendthrift and such like, as that George has."

It was now Waldrich's turn to cast down his eyes modestly on his plate, for by the "spendthrift George" was meant none other than his own insignificant self.

"But do you really know, papa, whether George has actually become such a spendthrift as you represent him?" said Frederica.

The question imparted to the commandant a warmer glow than the glass of old burgundy, which he had just put to his lips in order to conceal his confusion. Traces of former and yet unforgotten youthful friendship were to be discerned in the inquiry, and a question so interesting, proceeding from lips so fair, and asked with a voice so soft and so moving, might reasonably be looked upon as honey, sweetening the bitter pill for poor Waldrich which Herr Bantes so bountifully administered. For, in justification of his sentence, the latter proceeded to relate to his guest, as though he himself should be umpire, the history of his own life from the cradle up to the patriotic campaign.

"Had the lad," thus he concluded the story, turning it to a practical

purpose, "only learnt anything useful at the University he would never have enlisted and such like; if he had not been a soldier he might now be holding a good situation as lawyer or physician, have earned his bread, and got a comfortable income."

"I know not," replied the daughter, "whether or not he made the best of his time at the University, but this I know, that he must have had a good heart to sacrifice himself for a holy cause."

"Don't be throwing the holy cause and such like always in my face," cried Herr Bantes. "What is this holy thing, I should like to know? The French have been driven away—well and good; but the holy German Empire has gone to the devil. The old taxes are retained provisionally, and new ones are provisionally added. These confounded English with their wares are admitted just as before, and no one troubles his head if we blessed Germans become blessed beggars. Everything went off flatly at the last fair. The Ministers and such like go on eating and drinking, do just what they please, know nothing about trade, let the manufacturers become bankrupt, and are good for nothing from first to last. The world is just as in former times, and worse still. If an honourable man, who perhaps understands things better, does but open his mouth and sing a different song from his Excellency with a cross under his button-hole, and indifference under the same button-hole—haven't you seen it yourself?—it is quick work—away with the poor man to prison; he is turned out of employment, stripped of everything, all his affairs pryed into, his character blackened; he is a vagabond, demagogue, and such like. I tell you, hold your tongue, child! You don't understand the matter; you mustn't look farther than from the teapot into the cup, and then you'll be sure not to spill."

Waldrich gathered from this conversation that Herr Bantes was still the same irritable, excitable, whimsical old man as ever; whom, nevertheless, no one could help liking, with all his peculiarities. As an umpire was now called on to decide in this dispute between father and daughter, the commandant was prudent and polite enough first to agree entirely with the father as regards the holy cause—and that was considered as doing credit to his good understanding. But then, again, as he was not quite disposed altogether to condemn himself, he felt also obliged to agree with his fair advocate in respect of the good heart with which George had sacrificed himself for the aforesaid holy cause.

"Only mark," cried the old man, "the commandant is more wily than Jack Paris with the three silly Trojan goddesses, and such like. Accommodates himself to circumstances; cuts the apple in two,

gives a piece to each, and says, 'Much good may it do you.'

"Nay, Herr Bantes, if your George erred he probably did so like thousands of other Germans, and as I myself, for instance. I, too, served in the campaign for the freedom of Germany, and left everything else in the lurch. Our armies were cut to pieces, as you know. The people were forced to rise and defend themselves, because the army could no longer do so. It was not then the time to calculate and ask questions, but to strike home, to risk personal life and property, and to save the honour of the nation and the throne of our monarchs. We have done so, and must now hope for better times. Our best intentioned statesmen have no powers of magic to restore lost paradise by a sleight of hand; and I, at least, do not repent of the step I have taken."

"I have the greatest respect," said Herr Bantes, with a low bow, "the greatest possible respect, commandant, for your exception to the general rule. Exceptions in this world are always better than the rule itself. It strikes me, nevertheless, as something queer and withal serious that we, citizens and countryfolk, merchants and manufacturers, must needs pay our money for twenty years together to maintain an army of some hundred thousand idle protectors in time of peace, to clothe them in velvet, silk, and gold, and then in the one and twentieth year, when the protectors of the throne are cut to pieces, must rise ourselves to bring the wheel into the right track and such like."

This sort of chit-chat enabled them to get more intimate with each other during the first dinner. Herr Bantes himself gave the tone, for he was a man—and he plumed himself upon it—who, as he himself expressed it, never put a padlock on his lips. The commandant felt his incognito at times very convenient, and yet he was desirous of putting an end to it.

And in truth it was already at an end, ere he was himself aware of it. Madame Bantes, a quiet, closely observing woman, who said little and thought much, had no sooner heard Waldrich's voice at the dinner table than she recalled his features as a boy, compared them with those of the man before her, and recognised him immediately. His manifest confusion when the conversation turned upon the "spendthrift George" only confirmed her suspicions; but she said not a word of her discovery either to himself or others. That was always her way. Never was a woman with so little of that feminine quality of always having her thoughts on her tongue. She let everybody sit and talk just as he pleased; she

listened, compared, and drew her own conclusions. For this reason she always knew more than anybody else in the house, and guided, unnoticed and in a quiet way, all that took place: even the excitable, fiery old man, her husband, who least of all liked to be in thralldom to her, was so really more than any one else, without guessing that such was the case. Waldrich's not discovering himself seemed to her somewhat suspicious, and she resolved silently to investigate his motives.

Waldrich had in truth no motive, but only sought an opportunity to surprise the family by naming himself. When he was called in the evening to tea he found no one in the room but Frederica. She came home from paying a visit, and threw off her shawl; Waldrich advanced towards her.

"I have to thank you, Miss Bantes," said he, "for defending my friend Waldrich."

"You know him, -captain?"

"He often thought of you, though certainly not so often as you deserve."

"He was brought up in our house; it is, however, somewhat ungrateful of him that since he quitted us he has never come even to visit us. Does he conduct himself well—is he liked?"

"No fault is found with him. No one has so much reason to complain of him as you, Miss Bantes."

"Then he must be a worthy man, for I have nothing to say against him."

"But yet I know he is still in your debt."

"He owes me nothing."

"He spoke of some money for his equipments when he wished to join the army, and which his guardian refused him."

"I gave, not lent it to him."

"Is he on that account less in your debt, Thusnelda!"

At that word Frederica stared at the commandant, the truth dawned upon her, and she blushed as she recognised him.

"It is impossible!" cried she, in joyful surprise.

"Well, dear Frederica, if I may venture to call you so, though I dare no longer use the sweet familiar *Thou*, the debtor—the sinner—is before you; forgive him. If he had but earlier known what he now knows he would have come to Herbesheim not once but a thousand times." He took her hand and kissed it. At that moment Madame Bantes entered the room.

Frederica hastened towards her. "Mamma, do you know the commandant's name?"

Madame Bantes slightly coloured, and said, with a gentle smile, "George Waldrich."

"How, dear mamma! you knew it, and said nothing!" said Frederica, who could not recover from her amazement, and now began to compare the tall, stout soldier in regimentals with the shy schoolboy of former times. "Yes, it is indeed himself," said she; "where were my eyes? There is still the scar over the left eye, which he got from his fall when he picked a pear for me from the highest tree in the garden. Do you remember?"

"Ah! do I not remember everything?" said Waldrich; and he kissed the hand of the old lady, who had in former times been a mother to him, and begged her forgiveness for never having paid her a personal visit since he came of age. He protested it was really not ingratitude on his part, for he had often recalled this house to his memory with respectful gratitude—still less was it levity or indifference—but he could not himself say what passed in his mind and prevented his returning to Herbesheim.

"Something of the same kind," gently replied the mother, "which hinders happy spirits from looking back with pleasure to the caterpillar state of their wretched humanity. You were in Herbesheim an orphan, without father or mother—a stranger. That is what we could never make you forget. You were a boy—dependent, often in fault. No delightful recollections of childhood attracted you to the town, which reminded you more of school than of home. When you became your own master, and grew into manhood, you felt yourself happier in other places than you could be with us."

Waldrich looked at the speaker with tears in his eyes.

"Ah! you are still the same amiable, good, sensible mother that you ever were. You are right. But yet I feel myself more at home in Herbesheim than I myself could expect; and I acknowledge the contrast between my former position and my present one may in some measure contribute to it. Would I had come earlier! But let your noble heart receive me once more as an adopted son."

Madame Bantes could not answer the question, for Herr Bantes suddenly entered the room, and seated himself at the tea-table. When Frederica explained to him who his guest was he started, offered his hand to the commandant, and said: "You are most welcome, Herr Waldrich. You were but a little fellow, and are now grown out of all knowledge. Herr Waldrich, or Herr von Waldrich, and such like—are you a noble?"

"No."

"And the bit of ribbon there in your button-hole? What does *that mean?*"

"That I and my company took an enemy's redoubt, and maintained it against repeated attacks."

"How many men did that cost?"

"Twelve killed, and seventeen wounded."

"So, nine-and-twenty human creatures for the eighth of an ell of ribbon. A plague upon such goods, which the Prince sells so dear, and which may nevertheless be bought in any paltry shop for a couple of kreutzers. Come, let us sit down; and, Frederica, give us our tea. Have you much prize-money? How do you stand with your banker?"

Waldrich shrugged his shoulders; smiled, and said: "We did not engage in the campaign for prize-money, but for the sake of our country, to save it from the rapacity of the French."

"Good, good. Those are sentiments I quite approve, and it is, moreover, quite right to stick to them with an empty purse. And the little fortune left you by your father, is it safe and untouched?"

Waldrich coloured, and added, smiling: "One thing I am sure of, that I shall never lose it again."

CHAPTER II.

It was scarcely noised abroad in the little town who the commandant was, when all his old acquaintance came around him. Waldrich got into the society of the most respectable families, and was the most welcome guest in every party. He was clever, witty, brave, an amusing story-teller; learned with the learned, scientific with the scientific; he drew well; played the piano and flute with ease; danced admirably; and both mothers and daughters agreed that he was a handsome, but volatile, and therefore a most especially dangerous young man. What they meant by dangerous, none of the fair ladies could quite clearly explain, or whether his modest manners increased or diminished the danger.

Meanwhile no damsel in the little town, whether fair or not, entertained a thought of either winning a heart or losing one. Each lady, on the contrary, was more than usually on her guard. The cause of this reserve will not be easily guessed, except by those resident in Herbesheim, or acquainted with the written chronicles of the town; and those who are now informed of it will have some difficulty in believing it; and yet it is undeniably true, however improbable it may seem.

This was exactly the year for the centenary visit of the so-called "Dead Stranger," who was looked upon as a fatal acquaintance,

especially by all young maidens on the point of marriage. Nobody seemed to know precisely what connection there was between the two. However, the story ran that this spectre, which haunted the town of Herbesheim once every hundred years, took up his abode there from the first till the last day in Advent, never hurt a child, but paid his addresses to every engaged young lady, and ended by twisting her neck. In the morning she was always found dead in bed, with her face where the back of her head should be. What, however, distinguished this spectre from every other ghost in the world is that he not only carried on his affairs at the proper, lawful, ghostly hour—between eleven and twelve at night—but appeared in broad, cheerful daylight, was fashionably dressed like any other gentleman, and walked about, going where he liked, and introducing himself where he pleased. This strange visitant must have had plenty of money, and, what was worst of all, if he found a betrothed bride of another, he would himself assume the form of a wooer, merely for the purpose of bewitching the poor girl's heart, filling her head with love fancies, and, at length, twisting her neck at night.

No one could give an account of the origin of this tradition. In the parish register were to be found the names of three young women who had suddenly died just at the time of Advent in 1720. On the margin were the following words, by way of note:—“*With their necks twisted, as a hundred years ago; God be gracious to their poor souls.*” Now, if this remark on the margin of the church book was no proof of the fact to any reasonable man, it at least proved that the tradition was more than a hundred years old; nay, that in all probability something similar must have occurred two hundred years before, inasmuch as the church book referred to it. The older registers were, unfortunately, not forthcoming. They were destroyed in a fire which took place during the Spanish War of Succession.

However that might be, the tradition was well known to everybody. Every one protested it was an absurd old woman's ghost story; but nevertheless, every one looked forward with, I might say, curious anxiety to the approaching season of Advent to hear what might be the upshot. For, as the most cool-headed men said privately among themselves, there may be, as Hamlet says, after all, “many things in heaven and earth not dreamt of in our philosophy.” The old clergyman of the place, who received more visitors than usual to read with their own eyes the wonderful passage in the register, expressed himself somewhat dubiously, although he was a sensible man. He used to say either “I shall be greatly astonished if—but I

don't believe it," or, "God forbid that I should have to enter any such thing in the register."

The most incredulous were the young men. They made themselves audaciously merry on the occasion. The young girls also pretended to be very valorous, but it was mere bravado. In private each thought to herself:—"The gentlemen may laugh if they please; after all, it is not their necks which are in danger, but—and that is really horrible to think of!—only ours."

The effect of this tradition, or rather of this superstition, was noticed by nobody more than by the old clergyman; for if there chanced to be a love affair or projected marriage going on in the town, the parties were in the greatest hurry to get the wedding over before Advent Sunday; and if there was no hope of speedily solemnising the marriage, the engagement was entirely broken off, even though hearts were broken into the bargain.

It can now be clearly understood what the fair Herbesheim damsels meant by danger, when against their inclinations they were found to acknowledge the commandant's powers of pleasing. It was to them literally an affair of life and death, and the visit of the "Dead Stranger" was a subject of great and universal anxiety. For this reason due allowance must be made for the somewhat unnatural vow, made in secret, not to fall in love at all before or during Advent, and even if an angel came from heaven he would then have no better chance of their regard than an ordinary mortal. I cannot exactly say whether the fair Frederica Bantes might have made a similar vow to that of the other Advent nuns in Herbesheim, yet this is certain, she did not honour Waldrich with greater regard than any other man, for she was courteous to all. The commandant passed a blissful summer in Herr Bantes's house, and was treated like one of the family. The old familiar ways of his childhood were again unexpectedly and more agreeably resumed; so that he called Herr and Madame Bantes "father" and "mother," as formerly; Herr Bantes gave him from time to time a lecture (as he himself called it, when giving vent to his vexation or his temper in sententious phrase); and Madame Bantes, whenever the commandant was going out, took a survey of his dress, had his clothes and linen under her own care, supplied his little wants as though he were yet a minor, as in former days, even kept an account of his pocket-money, and in spite of his resistance at first, every month replenished his purse with the trifling sums necessary for his little personal expenses. Waldrich was commandant not only in the town, but also in the house, gave his opinion on all subjects, and was called upon to decide in every dispute.

Between Frederica and himself, also, as they gradually got accustomed to each other, and forgot, as it were, that they were grown up, the tone of bygone days of childhood seemed unintentionally renewed, and they lived happily together, as before; but sometimes, also as before, they quarrelled, and that not seldom.

It is true that the ladies in the town, both married and unmarried, made, as is always the case, their feminine remarks on Waldrich's position. For the fair inhabitants of Herbesheim entertained one peculiar notion, from which prejudice, of course, the female sex in other towns is altogether exempt—viz., that a young man of eight-and-twenty and a pretty girl of twenty cannot live for a whole month under the same roof without feeling certain tender emotions. Nevertheless, under Herr Bantes's roof, it was so little an affair of the heart that they might have continued together or apart all day long without discovering where that delicate machine was placed. This was so manifest that the fair ones of Herbesheim at length became convinced it was a case of exception to the general rule, for no look, no feature of the face, no motion of the body, no tone of the voice, no single letter in the vocabulary of love, betrayed aught else saving a pure brotherly and sisterly state of things, as in the former boy and girl of early days.

The observant eye of Madame Bantes would have quickly detected if anything like the customary love-making were going on—women have a peculiar faculty for that, which men do not possess—but she discovered nothing, and was satisfied. As to Herr Bantes, he never dreamed of such a possibility. In his life he had never had a notion of what is called love, and would have had just as much fear of his daughter becoming mad as of her passionately loving any young man for himself alone. He knew that Madame Bantes had been affianced to himself without their having once seen each other, and he had given his father his consent and engaged himself as soon as he knew that his future bride was an amiable girl, the daughter of a wealthy house, had 30,000 dollars for her fortune, and still greater expectations.

This way of treating the affairs of courtship and marriage, the expediency of which his own experience had afforded him ample and undeniable proof—for he was one of the happiest of husbands and fathers—appeared to him the most rational. He might have had his daughter married long since, for there was no lack of lovers; but he had not done so, partly owing to his unwillingness to lose his daughter, to whom he was more attached than he was himself aware, and partly because of the difficulties which arose when it came to money matters with the suitors. He affirmed that the world could exist only by

the equilibrium of its solid parts, otherwise it must have tumbled to pieces a thousand years ago; and on that account he firmly held that the due proportion of fortune on both sides was the proper foundation of the marriage bond, and both Madame Bantes and Frederica had hitherto looked on this as perfectly reasonable.

But now, however, Frederica was quite twenty years of age. The old man reflected that he had married his wife when she was much younger, and he thought more seriously of getting his daughter married. Madame Bantes was of the same opinion, and Frederica had nothing to say against it. A young married woman of twenty—the very expression was a pleasant one, it conveys notions of tenderness. But a young girl of twenty can scarcely be talked of without the thought entering into the mind, “How long will she remain young?” Herr Bantes was sensible of this, and made his arrangements accordingly. He was in the habit of celebrating several domestic festivals in his own house, to which none but those connected in some measure with his own family were admitted. On the grand anniversary of his marriage alone were his friends in the town invited. The old book-keeper, overseer, and cashier, who enjoyed the honour of dining with Herr Bantes, were reckoned among the family, and their birthdays were always celebrated; no wonder, then, that our friend the lieutenant’s was to be formally kept. It was a law on each such occasion that no one in the house was to presume to be out of temper with the person whose birthday it was, no one was to refuse him any reasonable request. Every one was to make him some present of more or less value. On these occasions the dinner was to be of a more choice description, and then only was the silver service used, and the silver candlesticks in the evening; and the hero of the day occupied the post of honour, viz.—the usual seat of the master of the house. The presents were always given just before dinner, and the health of the person was drunk in bumpers; and when dinner was over, he received from every one present an embrace and a kiss. Herr Bantes had inherited the praiseworthy custom from his father’s house, and retained it still.

The whole of this took place on Waldrich’s birthday according to the old established, and, to him, well known custom. When he entered the dining-room all the party were already assembled. Herr Bantes came forward to meet him with his congratulations, and gave him an enclosure in silver paper. It was a draft for a considerable sum, drawn upon himself, and payable at sight. Madame Bantes came next; she brought him a complete captain’s uniform of the finest cloth, with all the necessary accessories. Frederica next

approached with a silver plate. On half a dozen very fine neckcloths, hemmed and made by her own fair hands, lay a letter with the great seal of the regiment, and addressed to "Captain George Waldrich." The lieutenant started when he broke open the letter and saw a captain's commission for himself. He had long been hoping for promotion, but had not expected to get it so soon. He was made captain of his company; his predecessor, now absent on leave, was promoted to be major. "But, my worthy captain," said Frederica, with her own peculiarly graceful smile, "promise you will not be angry with me! I will confess the letter arrived a week ago during your absence, and I intercepted it to keep it for to-day. I have been sufficiently punished by my week's mortal fear lest you might hear of your appointment somewhere else and find this letter wanting."

Waldrich was in no mood to be angry, and in his amazement he could hardly utter a word of acknowledgment and thanks to the others who offered him their congratulations and gifts.

"The main thing," exclaimed Herr Bantes joyfully, "is that the newly-made captain is to remain with us and his company. I also have had all through the week a sort of mortal fear and such like that our George would be obliged to leave us. Come, Mr. Book-keeper, quick to the cellar; march, I say, to No. 9, to my old nectar; and send forthwith a dozen bottles to the officers of the regiment, to each of the sub-officers, sergeant, corporal, &c., a bottle and a gulden, and to each private half a gulden, and tell them their lieutenant is now their captain. Let them all drink his health, but not plague him to-day with compliments and such like. To-morrow as much and as many as they please." The book-keeper obeyed.

During the dinner it was evident to all how fond Herr Bantes was of his former ward. In his exuberant gaiety he came out with numberless droll conceits. Waldrich had never seen him so merry, and was exceedingly touched by it.

"Now, my dear captain and capitalist," cried the lively old man to him across the table, "I intended, God knows, that the draft I gave you should be a sort of pocket-money for travelling expenses. That was the object of it. Now I am vexed with myself for being so faint-hearted. You don't want it, and I ought to have given you something better. Forget not the law of the house. You may make any request you please, and I must grant it. So out with it without any ceremony. Ask whatever you like, it is yours, even though it be my handsome new powdered wig and such like."

The captain's eyes were moist with tears: "I have no further request to make," was his reply.

"Come, make haste and decide. Such an opportunity may not occur again for a year," cried the old man.

"Then allow me, my dear father, to give you a cordial, grateful kiss."

"Aye, thou child of my heart, that is thine at a cheap rate," cried Herr Bantes.

Both sprang at the same moment from their seats, tenderly embraced each other, and both separated with hearts deeply affected. There followed a dead silence. Frederica, her mother, and the rest of the party partook of their emotion. That Herr Bantes should have addressed the significant word *Thou* to the captain was to all present a most unprecedented circumstance.

The old gentleman was, however, the first to recover himself, to compose his features, and to break silence. "Now, enough of that nonsense; let us talk of something rational."

He raised his glass and told the rest to fill theirs. He then touched glasses with Waldrich, and said :—"Wherever there is a Darby there must needs be a Joan, consequently let us all join in chorus; here is a captain, let us drink long life, happiness, and such like, to the captain's future lady!"

Waldrich could not forbear laughing.

"May she be amiable, virtuous, and domestic," said Madame Bantes, while she touched his glass with hers.

"Like you, my dear mother!" replied the captain.

"And the most charming creature in the world," said Frederica, doing the same as her mother.

"Like you, Miss Bantes!" was his answer, and he thanked her.

Frederica shook her head, and in a tone of half angry and half jesting threat, held up her finger and said, laughing: "One must put up with much from the hero of the day which at another time would be reproved," and she made a sign as if punishing a naughty child.

The book-keeper, cashier, overseer, and clerk made their own innocent remarks upon this singular scene: first as regards the bold offer which Herr Bantes made the captain of granting him whatever he chose to ask, an offer which Waldrich so little understood; then the health drunk in honour of the captain's future lady. Truly the favourite of Fortune must be blind if he did not comprehend what the old father meant him to ask.

"My opinion is," said the overseer in a whisper to the cashier, as they rose from table, "the affair is settled to-day. What think you? We shall have a wedding soon."

The cashier replied, also in a low voice : " I shudder at the idea. I am thinking of the ' Dead Stranger,' and cannot help doing so."

The formality of the birthday kiss now began. Each person went round the table, meeting one another and exchanging mutual good wishes. Waldrich received an embrace and a kiss from each. He went up to Miss Bantes. With unembarrassed courtesy they met and exchanged a kiss ; but no sooner was that done than they looked steadfastly in each other's face, like persons who had quite unexpectedly recognised each other as old friends. Both were silent their eyes met and seemed to penetrate each other's thoughts, they bent forward once more, and the kiss was repeated as though the first was incomplete. I know not whether anybody remarked it ; but this I know, that the mother discreetly let her eyes fall upon the diamond ring on her finger. Waldrich suffered the cashier and book-keeper to embrace him, but he felt no other kiss, and requested from no one a second, but was satisfied with the first ; and in truth he looked altogether as though his broad chest was too narrow for him. And Miss Bantes walked towards the window looking as if something had happened to her.

Nevertheless, all that passed away ; and the former cheerfulness was restored. Two carriages were standing before the door ready ; and the party took a drive, and spent the delightful autumn afternoon in the country.

CHAPTER III.

THE following day matters returned to their ordinary course. The new captain had business of various sorts to transact : he had received leave of absence to visit his general : he had also many affairs relating to the company to arrange with his predecessor. All that made an absence of several weeks necessary. He quitted Herr Bantes's house as though it were that of his father ; and the good people took leave of him like a son, with parental admonitions, good advice, and affectionate wishes, but without any sorrow or sadness for the separation, as they felt sure of his speedy return. Waldrich and Frederica parted just as they used to do when she was going to a party, or he to parade ; only she reminded him that he must not fail to be back for her birthday on the 10th of November. I had then the pleasure of seeing my friend on his way at my house. He was delighted at his promotion, but was doubting whether (from what his general said) he could depend on remaining long with his company at Herbesheim.

He repeated the same, and in the same unembarrassed manner, when he returned to Herr Bantes, who regretted that they were soon likely again to lose him.

"Nevertheless," said the old man, "we won't meet the evil half-way. Sooner or later, we must all be marched off to another garrison. What matter here on earth whether we live in this or that town? We are near enough to each other, sometimes too near. Those confounded English, and such like, are near enough to my manufactory, for instance, to be a dead weight upon it."

It may be considered as a matter of course that Frederica's birthday was celebrated with the ordinary forms and festivities. Waldrich had brought for her from the capital a new and elegant harp, and some choice music, with which he presented her when it came to his turn. A broad pink ribbon fluttered over the beautifully finished instrument. Herr Bantes was in the highest possible spirits: he walked about the room in restless self-satisfaction, rubbing his hands and laughing to himself so complacently, that his wife, who had been looking at him in astonishment, could not refrain from softly whispering to the commandant: "Papa has some very agreeable surprise for us in reserve." And in truth the judicious matron was not mistaken.

After the due congratulations and presents were offered, the party took their seats at the dinner table: but when Frederica took her napkin off her plate, she found on it a valuable necklace of oriental pearls, a splendid diamond ring, and a letter directed to herself. The young lady was most agreeably surprised, and took up the shining string of pearls and the sparkling ring with girlish delight. Her father looked at her with a sort of ecstasy, and was beyond measure pleased at the surprise manifested by herself and all present. The ring and necklace went the round the table, still lying on the plate, that the beauty of both might be better seen. Frederica meanwhile broke open the letter and read it: her features betrayed yet more amazement than she had exhibited at sight of the presents. Herr Bantes was in a state of rapture. The mother studied with anxious curiosity her daughter's agitated features.

Frederica was for some time silent, and thoughtfully pondered over the letter: at length she put it down.

"Let the letter also go round," cried the delighted father.

Silent and confused, she gave the letter to her mother, who sat beside her.

"Now, Rietchen," said the old man; "has astonishment taken away your breath, and such like? Confess, papa knows how to manage things!"

"Who is Herr von Hahn?" asked Frederica, with a sorrowful look.

"Who else but the son of my former partner Hahn, the celebrated banker? Who else could you expect? The old Hahn has managed his affairs better than I have done with my manufactory. He has now retired from business. His son, young Hahn, takes the management of all his father's concerns, and you are to be his bride."

Madame Bantes made a slight motion of the head indicating disapproval, and gave the commandant the letter. The contents were as follows:—

"DEAREST MISS BANTES,—A yet unknown stranger regrets infinitely the impossibility of being present at your birthday festival save in heart and mind; his physician having forbidden him to travel in this stormy weather. Alas, that I must as yet subscribe myself an unknown stranger! would that I could fly to Herbesheim in lieu of these lines, and there solicit your hand, and the fulfilment of that which our good fathers, out of the cordiality of youthful friendship, have determined upon in regard to our union, which is now the object of my impatient desires. My adored Miss Bantes, although still an invalid, I shall hasten to Herbesheim as soon as the weather at all admits of my doing so. I bless my happy fate, and it shall be the employment of my life that you too may rejoice in our united destinies. Your hand alone can I now venture to solicit; not yet the heart—of that I am aware. The latter must be won: but allow me at least to hope that I may deserve it. If you knew how happy a single line from your hand would make me, how much more efficacious in curing and strengthening me it would be than all my physician's skill, you would not let me beg in vain.—Permit me to subscribe myself, in all respect and love,

"Your affianced husband,

"EDWARD VON HAHN."

The commandant gazed long and earnestly upon the letter: he did not look like a man reading, but like one thinking, or rather dreaming. Meanwhile Herr Bantes absolutely insisted that Frederica should put off her girlish affectation, and openly and honestly acknowledge that the thing gave her pleasure.

"But, papa, how can I do that when I have never seen this banker, this von Hahn, in my life?"

"Little fool, I understand you, of course: but I can set your mind at rest. He is a genteel, slight, tall young man, with a handsome pale face. Some time ago he was rather sickly, which arose

probably from his rapid growth : for he shot up most marvellously all."

"When did you see him, then, papa?"

"The last time I went to the capital. Let me see, it may be ten or twelve years ago. I brought you back a pretty doll; what did you call it? It was almost as big as yourself. Babette, Rosette, Lisette, or such like. Now you know. Young Hahn cannot be much above twenty. A handsome, pale-faced youth, I tell you. Only see him."

"Papa, I would rather have seen him first, than read his letter with such a proposal."

"It is very vexing that he could not come himself to your birthday, as we old ones had arranged it: when I was engaged to mamma, I came myself. Now, mamma, what do you say? Confess, your eyes are opened at last. I have been longing to tell the secret, and I should have liked to tell you from the first. But I know you women: there would have been my secret betrayed before the birthday, and all surprise blown to the winds."

Madame Bantes answered rather gravely: "As a mother, methinks I might have been consulted: the thing is now done: may Heaven bless your work."

"But, mamma, I say, the choice! As to the *von* before his name, in sooth I would not give him a kreutzer for it; yet a girl has no objection to be addressed 'Noble lady'—but the rich banker! Look'ye, mamma, we manufacturers are after all nothing more than common articles, but a banker is always looked upon in the commercial world as something superlative, and such like. If old Hahn does but crook his finger, and beckon to Vienna, all the Court even is quickly in motion, and asking: 'What is Herr von Hahn's will?' If he does but nod his head towards Berlin, all bow their heads to the earth. Neither the devil, nor the English, nor such like, can get the start of such a man. Therefore, mamma, I ask once more, what do you say?"

"I think it an admirable choice, as you have made it," said Madame Bantes, and her eyes fell on her soup plate.

Frederica gave her mother a side-long look of chagrin, and sighed: "And you, too, mamma!"

While this was passing, the commandant continued to gaze on the letter.

"Mercy on us, captain; haven't you done reading? Your soup is getting cold," cried Herr Bantes.

Waldrich awoke, looked once more at the letter, and then threw it

from him hastily, as though it were infected with the plague. He began to eat. Another person took the letter. The old father was evidently vexed that Frederica did not appear more cheerful. At first he attributed it all to the sudden surprise that words seemed to fail the poor girl. Meanwhile he did not desist, but continued to carry on his jokes, as is the way on such occasions with facetious old gentlemen; but no response was made from any quarter, saving that the book-keeper, cashier, and inspector smiled approval, as in duty bound.

In great vexation, he said at length to Frederica: "My child, tell me the honest truth. Have I hit the mark or not? Is it a good stroke or a bad one? Tell your own father. You will sing another song, my bird, when young Hahn comes."

"It may be so, dear papa," replied Frederica. "How can I in the slightest degree doubt your kind, affectionate intention. Let this declaration suffice."

"Well, that is perfectly right, Rietchen. A sensible girl ought to take the thing into consideration. Mamma herself confessed to me she did the same in her time. So fill the glasses. Here's to the future bride's health, and the bridegroom's too."

The father touched his daughter's glass with his; the others did the same; and cheerfulness seemed to be restored.

"It is indeed most vexatious that young Hahn should fail coming just to-day," continued Herr Bantes again. "A handsome, good-looking young man, I tell you. Very polite, very sociable; has had more education than his father. I wager you won't give him up when you have once seen him. I wager you kiss papa, and thank him."

"Possibly, papa, if so. I shall do so gladly; but until I have seen him I beg—I have a right on my birthday to any reasonable request, and therefore I beg—not a word more about him till I have seen this unknown."

Herr Bantes knit his brows, and at length said: "But allow me to say, Frederica, that is a silly request. Nevertheless it shall be so, though your mamma made no such request in her time."

"My dear," said Madame Bantes to her husband, "don't scold Frederica. You should not forget that to-day is her birthday, and she must not be annoyed by any one."

"You are right, mamma," replied the old man; "besides, he will soon be here for certain. We shall soon have a new moon, and then the weather will change."

The conversation then took another turn, with, indeed, some slight

constraint at first, which, however, imperceptibly gave place to former ease and good humour. The commandant alone remained somewhat cold and reserved, in spite of the general hilarity. Madame Bantes seemed to notice it, and, contrary to her custom, filled his glass more frequently. Frederica looked over at him once or twice, with a steadfast inquiring eye; and when accidentally their eyes met, it seemed as though their hearts were reciprocally asking some secret question. In Waldrich's eye was an expression of silent reproach, and in Frederica's heart a feeling as though she interpreted this look into a reply which gratified her. The rest of the party talked of other things; the conversation was lively and pleasant, and old Bantes fully recovered his waggish good humour.

It so chanced that when the party after dinner were going round the table to give the beautiful queen of the *fête* the customary kiss, Waldrich and Frederica met just before the father.

"Now mark, Rietchen," said the facetious old man—"remember now, our George is a certain person of whom I would not, for all the world, say what I think in his presence. Remember that, and let the kiss be something more and better than a common one. Try now, you little fool."

Waldrich and Frederica stood face to face. He took her hand. They gave each other a searching, serious, almost melancholy look, and bent to exchange the kiss. The old man sprang aside with a comic gesture to see the kiss. It was given; and both, when they withdrew, clasped their hands closer together. Waldrich turned pale, Frederica's eyes were filled with tears; once more their lips met, and then they seemed on the point of separating, but a third kiss was rapidly snatched, and Frederica burst into tears as she hurried off, and Waldrich staggered towards a window, and began drawing figures on the moistened surface of the glass. The old man stood as though petrified, turning his head first to the right, then to the left.

"What the deuce does all this mean? What's the matter with the girl? What's come over her?"

Madame Bantes let her eyes again quickly fall on the diamond ring on her finger; she knew what was come over Frederica, and said to Herr Bantes:—

"Papa, have done now. Let the girl have her cry out."

"But—but—but," cried the old man, hastily going up to his daughter, "what is the matter, child? What are you crying for?"

She continued to cry, and replied that indeed she couldn't tell.

"Ah! that's a mere pretence, and such like," cried the father.

"Have you been annoyed? Has mamma said anything?"

"No."

"Or perhaps the captain may have?"

"No."

"The devil; nor I. Now, tell me, have I? About that joke—
are you crying for that?"

Madame Bantes took him by the hand, gently drew him away from Frederica, and said, "Papa, you have broken your promise—and vexed her, utterly disregarded her request; and besides, you know"—

"Reminded her of somebody. You are right, I should not have done so. Never mind now, Rietchen, it shan't happen again. But who would have taken papa up so quick, and such like?"

Frederica composed herself. Her mother led her to the harp. Waldrich was to tune it. The flute was also brought, the new pieces of music tried. Frederica played the harp admirably to Waldrich's flute accompaniment; and the evening was, after all, one of pleasure and enjoyment.

And Papa Bantes kept his word. Not a syllable more was said of a certain important somebody. Vain endeavour! Only so much the more did he occupy the thoughts of the whole house. Regularly every morning, noon, and evening did Herr Bantes go and tap the barometer to make the quicksilver rise, and extort fine weather for invalid travellers. Frederica, when nobody saw her, tapped too, to make the quicksilver fall; and Waldrich and Madame Bantes watched privately, and much oftener than before, Torricelli's prophetic tube.

"The weather is clearly improving," said Herr Bantes one day, when alone in the room with his wife. "The clouds are dispersing. I think he must now be on the way."

"God forbid, papa! It seems to me far more advisable for you to write to Herr von Hahn not to come to Herbesheim before Christmas, although I have no faith in the silly gossiping story; yet one can scarcely forbear being somewhat uneasy."

"What, mamma, are you thinking of the *Dead Stranger*? Nonsense; for shame!"

"I grant it, my dear, it is folly; but if anything happened to our dear child at the season of the Advent, people would always—nay, if Rietchen were at all unwell the mere thought would be sufficient to increase the illness. And though I don't believe in ghosts, and though Frederica laughs at it, yet we really might be afraid, for instance, to go round by the church at night. It is incidental to human nature. Put off the formal betrothal till after the fatal time. After Advent the young people will have abundance of time

to form acquaintance, engagement, and marriage. Why, then, such haste? A delay of a few weeks would do no harm."

"For shame, mamma! Don't insist on my doing so foolish a thing. For that very reason—because people choose to indulge in this nonsensical prattle about the Dead Stranger, Frederica's lover shall come and the engagement shall take place. There ought to be an example set, and it is our duty, and such like. Let the people in the town see that we don't trouble our heads about any Dead Stranger, that we allow our daughter to be engaged in spite of all this foolish talk, that Rietchen keeps her head safe, and nobody twists her neck, and then the neck of this absurd superstition will be twisted for ever. It's no use for the parson to preach to people: 'Do right—repent—be religious.' He must go briskly forward, and lead the way."

"But suppose, papa, since you love your child dearly—suppose now, you see, something very untoward, no matter exactly what, must have taken place a hundred years ago, according to the register; and perhaps there were then people who jeered at the old tradition—now we are doing the same thing; and if you do fix the ceremony of betrothal precisely at this fatal ill-omened period, and if—which God forbid—it were to happen that"—

"Stop! you don't mean Frederica's neck twisted. I won't listen to such a diabolical suggestion—in mercy forbear, I say."

"No; but, for instance, if Herr von Hahn were to come to us during these so much talked of days, and in this dreadful weather—only reflect, he is an invalid, as he writes himself. His illness might be increased by travelling over bad roads in such weather. Suppose we had a sick—at last, perhaps, a Dead Stranger in our own house. I shudder to utter the words; and then the superstition attached to this year's Advent would be actually confirmed by your own obstinacy. My dear, consider it well."

Herr Bantes seemed very thoughtful, and at length murmured:—
"Mamma, I cannot understand how it is you always get notions in your head which never enter other people's brains. How is it? You ought to have been a poet, and such like. Besides which, it is evident enough to everybody that you are regularly possessed with the bugbear of the Herbesheim ghost. So you are all—you, Frederica, even the captain, notwithstanding he's a soldier, so also the cashier, book-keeper, and inspector—all, I say, but no one likes to confess it—Pshaw! nonsense."

"If it were so, which, however, I much doubt, yet it would not be the duty of a prudent father of a family to treat with levity a prejudice which, after all, hurts no one."

"All folly is hurtful, therefore no levity—war, open war. Ever since Frederica's birthday every soul in the house has looked as frightened as if the Day of Judgment were at hand. The devil himself has invented this story of the Dead Stranger. It shall be as before said, mamma, no change shall be made—I am immovable."

So said Herr Bantes as he hastened from the room.

Meanwhile, it was not exactly as before, even with himself. The conversation had left its thorn behind: he considered that for the sake of domestic peace it might be better to put off the formal betrothal till after Christmas. He loved his daughter most dearly, and this warm affection produced all sorts of anxious forebodings, lest someway or other the devil should be at work, and then all would be ascribed to the Dead Stranger. The nearer Advent Sunday approached the more uncomfortable he felt, and that altogether in spite of himself. In his heart he wished his future son-in-law might delay his coming; and he felt actually terrified when the weather completely cleared up and the warm beams of the sun shed their cheering influence over the world, as though the last days of autumn brought with them a return of summer—and he went and tapped the barometer as assiduously as ever, to make the quicksilver fall. To his astonishment, he remarked that his wife and Frederica, as well as the commandant, had recovered their former cheerfulness with the return of fine weather, and that at length all his household had resumed their usual tone, and that he himself alone could not feel as before.

The mother did not fail to remark that Rietchen had all sorts of objections to make against the rich banker, and that the commandant was becoming, more than should be, commandant in her heart. Her endeavour now was to postpone the formal betrothal of the banker with her daughter, not with a view of showing favour to Waldrich, fond as she was of him, but to guard against possible evil. She wished the young people should first become acquainted with each other, and that Frederica might accustom her mind to her destined lot—besides which, it was still more important to her to know whether Herr von Hahn was really worthy of Frederica's heart. For this reason the judicious matron had never contradicted her husband's choice, never reproached him, although he had concealed till the birthday the important event of her daughter's intended marriage. She knew Herr Bantes too well. Contradiction would only make him more set upon the thing; she therefore embraced every opportunity of discussion, in order to drive the thorn yet deeper into his heart, and rejoiced when she perceived it was not without effect.

For this purpose she had written, even as early as the birthday, to a friend in the capital, to obtain some information regarding the character of Herr von Hahn. The answer arrived the same day that the fine weather had so frightened Herr Bantes. Herr von Hahn was described in the friend's letter as one of the best and most respectable of men, who possessed the esteem and, until now, the commiseration of every one, not only because he was always so much of an invalid, but because he had hitherto lived in almost slavish dependence upon his old, morose, whimsical, and avaricious father. For some weeks past, however, the young man had undertaken the entire management of the old one's business, and the latter had retired to an estate in the country on account of his increasing age and consequent debility: he was deaf, and almost blind, even with the aid of spectacles.

This agreeable intelligence made fine weather in Madame Bantes's heart, and the like cheering effect was produced on Frederica and Waldrich, though from a very different cause.

In consequence of a commission given him by Madame Bantes, Waldrich had entered Frederica's room, and found her sitting by the window, leaning her forehead on the new harp which stood beside her.

"Miss Bantes," said he, "your mamma wishes to know whether you would like to take a drive with us this fine day."

Rietchen made no answer, but turned her face away towards the window.

"Your ladyship is displeased," said Waldrich, who fancied she was pretending to pout. "Didn't I take another cup of chocolate this morning, against my own inclinations, simply because your ladyship was pleased to command it? or didn't I come back from parade precisely at the right time? or did I fail during dinner to give a respectful assent to something?"

No response was made. He was silent a minute or two, then went to the door, as if he meant to leave, once more turned, and said impatiently:—

"Come, Rietchen, it is glorious weather."


"No," was her reply, in a hollow voice.

He was startled at the tone, which betrayed that the speaker was weeping.

"What is the matter?" said he, anxiously, and took the hand on which her forehead rested from the harp, obliging her to look up.

"Does mamma intend that we should take this drive to meet *him*?"

THE WATERLOO CUP.

HAT betting men and bookmakers would do during the dreary winter months without such "a medium for speculation," as it has been termed, as the Waterloo Cup, it is hard to say. Until the publication of the weights and acceptances for the Spring handicaps, there is almost a cessation of business among that astute fraternity—except in an occasional "bonneting" of a winter favourite for the Two Thousand or the Derby—in consequence of the increasing difficulty in finding a wealthy "flat" so credulous and so confiding in turf prophecy as to lay out his money after so many sad cases of warning, and in the face of the proposed measures of Mr. Douglas Straight and Mr. Thomas Hughes. The Waterloo Cup as early as October becomes the general theme of conversation in that highly aristocratic society known and printed as "betting circles," and the names of the holders of nominations become "familiar as household words" in the mouths of men and boys given to betting, from "lordly hall to peasant hut." Immediately on the publication of the betting lists from Tattersall's, which every newspaper that aspires to any position devoutly copies and aids in disseminating through the land, investments are made, and the smallest particulars concerning the "doings of the cracks" devoured with the greediest voracity. Hoodwinking, in the matter of predicting certain greyhounds as being about to run under different nominations, then becomes a legitimate method of making money, and the great endeavour of everybody is to discover under what particular nominations the best greyhounds are to compete. This attempt to ascertain what greyhound each nominator will run has always been, and always must be, attended with the greatest difficulty. Sickness breaks out suddenly in some kennels, in others all kinds of accidents to which canine nature is liable occur; and sometimes gentlemen, after a trial of the strength of their stud, find that they are not in sufficient "form," and are compelled at the eleventh hour to cast about for a friend to lend them a greyhound for representation in the great event. In the "Cup" of this year there have been many instances of this kind of thing, and all sorts of predictions, prophecies, and probabilities have arisen in consequence—some specious, some absurd, and most fallacious.

asing amount of betting in connection with the Waterloo Cup is a healthy sign for coursing, and it gives a fresh inducement to our speculative youth to seek royal roads to fortune instead of an honest calling. Many a London and other youth, when they sing, might valiantly declare:—

I wadna be a clerk, mither, to bide aye ben,
scribbling ower the sheets o' parchment with a weary, weary pen;
looking through the lang stane window at a narrow strip o' sky,
in a laverock in a withy cage, until I pine away and die.

It is not that the imaginary utterer of this stanza was not pining to become a member of the *cognoscenti*, but was only wishing to neglect his present mode of occupation and pursuit usually adopted by civilised man in order to become a mere outlaw: but the moral is the same, and the outlaw has undoubtedly a considerable advantage over the industrious youth of the other sort, who would make gain his only

The Waterloo Cup appears to be an unwholesome excrescence of the Greyhound Club, and from having been originally a thirty-two dog race has now been increased of late years to one of sixty-four. This, no doubt, has considerably enhanced the zest and interest felt in the sport, and perhaps, also, has improved the breeding of the greyhound, but it has unquestionably fostered an increase of the betting, and succeeds in drawing together an assemblage of low class gamblers and bookmakers such as are to be seen nowhere else, except at a "leather-flapping" suburban steeplechase meeting. The course is of a most peculiar kind, the land having undergone a most extensive amount, a proceeding which, as Mr. Stanger remarks in his book on the greyhound—a book whose publication since this Christmas ought to be a source of satisfaction to all who take an interest in coursing in any country—"has made the country in this district more sound than it was formerly (*sic*), when a single dog and a wrench or two, and a kill formed the average Lancashire race, and when a tremendously long slip was essential to produce a fair trial."

On the ground in its pristine form we gather from Blaine that "the downs differ from the give and take country of the Berkshire and Wiltshire downs and Lincolnshire wolds, and from the sweep of Newmarket Heath, in being a flat, intersected by hedges, into which strange dogs are apt to plunge, and yield victory to those of the district. A steam engine pumps a quantity of the water up into the river, which bears it to the

adjoining sea. The meadows are thus rendered dry enough for the judge to ride ; and the spectators enjoy the sport either from the embankment along the river, or on the plain itself. The drenching which strangers frequently encounter in their attempts to leap the ditches causes many an uproarious laugh." Lord Sefton is a successful courser, and himself "manages the field." The intersection of the ground by such innumerable "soughs," caused by the increased drainage, renders the coursing most difficult for greyhounds unaccustomed to its peculiarities, and the remark has often been made that it is a misfortune that so large a stake and so great a prize—nothing less, in fact, than what coursers delight to term "The Blue Riband of the Leash"—should be contended for over such a country. Its proximity to Liverpool, being only twelve miles distant from that important town, and its convenience for Irish and Scotch coursers, to say nothing of the liberality of Lord Sefton, will, however, in all probability always give it a commanding preference as the head quarters of coursing.

Very little riding is required on the part of the judge, necessary as it is at other places, but he frequently experiences great difficulty in the discharge of his duties from being obstructed by the crowd. The Earl of Sefton cannot be expected always to be present, though he keeps up the custom of his ancestor in attending the coursing whenever he can, and when his lordship is not on the ground a Liverpoolian gang of bookmakers and backers of "individual courses" is frequently quite uncontrollable. Still, considering what a mass of people congregate on the occasion, there is perhaps not much to be complained of in the matter of general good order. Much allowance is to be made for excited Lancashire under the influence of a fine opportunity for making money at a quick and congenial rate ; and if its coursing votaries do occasionally forget sport and fair play in the interest of trade, there is nothing in that different from the conduct of other people under similar trying circumstances.

It is most essential that the judge over such a difficult ground, and amid so much surrounding excitement, should be a very experienced one, and the Committee did wisely in selecting Mr. Warwick for the thirteenth consecutive time to preside over this meeting. The Scotchmen were anxious for the appointment of Mr. Hedley to the post, but it is extremely doubtful if he or any other judge than Mr. Warwick could have given general satisfaction to so heterogeneous an assemblage. The crowd sometimes grow so enthusiastic that it might *be fancied* they think that one of the late Duke of Norfolk's *coursing rules* is still in vogue : "He that comes in first to the death of

the hare, takes her up, and saves her from breaking, cherishes the dogs, and cleanseth their mouths from the wool, is adjudged to have the hare for his pains." The Three Counties Union Club some years ago expressed a desire to have the "cote" inscribed among the coursing rules and its proper value allowed. Lord Lurgan disposed of this request by saying that he must confess that, although he had now been a courser for some years, he was bound to make an admission of ignorance with regard to the word "cote." He was very much obliged to Mr. Edleston for his able explanation; but, however, he did not see any occasion for an unnecessary alteration. The "cote," however, was once well understood in coursing, and in the Duke of Norfolk's rules we find that it is "when a greyhound goeth endways by his fellow and gives the hare a turn." A "cote" in those glorious days served for two turns, but it is well that those rules have been discarded, and a more intelligible order of regulations substituted, or goodness only knows what a rumpus would be created in the case of an undecided course, for no owner of a greyhound was ever known to acknowledge that his dog had been fairly beaten on his merits. This, perhaps, is not to be wondered at, and it is questionable if any judge, however competent and experienced, is capable of accurately judging every course, single-handed, throughout a long day. But it is a comfort to think that, according to high authority, "with a judge who acts decisively, a dispute is set at rest so far as the general proceedings are concerned; and the murmurs of the discontented, being disregarded, soon subside." It must not be forgotten that "the many fortuitous circumstances there are in a course, the difference in the situation from which different persons view it, and the perpetual variation of the direction in which the dogs are running, tend to mislead; and though last, not least, we have such a variety of opinions on what principles or points courses ought to be decided, that the necessity for the rules and principles on which they are founded, being generally established and uniformly recognised, is totally and unquestionably indispensable."

The slipper's duties are hardly less responsible and arduous than those of the judge, and at Altcar they may be said to be even more so. Lord Sefton preserves so successfully that when the numbers of people who come to witness the coursing approach the ground from all quarters,

The merry brown hares come leaping
Over the crest of the hill

in such disagreeable companies that it is very often difficult to slip a couple of greyhounds at a single hare. James Kerse gave

such general satisfaction last year that he was again appointed as slipper for the present. It may be remarked here that the term "slipper," though it cannot need any etymological definition, is a word of comparatively modern date, and we ought to be cautious in allowing barbarisms to be incorporated with coursing literature. Our coursers have already frequently rendered themselves ridiculous by their curious sponsorial nomenclature, and there is an instance or two in the case of the present Waterloo Cup. There was no such personage as a "slipper"—what a peculiarly unsporting sound it has!—in the early days of coursing, when Queen Bess, of glorious memory, was on the throne. In those times "it was ordered that he which was chosen fewterer, or letter-loose of the greyhounds, shall receive the greyhounds which are matched to run together in his leash," and perform the other duties pretty much upon the present plan.

It is not probable that we shall see such greyhounds as Cerito and Master M'Grath—both three times winners of the Waterloo Cup—contending over the plains of Altcar again; and this year much of the interest usually aroused among men who course only for the sake of the sport, and who are not entirely given to making money or to losing it, was destroyed by the early collapse of several favourites, and by many eccentricities on the part of some nominators and of some clubs.

Mr. Mould was first in request at Tattersall's on the opening of the new year, from the fact that he had been in treaty for the possession of Peasant Boy, the runner-up of last year, to represent his nomination. Mr. Assheton Smith, however, allowed the dog to represent Mr. Blackstock, but the arrangement was not made known until after the Carnarvon meeting, when that gentleman immediately headed the betting, and continued in the pride of place up to the close. Peasant Boy is by Racing Hopfactor, out of Placid, and from the reports heard about him was well entitled to the confidence so eagerly bestowed upon him. Meanwhile Mr. Colman had been unfortunate in losing Cacique, who had done wonders at Newmarket, and had even beaten Amethyst, Mr. Salter's nomination, for which animal Mr. Salter had given no less than one hundred and thirty guineas at a sale at Aldridge's. Mr. Haywood, always formidable, had from accidents been obliged to fall back on Rhubarb, a respectable animal, but hardly up to Altcar form, and who slipped up in the frost early in February. Lords Lurgan and Sefton, with *Lady Thriftless* and *Satire*, were always highly dangerous, and *Mr. M'Haffie*, with *Wandering Willie*, from the north, almost ranked a par with Mr. Blackstock.

Mr. Lister, since Chloe's winning the Cup twice, has always been regarded with dread by other competitors, with whatever he runs, and after the form of his kennel shown by the performance of Cræsus—by Cashier out of Chloe—at the late Altcar Club Meeting, his chance was thought good. But it should have been remembered that Mr. Briggs's Blackburn would probably have won the stake but for his sad accident, unless that honour had been reserved for old Bed of Stone—the winner of last year—who was put out in an unfortunate trial with Chameleon. Notwithstanding the victory of Cræsus, Mr. Briggs looked as formidable as any nominator in the stake, for old Bed of Stone had performed over the soughs in her accustomed style.

The nomination of Sir Capel Molyneux having fallen vacant, it was conferred upon Mr. Dunne, an English gentleman, and the nomination being an Irish one, the transaction caused great annoyance to Lord Lurgan and the Irish coursers in general, which is not greatly to be wondered at, for it looks like a manifest piece of injustice. A sort of indignation meeting, at which Lord Lurgan presided, was held in Ireland on the subject, and some correspondence passed between his lordship and the Earl of Sefton. Some little misunderstandings and anomalies of this kind are not uncharacteristic of proceedings in connection with the Waterloo Cup, but the expostulation of the Irish gentlemen on this occasion will probably not have been made without producing an amended state of management for the future.

The Earl of Sefton, upon a representation being made to him of the grievance which the Irish considered they suffered in this disposal of Sir Capel Molyneux's nomination to an Englishman, forthwith wrote to Lord Lurgan expressing his regret that any dissatisfaction had been caused, saying:—"I have read the resolutions passed at the meeting of coursers in Ireland, and can only assure you that any recommendations coming from them as to the future system of distributing Waterloo nominations in Ireland shall be carefully considered by your Committee. No one appreciates more than I do the very great assistance which you have always rendered to that Committee in their difficult task of assigning the sixty-four nominations, and I trust that we may long count upon your services as a member of the same."

The *amende honorable* having been thus made, Lord Lurgan, it is almost unnecessary to remark, immediately wrote to his friend to say that he was sorry to have been compelled to protest against the decision come to by a Committee with whom he had worked most cordially. He thought that if he could have been present at the Altcar Club Meeting a decision might have been arrived at that would have

been satisfactory to all. This statement must not be regarded as self-praise on his lordship's part, as being a superior legislator to the other members of the Committee, but as an opinion only that as the chosen representative of the Irish coursers he might have been able to satisfy them by having attended to their interests. We know from experience of proceedings in Parliament and elsewhere that loyal Irishmen—and especially loyal Irish gentlemen, who, when they are worthy of that epithet, are second to no other gentlemen in the world—are easily appeased when what they imagine—they are wonderfully imaginative—to be a grievance has been properly represented and argued. "However," says Lord Lurgan, "what has now been done is a thing of the past, and we must turn our attention to the future; and in accordance with the wishes you express in so very kind a manner, I shall gladly continue to serve on your Waterloo Cup Committee, and do all in my power to promote the general interests of coursing."

What a pity it is that all Irish difficulties could not be similarly comfortably settled! If we could only submit matters of dispute and difference which at present distract us, and cause our legislators to sport "vagrant rhetoric" in the vacation and talk nonsense in the Houses in the Session, to the "arbitration" of Lords Sefton and Lurgan—with the assistance perhaps of Lord Selborne and Lord Chief Justice Cockburn—we should very soon arrive at a settlement of all questions between England and the "Emerald Isle."

It is a matter of the utmost unimportance—or at least it should be—to gentlemen what dog is declared the winner of the Waterloo Cup, if the best greyhounds in the country are not allowed, or cannot be procured to start for it. Descriptions of the running and the name of the winner can now be had for a penny, and whether they are, or can be, accurate or not it is not worth while to inquire here. It is sufficient for all purposes, except that of betting, to have endeavoured to show what is meant by coursing for the Waterloo Cup, and to have explained some of its recommendations and anomalies, and several of its deserts of disfavour.

SIRIUS.

GUSTAVE DORÉ AT WORK.

IT WAS on the 25th of October of last year, while we were listening at the open grave of Théophile Gautier to the sharp vibrations of the voice in which the younger Dumas was recounting the claims of "the great Theo." upon the love and gratitude of all who valued letters and the arts, and his forty years of labours; that I turned to Doré, and thought how hardly he had been used by critics, who had thanked him for his prodigious capacity for work, by describing him to the world as an artist *à la minute*. I found him one day over the fourth plate of his *Neophyte*, the three, already far advanced, having been put away because in some of the fine work they did not satisfy his fastidious conscientiousness. He glanced up at me from his copper, and said quietly, answering my look of surprise, "I have the patience of the ox, you see—as I have often told you."

Yea, it is the patience of the ox, for ever fed by an imagination of the most fertile power and the most extraordinary impulsiveness: an imagination that has been directed by study in the company of Dante and Milton, and by the inspiration of the Bible: that has revelled in the *joyeusetés* of Rabelais and the "Contes Drolatiques:" that has caught warmth from Don Quixote and from travels in his glowing land: and that has travelled with the Wandering Jew and lived in fable and legend, in history and poesy, through more than twenty years of working days. The unthinking world and the careless critic look upon the marvellous accumulation of the poet's dreams and fancies, which he has cast upon paper or wrought in colour; as evidence of the fleetness of his hand, and not of his valiant, patient spirit, that dwells in art for ever through all its waking hours. The page to which Doré has given a week's thought, and upon which he was working when the critic was in bed, is described as another example of the rapidity—and therefore the carelessness—with which the artist tosses off a poem, or embodies a legend. A caricaturist has had the audacity to draw the illustrator of Dante with pencils in both hands and between the toes of both feet—ignorant of the necessity under which a fervid and incessantly creative imagination like Gustave Doré's, exists.

I repeat, Doré cannot get out of his art. He is almost incapable

of relaxation. While you sit at table with him, you note the sudden pauses in the conversation, in which his eyes wander from the company to his land of dreams. On the instant he is away from you, and his face wears an expression of dreamy sadness, at which a stranger will start, but that is familiar to his friends, who humour him back to them with a laugh. His Rabelais, his "Contes Drolatiques," and his Don Quixote, proclaim that he has humour. It is of a grin kind often, in his work, as the reader may see in the splendid new edition of his Rabelais, just published by Garniers Brothers. But it is boisterous, free, and sometimes fine and delicate; as his admirer can testify who remember his albums and his contributions to the *Journal pour Rire*. In the new Rabelais—a noble production rich in the various qualities necessary to the illustrator of the great *raillieur* of the middle ages—we find, in conjunction with the young work of the artist (1854)—rough, but brilliant and joyous, laughing with the laughing text—the finer pencilling and the richer brain of his maturity. The two superb volumes, in which all that Doré has to say with his pencil on François Rabelais is set out richly by printer and binder; comprehend examples of the ranges of observation, the circles of dreams, and the styles and effects that are to be found in his extraordinary work as an illustrator. Rabelais is nearer, in general quality, to the "Contes Drolatiques" than any of Doré's other works; but it is superior to the Balzac interpretations in this, that it contains samples of the artist's highest work, as the ark in the origin of Pantagruel, in Pantagruel defying the three hundred giants; or, again, Pantagruel's entry into Paris; or, in short, a score of examples I might cite from "Gargantua." Rabelais and Don Quixote I should instance as the fields in which the artist has delighted most, as Dante and the Bible are the stores on which the highest force in him has been lavishly expended—never in haste, as I am able to testify. Before the pencil approached either of these labours, the artist's mind had travelled again and again over the pages; his imagination had dwelt upon every line, he had talked and thought about his theme in his walks and among his intimates. Patiently and incessantly the work coming in hand—the work next to be done—is investigated, parcelled out, put together, and pulled to pieces. There is not the least sign of haste, but there is labour without intermission, which, to the sluggish worker, produces a quantity that proves haste. I have known many artists, many men of letters, many scientific men, and many wonder-workers in the material world; but in none of them have I seen that capacity for continuous effort, and that impossibility of getting clear of the toil of production, which

Doré possesses. He will never escape the charge of haste, because he will never slacken to the average hours of production. His entire heart and being lie within the walls of his studio. It is a place of prodigious proportions. Every trowel-full of it has come out of his brain-pan, and his ardent and intrepid spirit fills it to the rafters, and turns to account every ray of light that pours through his windows. The student of Gustave Doré must understand his thoroughness and vehemence as a creator, and be able to count the hours he spends in giving shape to his creations; before he can estimate the artist's conscientiousness and, I will say, his religious care to do his utmost, even on a tail-piece to an appendix.

As his fellow traveller through the light and shade of London during two or three seasons, I had many fresh opportunities of watching the manner in which Doré approaches a great subject. The idea of it germinates slowly in his mind. We dwelt on London, and the ways in which it should be grasped, many mornings over the breakfast table; and through the hours of many excursions by land and water. Before any plan of pilgrimage had been settled, Doré had a score of note-books full of suggestive bits, and had made a gigantic album full of finished groups and scenes; while I had filled quires of paper. *Petit à petit l'oiseau fait son nid.* We picked up straws, feathers, pebbles, clay, and bit by bit made the nest. You wonder how the swallows build the solid cups they fix under your eaves. These appear to have come by enchantment when for the first time you notice wings fluttering above your windows. But the birds have been at work with every peep of day—have never paused nor slackened.

It is in the Doré Gallery, however, rather than in the illustrated works—marvellous as these are—of the artist, that his untiring power is most strikingly manifested; at the same time it is here that he has been most grievously misunderstood. Half the critics have begun by expressing their astonishment at the rapidity of the painter; and then they have gone on to remark that it is a pity he does not give more time to his pictures. This shows marks of haste; that is crude, thin, and in parts scarcely half developed; the other is a mere sketch. But here is the product of twenty years: for in all his life Doré has covered only fifty-three canvasses!

No wonder that men stand astonished, confounded by the prodigious labours gathered under the fire of one man's genius into a gallery, and filling it. No wonder, again, that these should come into the gallery jealous, carping, poor artists turned critics, crying "Rubbish!" A writer in no less a journal than the *Athenæum*

observed, as the result of his visit, speaking of the Neophyte—"This picture will stand M. Doré in good stead; *the rest is trash.*" Then this writer turned to the portrait of Rossini after death:—

As to the much bepraised *post mortem* portrait of Rossini, we confess to sickening at it. One does not slap one's breast over the body of one's dead friend, then paint his likeness, and show it for a shilling. Irreverent of the dignity of death, if one did so deeply sin against love, it would be in a very different way from this—not by propping the poor corpse on pillows, neatly parting its hair, ordering its hands, putting a crucifix above the lately-beating heart, closing its eyes, and painting it, not well, with all sentimental accessories. Had the painter of art carried us beyond this travesty of sorrow, an old master's example might have been pleaded, but the things differ not less in heart than in pathos. The master who did a thing not unlike in subject to this was a master, and did not display his work with the advantages of an "exhibition light." This is one of those things which they do not do better in France than in England.

That it has been much "bepraised" seemed to turn what spare allowance of milk of human kindness the critic might carry with him, at once. The delicacy with which the great artist dwelt on the subject, and shrank from the exhibition of it, is known to all who have had the slightest personal contact with him. It is the unenviable privilege of coarse natures to wound all those who are of finer metal whom they touch. The reader is besought to dwell on the astonishing lowness of the following sentence:—"One does not slap one's breast over the body of one's dead friend, then paint his likeness, and show it for a shilling." The charge implied in this is unjustifiable, because it is one that the individual who will feel it most acutely, must disdain to answer. Among gentlemen there could not possibly be two opinions as to its taste; among men of heart there could not possibly be two opinions as to the unwarrantable nature of the imputation.

Mark again the clodhopper hand, when the description is intended to be strong. "Neatly parting" the hair of Rossini! The ignorance implied in this passage is condemnation enough. "Ordering its hands, putting a crucifix upon the lately-beating heart!" Has the writer yet to learn that the crucifix is put upon every lately-beating heart, and that the seemingly disposition of the hands is the attitude with which all who have stood in chambers of death, in the country where Rossini died, are familiar?

Was not the disposition of the body of the Emperor in the *Graphic* the other day, exactly that of Rossini? The contriver of clumsy phrases, generally thorny and spiteful save about a certain few, did a positive harm to Doré in this instance. The people

know Doré's gallant life; his sensitive, delicate, highly-
 light mind; and his passionate love of Rossini's art (of
 Doré is so brilliant a connoisseur and so accomplished an
 artist) will dismiss the clownish condemnation against which I
 felt bound as an Englishman to protest.

It would seem that on a certain morning the *Athenæum*, on the
 ground out for an anatomist in matters artistic, fell in with a
 German.

The *Saturday Review* is in advantageous contrast to the *Athenæum*
 attitude towards Doré. In the *Review* the many sides of the
 known artist of our epoch, are considered. "Gustave Doré stands
 now as the most startling art-phenomenon in Europe; his genius
 with each turn changes, like colours in a kaleidoscope, into something
 new and unexpected."

Truly this is truer than the statement that, the Neophyte apart,
 the Doré Gallery is trash—or was when the critic visited it. In
 one instance there is prejudice, coarseness of feeling, jaundice;
 in the other there is a liberal outlook upon the whole of the art-life
 of a man of genius.

The foregoing remarks on Doré as a worker have been provoked
 by a pictorial summary of the events of last season, in which he is
 presented as one of our distinguished visitors, armed with pencils
 and brushes at all points. He is painting, drawing, and sketching
 (under he is not eating and drinking also) at the same moment.
 The caricaturist's level of criticism is about as true and just as that
 of the *Athenæum* critic.

Let the reader now contemplate the last and greatest effort of the
 artist's power—

CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM.

The canvas is thirty feet by twenty. In regard to execution it is a
 colossal *tour de force*: and the depth and pathos of the concep-
 tion are extraordinary. The beholder is fairly startled and bewildered
 by the prodigious tumult that encompasses the sublime central figure,
 which commands an awful quiet round about it—a quiet that im-
 agines like the agonising stillness which is the centre of a cyclone.
 The reality of the prodigious host that hems the Saviour round about
 in judgment, and His distance from the brutal soldiers, who guard
 and lead the way; are effects which only genius of the highest
 could conceive. The stages by which the fervid dream grew
 to this mighty thing—the child of one brain, formed by one pair of

never-resting hands—return vividly to me while I sit wondering—who have looked upon the canvas hundreds of times, during the slow process of years which has covered it; and which has filled every square foot of it with the heat and glow of life, and sublimated the whole with the sacred tragedy that is the centre and impulse of it. The patient drawing of groups; the days and nights spent in endeavour to realise the dream of the One Presence amid the multitude; the painting and repainting; the studies of impulse to be impressed upon each of the crowd of men and women; and the exact poise of light and shade; were accomplished with a fervour that burned through every difficulty, and swept away every hindrance. Haste! I will remember this most solemn sum of work, in nearly all its particulars; and used to speculate so often and anxiously on the fate of the great canvas, while the Germans were throwing shells into Paris; who watched the ever-heightening excitement with which, after the war ended, and the picture had been disinterred, the toil was resumed and carried triumphantly to an end; who have seen the righteous thought which has preceded the fold of coarse garment, and the articulation of every limb; and lived in the excitement which filled the last days the canvas was to remain under the artist's hand; still wonder more than any outsider at the vast expenditure of power that is spread before me. Aye, in this, the hands answered to the brain-pan of the poet with "the patience of the ox." They were trained upon the Neophyte, and upon the Triumph of Christianity—to this crowning effort, in which may be seen traces of the Byzantine school, of Raffaele, of study, in short, of the great styles of the past—but in which the genius of Doré shines with a lustre all its own.

The idealist and the realist are before us. While the turbulent host appears to move upon the spectator, and the ear almost strains to catch the deep murmurs of the passionate mob, the sublime motive of the whole fills the mind with awe. There may be many opinions on the means and methods by which the thrilling effect is produced; but there can be only one as to the extraordinary force of it upon the mind. It compels an emotion deeper than any which painter has produced in our time. The daring of the gifted man who produced it compels the spectator's respect—in these days, when so many artists are content to dwell in prettiness for ever—to follow the fashion of the day, and to execute to order with the obedience of the sign painter.

By heroic work from dawn to dusk, through the boyish years most lads give at least somewhat to pleasure, the long path has

travelled to this gallery. It has been more than a journey
l the world. The tentative work scattered by the way is
gious, but a pure thirst for the highest fame has been the
ling incentive.

in illustration Doré has been schooling himself through many
' study of Rabelais, Dante, and Cervantes to Shakespeare,
is to be presently his *magnum opus*: so in painting he
een gallantly fighting his way *per ardua ad alta*. NEVER IN
E, BUT ALWAYS AT WORK—should be upon the shield of my
rious and gallant friend.

BLANCHARD JERROLD.



SHAKESPEARE'S PHILOSOPHERS AND JESTERS.

BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

I.—PHILOSOPHERS.

MY reason for classing together Shakespeare's philosophers and jesters in this series of essays is because his philosophers are wont to be fine jesters, and his best jesters dispense profoundest philosophy. The great poet knew that the highest wisdom frequently takes the form of wit; while a sportive word will often convey a grave thought. The wisest heart will vent itself in a gay sally, when the lightest tongue gives utterance to a weighty reflection; knowledge is sometimes promulgated through a playful speech, as the solemn fact lurks within the mirthful sentence. There is a proverbial expression, "Many a true word spoken in jest;" and Shakespeare has paraphrased the maxim, in "Jesters do oft prove prophets." Very appropriately may his philosophers be consorted with his jesters: since his philosophy contains so bland and cheerful a spirit; and his jesting so much of serious meaning.

My plan upon the present occasion is to give (as succinctly as possible) an abstract of the salient characteristics of each creation of the poet brought forward in illustration; and then proceed to point out their several best philosophical or most witty passages. My intention is less to enumerate his several philosophers as individual characters, than to collect their finest philosophical utterances; less to advert upon his several jesters, in their own capacities, than to gather together their best and most pregnant jests. I shall not so much instance his *set* philosophers—wisdom professors—of which there are but few among his *dramatis personæ*, as I shall adduce and descant upon his own pure social philosophy and heart-wisdom, which he has infused into so many of his characters. With its own gentle force—subtlest force, intensest force—it pervades equally the wild sublime of Lear's passion, the might of Othello's anguish, the maternal grief of Constance, the meek-borne injuries of Imogen,

the reflective mind of Hamlet, the hard intellect of Iago, the ferocious levity of Richard, the unscrupulous ambition of Lady Macbeth, the wit of Benedick, the faith of Troilus, the sprightliness of Rosalind, the jocund ease of Feste the clown;—nay, the very fancy and imaginative grace of Ariel, Oberon, and Robin Goodfellow—all in turn are made the medium of this beautiful wisdom and philosophy of our poet-teacher. It is never obtruded, never paraded—never boasted in; but it exists easily, spontaneously, instinctively—accompanying every event of life and every phase of character depicted by him with the same integral consociation as that with which its spirit imbues the whole expanse of created Nature.

I have said that Shakespeare seldom drew a *professed* philosopher. There occurs but one actual specimen regularly so styled and so delineated in the entire range of the dramas; and that one is Apemantus, in the play of "Timon of Athens." He appears among the list of *dramatis personæ* thus: "Apemantus, a churlish *philosopher*." If there be one characteristic more than another that Shakespeare seems to have loathed, it is that of churlishness. A morose fastidiousness; a disposition to find fault, and to be discontented with life and with mankind, were subjects of peculiar antipathy to Shakespeare's genial nature. His large candour, his wide benevolence, his universal toleration, could not let him sympathise with a cynicism which is the growth of spleen and self-love rather than of real superiority. These ostensible philosophers—these wisdom-mongers, would fain have their crabbed disgust believed to be the offspring of greatness (like that loftily squeamish gentleman in Voltaire's story, who is thus described by a doting admirer: "What a great man! What a first rate genius! *Nothing pleases him!*"), but it is in fact the result of a spurious misanthropy, more nearly allied to malice and envy than to a genuine scorn or indignation. And so has he drawn this Apemantus—base-born and base-natured, he takes up the profession of railer against society as much from a bloated conceit of his own superiority as in revenge for his own sordid condition. He is well contrasted with the steward, Flavius, [who in his humble station rises superior to the cynical admonisher. The affected philosopher, and the unaffected judicious observer; the professed hater, and the attached servitor; the snarler, and the faithful retainer; the acrid wiseacre, and the genial honest man, are forcibly brought into opposition. Flavius's excellent common sense and plain practical wisdom, with kindly feeling and affectionate heart, shine out nobly against the studied and acted rancour of the other.

Apemantus is more rude than caustic; more insolent than stern.

He is spiteful, sneering, and restlessly sarcastic. He is ever in his perpetual effort to be severe. No wonder that Timon he is driving him off, exclaims, as he flings a stone after him, "thou tedious rogue!" He is vain of his sullen mood, and turns himself upon his ill-nature. When the Fool makes some rejoinder, he says, "That answer might have become Apemantus as though he really grudged another a snappish retort. When Apemantus greets him on his entrance with, "Good-morrow to thee, Apemantus," he replies, "Till I be gentle, stay for my good-morrow as though proud of his boorhood. His mere railing gratifies Timon's sore feelings in the period of his adversity, whose wounds lie too deep for such wordy abuse as Apemantus's. His wounded heart shrinks from joining in these shallow and bitter vituperations. His grave sense of injury will not let him find comfort in the conventional cynicisms of the habitual churl. He knows he has real cause to feel what the other only affects to feel. The poet could scarcely have given us a stronger impression of genuine wrongs, and of his being wounded to the soul at the very way in which he has made him reject fellowship with Apemantus. Timon knows that his own griefs—his absolute misfortune—supply him with far greater truths of bitterness than uttered by the professional philosopher. Therefore, when Apemantus accuses him of aping philosophic acrimony, says, "Do not show my likeness," Timon indignantly retorts, "Were I like thee, I'd show away myself." And upon Apemantus proceeding to school him as the real sufferer, in his galled wrath, turns upon the amateur complainer, and how fine is the poetic diction through which Apemantus tauntingly asks :—

Think'st thou the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Wilt put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee :—Depart!

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not ; but say, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out ?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's :

Dost please thyself in't ?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What ! a knave too ?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well ; but thou
Dost it enforcedly ;—thoud'st courtier be again,
Wert thou not a beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before :
The one is filling still, never complete ;
The other, at high wish : Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.

Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd ; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
In general riot ; and never learn'd

The icy precepts of respect, that follow'd

The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,

Who had the world as my confectionary :

The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of men

At duty more than I could frame employment ;

That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves

Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush

Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare

For every storm that blows :—I, to bear this,

That never knew but better, is some burden.

Thy nature did commence in suff'rance ; time

Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men ?

They never flatter'd thee : What hast thou given ? Hence, begone !

If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,

Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet ?

Tim. Ay ; that I am not thee.

There is a short scene in this same play of "Timon of Athens" where Shakespeare, with his usual skill in casuistry, has argued a question on both sides,—the question of violence, bloodshed, and homicide ; together with what should be the leniency or severity such crime ought to meet from its judges. The senator who takes the stricter view has a fine remark upon moral courage : it is this :

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
 The worst that men can breathe ; and make his wrongs
 His outsides ; wear them, like his raiment, carelessly ;
 And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
 To bring it into danger.

He also finely says :—

Quarrelling is valour misbegot, and came into the world
 When sects and factions were newly born.

There are two philosophers, historically renowned as such—traditional sages—whom Shakespeare has introduced among his delineations. I allude to Nestor and Ulysses. The latter always figures as “the wise Ulysses,” “the prudent Ulysses,” “the politic Ulysses”—the man of caution, experience, and knowledge : great in counsel, all sufficient in advice, unfailing in resource. He sustains his reputation on the dramatist's page ; for from him flow choicest axioms and shrewd comment, in teeming abundance. His brain devises wisdom ; his mouth delivers wisdom ; his deeds enact wisdom ; he thinks, speaks, and practises wisdom. He plans the most artful schemes, and carries them out consummately. He was conceived, born, bred, and versed in strategy ; and so conversant is he with human foibles, that he brings his strategy to bear with uniform success, in consequence of knowing how to adapt and administer it with due regard to the science in humanity. How adroitly does he play off the bully Ajax upon the pride-swollen Achilles—turning the conceit of the one and the arrogance of the other to the fulfilment of his own views upon both ! With what skill he humours, cajoles, induces, or enforces ! With what rapidity and acuteness he discerns the light and unstable character of Cressida ; estimates the sterling worth of Troilus ; recognises Diomed ; or greets Hector ! How justly he penetrates the characters and gauges the moral and intellectual dimensions of all those around him ! He is as prompt and keen in observation of individuals as he is proficient in abstract acquaintance with mankind in general. There is not more pregnant eloquence in all the characters of Shakespeare than streams from his lips : he, indeed, hath a “mouth speaking great things”—a true Chrysostom (golden-mouth). As I have elsewhere cited the chief apothegms, or pointed sayings, of Ulysses, I shall here quote one of his finest and most philosophical speeches—that upon “Degree.” It is a superb vindication of the merits—say, the virtue—of order, and comprises the philosophy of rank, precedence, and appointed station, or “Degree.” He says :—

The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre,
 Observe degree, priority, and place,

Insitute, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom in all line of order :
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd,
Amidst the other, whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents ! what mutiny !
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure ! Oh ! when Degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick. How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by Degree stand in authentic place ?
Take but Degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows ! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe.
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead :
Force should be right ; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice, too.
Then everything includes itself in power :
Power into will, will into appetite ;
And appetite, a universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make, perforce, a universal prey,
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when Degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking :
And this neglection of Degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The General's disdain'd
By him one step below ; he by the next ;
The next by him beneath : so every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation :
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews.—To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands—not in her strength.

This speech is like an essay by Bacon put into metred language. No feature in Shakespeare's social character seems more distinct than that he was a *quietist*, and in all generals, a Conservative. He constantly gives indication of an abstract reverence for "time-honoured institutions." Imogen says, "Breach of custom is breach of all," and examples to the same effect might be multiplied. He would have been the last man to have "removed his neighbour's landmark"—not altogether from the injustice of the act—although upon that ground he would have been consistent; but from an experienced sense of rule and order. His system of philosophy seems to have run undeviatingly on that tramway.

Hamlet is the prince of poetical philosophers, moralising upon life, upon mankind, upon himself, out of the depths of his own intelligence; while Prospero is a princely philosopher, whose wisdom is chiefly derived from books and studious contemplation; but upon both these individual creations of our poet's brain I have dwelt at such length in my "Shakespeare Characters" as to preclude the necessity of here discussing the peculiarity of their several philosophic temperaments.

As Hamlet is the greatest of all Shakespeare's moral philosophers, so is Iago the strongest of his *im*-moral philosophers. Iago's philosophy is the worst of immorality, for it holds that evil is power; that good is a nonentity; that vice is an acquisition; and that virtue is a thing to be avoided, or to be taken advantage of—in either case, a weakness. Here is some of this "reasoning wretch's" immoral philosophy. When, for instance, protesting he loves not the Moor, and Roderigo naturally enough observes, "I would not follow him then," Iago replies:—

O! sir, content you.

I follow him to serve my turn upon him :
 We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truly followed. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
 Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
 For naught but provender; and when he's old, cashier'd.
 Whip me such honest knaves: others there are
 Who, trimm'd in forms and usages of duty,
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
 And throwing but shows of service on their lords
 Do well thrive by them; and when they've lin'd their coats
 Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul—
 And such a one do I profess myself.

Again, when Michael Cassio, wrung with self-reproach, exclaims:

"Reputation, reputation, reputation! O! I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself; and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!" the fiend comforter answers:—"As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound. There is more offence in that than in 'Reputation.' Reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit and lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation at all—unless you repute yourself such a loser."

His own sophistry is flatly contradicted by himself afterwards, in the hypocritical and famous speech of virtuous indignation which he makes to Othello:—

Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something—nothing:
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed!

And how accurately this supreme villain knows the mischief he is working:—

Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.—This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste—
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.

Yet with diabolical composure he steadily administers this poison. No one among Shakespeare's men of intellect utters stronger axioms of social and moral philosophy than this remarkable character. The career which he had chalked out for himself furnished him the motive for this; and his mental power and energy were stimulants to his motive.

That Iago's is a voluntary system—a deliberate choice and pursuit of wickedness—his own words prove in glaring and marvellous strength:—

Virtue? a fig! 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners: so that, if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry—why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills.

Iago's is the philosophy of diabolism.

Another of these systematic evil philosophers is Richard III. He purposely and consciously makes selection of villainy as the wisest and fruitfuller course of action. He adopts it as his creed, and exercises it as his chosen vocation. He cultivates "crooked wisdom," as harmonising with his own deformity. He cherishes obliquity of character, as matching with his own tortuous person. He follows sinister courses and devious policy, as consonant with his own misshapen frame. He fosters a perverted intellect and a wryed conscience, as part and parcel of his ugly conformation: in short, he is a mental and physical unity of depravation. He at once abets Fate, and avenges himself upon it by rendering his moral and mental being no less disfigured and repulsive than his corporeal frame. He distinctly declares this, saying:—

Since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

And subsequently confirms his determination:—

I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Created of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionably
That the dogs bark at me as I halt by them—
Why I, in this weak, piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair, well-spoken days,
I am determin'd to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

And Richard's whole subsequent career, to its fierce and strenuous close, is a practical illustration of this—his demon-philosophy.

The King in "All's Well that Ends Well" is a gentle moraliser and a kindly-tempered man. Sickness and suffering have taught him philosophy, and made him a philosopher. They have taught him to be tolerant, liberal-minded, and reflective: they have made him patient, forbearing, considerate; temperate in speech, and guarded in judgment. They have inspired him with that affecting fortitude which enables ill-health to assume a cheerful tone in the midst of its pain. He summons energy to deliver that spirited charge to his young lords whom he is despatching to the wars, bidding them let the enemy see that they "Come, not to woo honour, but to wed it."

can also find good-humour to tolerate the chirping tone of his old adherent, Lafeu, when he comes to tell him of expected a style of playfulness, which he trusts may infect his royal with some of his own hope. He delivers a speech upon false full of sound reasoning, and containing one noble sentiment, royal in its moral truth, and therefore well befitting a royal

The sentence is this :—

Honours best thrive
When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our fore-goers.

in the last scene he utters two reflections that bespeak the man who has learnt many a sad truth of experience. He

Let's take the instant by the forward top ;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals, ere we can effect them.

second passage mournfully instances that too-late remorse is so prone to supervene upon the loss of a friend ; when every heedless careless word, or thoughtless slighting act—deemed time of little moment—smites us with a cruel force of self-h. The kind old royal philosopher says :—

Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave.
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust.

friar in "Much Ado about Nothing" and the friar in "Romeo and Juliet" are both monastic philosophers ; and afford such aid, in and consolation, to their mundane brethren, as their wisdom and experience suggest. The former—the friar in "Much Ado"—is observant ; patiently abiding his time to speak, until his silent presence shall have enabled him to deliver judgment upon the case in hand. His close noting of the belied heroine, Hero's, demeaning conduct convinced him of her innocence, he advises the plan of her sudden death ; and thus sagely explains his motive :—

It so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value ; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours : so will it fare with Claudio ;

When he shall hear she died upon his words,
 The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
 Into his study of imagination ;
 And every lovely organ of her life
 Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
 More moving-delicate and full of life,
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 Than when she lived indeed. Then shall he mourn
 (If ever love had interest in his liver),
 And wish he had not so accusèd her ;
 No, though he thought his accusation true.

That last line is instinct with touching knowledge of human charity—or love. It uses forbearance towards the guilt of one lost for ever. Pity, rather than blame, attends the faults of the dead; and survivors feel inclined to visit even sin with regret rather than reproach.

The other friar—Friar Laurence—the friar in “*Romeo and Juliet*,” is bland, meditative, studious. He goes forth with the dawn to cull simples, and descants upon their rare excellences and healing properties in a strain of poetical enthusiasm worthy of an early riser and a botaniser. I dare not indulge myself with quoting his exquisite and well-known speech, beginning :—

The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night, &c.

I must content myself with recalling some of his higher philosophic sentences, at the same time noting how the loveliest charm of imaginative diction clothes the wise utterances of this gentle old confessor. His greeting to Romeo, for instance, when he enters his cell :—

Benedicite !—

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?
 Young son, it argues a distempered head
 So soon to bid good-morrow to thy bed.
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges sleep will never lie ;
 But where unbruised youth, with unstuff'd brain,
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.

How prudently he chides the rapturous rashness of the young lover :—

These violent delights have violent ends,
 And in their triumphs die ; like fire and powder,
 Which as they kiss consume. The sweetest honey
 Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
 And in his taste confounds the appetite ;
 Therefore, love moderately ; long love doth so ;
 Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

upon Juliet's approach, he adds :—

Here comes the lady: O! so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.
A lover may bstride the gossamer,
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

ley is the philosopher of adversity; or rather, his philosophy
es a more purely philosophic character after his downfall.
ously, his utterances are those of the astute worldling: the fertile
ious brain, teeming with shrewd calculations upon advancement,
, domination, together with confident assertions of success, or well
ed speeches for winning success. Contrast the arrogant, irrespon-
-style of the following sentence with the subdued, reflective tone of
bsequent ones. In the hour of his high assured position he

We must not stint
Our necessary actions in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever
As ravenous fishes do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters (once weak ones), is
Not ours, or not allow'd. What worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State Statues only.

t in the winter and destitution of his fortune, how clear-sightedly
oralises; and in how subdued a tone!—

This is the state of man :—to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him.
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.

d his closing speech of warning to his secretary, Cromwell, shows
to have attained one of the grandest secrets in philosophy—

of self-knowledge; and a perception of that which wrought his overthrow. With an affectionate sympathy for the after career of his pupil and confidential servant, he says:—

Mark but my fate, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it ?
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee.
Corruption wins not more than honesty.

[A golden rule, that last line !]

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O ! Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.

The magnanimity displayed in Wolsey's downfall, as contrasted with the previous grandeur of his haughtiness and insolence of dominion, is one among the crowd of examples that might be adduced of Shakespeare's equal power in antithetical portraiture.

Brutus is the philosopher of patriotic duty and of abstract general good. He is a stoic philosopher, with a heart swayed by the gentlest and most benevolent emotions. He cultivates self-negation, self-devotion, self-immolation, where the common weal demands his individual sacrifice. At the call of public benefit he is ever ready to surrender private satisfaction. His friendship for Cæsar, his affection for Portia, his wife, are merged in his love of country. For the sake of Rome's advantage he willingly yields his single Roman content, welfare, or even life. His sentiments are calm, sober, dispassionate, almost phlegmatic. Here are a few of them, as illustrations of the peculiar feature of his philosophy. In one place he remarks:—

That we shall die, we know ; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out that men stand upon.

His own nature, schooled to a stern impassiveness by the stoical teaching of his philosophy, is self-shown when he speaks of himself as one

That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

He thus forcibly describes a conceived intention:—

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :
The genius and the mortal instruments

Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

ewhere he says :—

The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power.

g :—

'Tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the topmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

s Brutus who makes that very acute remark :—

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforcèd ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial.

his is the celebrated aphorism—instinct with the very quint-
essence of wisdom—or philosophy, in promptitude :—

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune :
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

think no one character in all the dramas of Shakespeare delivers
philosophy, in the guise of axiom and rule of conduct, than
the illustrious Marcus Brutus; and his prominent mental charac-
teristic is sententiousness.

Simon, the worthy old Ephesian lord in the play of "Pericles,"
studies medicine from pure benevolence to his fellow creatures,
philanthropist as well as a philosopher. Among a number of
acts and sayings, he has one admirably wise sentiment, well
fitting the mouth of a man, himself of high rank, wealthy, and
erudite. He says :—

I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning

formerly was used to express "knowledge" or "skill"]

were endowments greater
Than nobleness or riches. Careless heirs

May the two latter darken and expend ;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god.

I have thus far instanced those among Shakespeare's philosophic characters mainly grave in disposition ; the latter portion of my present essay shall be devoted to citing those who are chiefly distinguished by the gaiety that pervades their philosophy.

Gratiano, the mercurial gentleman in "The Merchant of Venice," presents himself first to the fancy as the foremost among gay and chirping philosophers. Gratiano is a cheerful fellow upon principle—a laughter-loving, careless trifler on conviction. He has a theory of vivacity, a system of gaiety, a philosophy of lightheartedness.

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come !

he exclaims—

And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.

He is convivial from mere prudence, blithe and jocund from settled purpose. He is a rattlepate on close calculation, a merry grig upon rational argument, demonstration, and proof. He cultivates thoughtlessness upon serious consideration, and feels morally convinced that to be joyous and lively is your only true wisdom. He fosters frivolity upon the maturest deliberation, and holds that to nourish and promote gladness of spirit is the one important duty of life. He is the genius of joy—an incarnation of mirth. He triumphantly asks :—

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire, cut in alabaster ?
Sleep when he wakes ? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish ?

He really has solid reason on his side, and, moreover, his philosophy is most wholesome. He is well versed, too, in the effects of a too eager pursuit of pleasure, and can speak to good purpose upon gratification and satiety. For he, on another occasion, says :—

Who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down ?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unabated fire
That he did pace them first ? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chasèd than enjoy'd.

The good old lord, Gonzalo, in the play of "The Tempest," is a right cheery philosopher. He has the composure of spirit, the calm and strength of mind, that grow out of good humour, a good heart,

and a quiet conscience. In the thickest of the sea storm he has a manly, encouraging, and even a humorous word. In the lowest of the King's dejection, and deepest self-reproach, he supplies hopeful thoughts and exhilarating topics of discourse. His offered consolations to his drooping royal master, when they are shipwrecked on the island, are instinct with kindly and sensible matter:—

Beseech you, sir, be merry : you have cause
(So have we all) of joy ; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss : our hint of woe
Is common ; every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe : but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us : then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

His healthful conscience permits him to find hopeful aspects in all surrounding things, and to discover sources of cheerful fancy in whatever he meets. "How lush and lusty the grass looks ! how green !" He has abounding hope ; and despondency never owned him for a bed-fellow. He devises whimsies for amusing his master's attention ; and proposes Utopian schemes of government to divert his melancholy. He is a true picture of a sweet-natured man, and whose sweet nature makes him a perfectly delightful companion—one of the happiest consummations that philosophy can achieve.

Lord Lafeu, in the play of "All's Well that Ends Well," is somewhat akin to Gonzalo in the spirit of his philosophy ; but the character is greatly more developed, and the situations in which it figures afford far ampler scope for diversified attributes, with variety of speech and demeanour. Lafeu, like Gonzalo, is a faithful friend and servant to a kingly master ; and, like him, seeks to alleviate the sufferings he would fain see removed. But beyond this the resemblance in a measure ceases. Lafeu is greatly more *irritable* than Gonzalo. While this latter maintains his sweet temper through all the mockery and worrying of the witting nobles (Antonio and Sebastian), they would not have ventured twice upon this course with Lafeu : he would have sent them flying. He loses his equanimity more than once—nay, perpetually—in his disgust at the poltroon Parolles's vapouring pretensions. Lafeu is impressionable, excitable ; full of animation and eagerness. His is a cheerful philosophy ; but it is brisk, warm, impetuous—like his own disposition. He is a genial, impulsive man ; full of kindly feelings and generous emotions.

In his first scene he utters a sentence that contains distinctly 0

philosophy of an affectionate-hearted, yet a cheerful-hearted man ; where he says : "Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead ; excessive grief the enemy of the living." The touch of petulance that characterises Lafeu's manner is extremely natural. This is one of his summary speeches :—"A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner ; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten." Lafeu's estimate of the scoundrel Parolles is full of shrewd perception and knowledge of character. When Bertram observes, on behalf of his bragging parasite, "It may be you have mistaken him, my lord," the discerning soldier-veteran replies, "And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord (Bertram) ; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut : the soul of this man is his clothes : trust him not in matter of heavy consequence : I have kept of them tame, and know their natures." And then, how gentlemanly the contempt with which the old nobleman turns upon the fellow himself, with "Fare you well, monsieur : I have spoken better of you than you have or will deserve at my hand ; but we must do good against evil." And afterwards, when the unmasked coward and bully comes begging of him, how playfully the good old lord gives knavery a hit and Fortune her due in his first speech—not recognising Parolles. But then, suddenly calling him to mind, bantering him about his "drum ;" and, lastly, upon finding that the poor wretch is indeed in misery and starving, relenting with true Christian toleration and mercy, and with the magnanimity of true courage. Even when he believed him to be some casual beggar he gives him an alms ; but upon discovering him to be the impostor he knew of old he can find charity even for him. This is true philosophy, the large philosophy of forbearance and compassion for folly, even for error. This is the short scene itself, which I must take leave to quote ; it so well shows Lafeu's fine-hearted philosophy. Parolles approaches him, crawling, and saying :—

My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Lafeu. And what would you have me do ? 'Tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with Fortune that she should scratch you ; who herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive under her ? There's a quart d'ecu for you : let the justices make you and Fortune friends : I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Lafeu. Cox my passion ! give me your hand. How's your drum ?

Par. O, my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Lafeu. Was I in sooth ? And I was the first that lost thee. Well, sirrah, inquire farther after me. *Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat.*

Falstaff—immortal Sir John Falstaff—must certainly come into the list of Shakespeare's philosophers. The fat knight is an embodiment—an incorporation of the Epicurean philosophy. Ease is his study; sensuality his rule of conduct; luxury his principle; enjoyment his faith; self-contentment his religion. With what a solemn weight of witty argument he pleads the justice of ill-doing for the sake of gain, and with what gravity of humorous casuistry he advocates wicked pleasures! How judicially he reasons the propriety of stealing, and how ingeniously he maintains his rightful claims to good-living, free-living, *any* living that is to him agreeable living! When he wishes Poins to succeed in prevailing upon Prince Hal to join in the *sport* of highway robbery, with what heart of moral-sounding speech he expatiates:—

Well (he says), mayst thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speak'st may move; what he hears be believed; that the true Prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief: for the poor abuses of the time want countenance.

What fine irony; what exquisite sophistry he has ever at his command! The perfect special-pleading on behalf of "Sherris sack" is well known: and how craftily he glozes his own pet weaknesses upon other occasions:—"If sack and sugar be a fault (he says), heaven help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old ost that I know is 'doomed.' If to be fat is to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved." The felicity of hypocrisy with which he can extenuate his misdeeds soars into genius!

Dost thou hear, Hal? Thou knowest in the state of innocence Adam fell; and that should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty.

His impudence of candour almost commands respect,—it is so bold:—as Lord Ellenborough said of William Hone upon his trial: "His impudence is sublime!" Falstaff plainly proclaims that if he go to the wars he "means not to sweat extraordinarily;" adding—"If it be a hot day, an' I brandish anything but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again."

His philosophy of parsimony is edifying. With the means of supporting his income, he complains: "I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out; but the disease is incurable."

How characteristic is his witty demand for benefit under the name of justice; where, boasting of having taken Sir John Coleville prisoner, he desires a reward for his achievement, thus:—

Let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my lord, that may do me good,—and call it what you will.

How original and how ludicrous are his exclamations of regret!—
“A plague of this sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder!”

His repentant qualms are edifyingly profligate in their motives for reform; and in their illustrations of virtuous resolve:—“I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot farther. An' 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth.” And then, the sleeve-laughing of his penitence, when resolving to lead a better life,—“Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking: I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent.” And what a delicious cant of sanctified roguery there is in his declaring upon another occasion:—“Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers I would repent.”

His protests against the misdeeds of others are quite as full of hypocrisy in fun and sham moralising:—

Ere I lead this life long I'll sew nether stocks and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Is there no virtue extant? [*Drinks.*] Why, you rogue! Here's lime in this sack too. There's nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man. Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. Ah! a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver: I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

His immortal philosophising upon “Honour,” showing it to be a rank absurdity—a dream—a nonentity—is as triumphant a piece of satire as ever was uttered:—

Can honour set to a leg?—No. Or an arm?—No. Or take away the grief of a wound?—No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then?—No. What is honour?—A word. What is that word honour?—Air.—A trim reckoning! Who hath it?—He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it?—No. Doth he hear it?—No. It is insensible then?—Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living?—No. Why?—Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere 'scutcheon; and so ends my catechism.

His argument upon counterfeiting—upon shamming to have been killed, in order to preserve life—real, dear life—is an unanswerable digest of the “philosophy” of self-preservation:—

Egad, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie: I am no counterfeit: To die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man:

But to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life.

That sage sentence—that “philosophy” of Falstaff’s—“the better part of valour is discretion,” has passed into a proverb—as well it may.

This great character’s brilliant intellect not only sends forth those lustrous coruscations of wit for which he is famed; not only does it irradiate with resplendent humour every object that comes within its influence, but it supplies him with keen perceptions and accurate amount of estimates, where the stock of brains in others is the question. He has large sense, as well as dazzling wit; staid understanding, as well as overflowing humour. I could almost say that sagacity—natural sagacity—in Falstaff, and an uncommon vouchsafement of the highest common sense, form rival accomplishments to the opulence of his imagination and the efflorescence of his fancy. His estimate of the characters and understandings of all his associates and companions (from Prince Hal down to his serving man, Bardolph) amounts to absolute instinct. To quote his own words to the Prince, he might say of the whole squad of them:—“By the Lord, I know ye ‘all,’ as well as he that made ye.” All his comments upon worshipful Master Shallow prove this in a remarkable degree. Perhaps the most acute of these is what he says upon the relations between Justice Shallow and his serving-man, Davy. He says:—

It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men’s spirits and his: They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices: he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man. Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company.

Yes, yes! There can be no doubt of it—Sir John Falstaff certainly ranks among Shakespeare’s very choicest “philosophers.”

LIFE IN LONDON.

V.—THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE SESSION.

A COLD day—a bitter, biting wind blowing from the north-east, and “shramming” the loungers in Palace Yard and Westminster Hall, who wait patiently enough on the 6th of February, 1873, in the hope of seeing something, they know not what, in the course of the afternoon. It is not a little singular that the public seem never to be quite certain in their own minds whether the Queen is or is not to open Parliament; so they troop down to Westminster, apparently uninfluenced by the statements of the newspapers that Parliament is to be opened by Royal Commission, as indeed is the case. How otherwise could you account for their presence here to-day, when even a Cossack might be excused for shivering? Outside there is positively nothing whatever to see, for neither Mr. Gladstone, nor the right honourable gentleman who leads Her Majesty’s Opposition, nor any other of the Parliamentary constellations, puts in an appearance when the Houses are opened by Commission; and as to their lordships of the Upper Chamber—why, if a dozen or so hereditary legislators are present the number is considered unusually large. But, despite Her Majesty’s absence, the ceremonial observed on this occasion is not absolutely devoid of colour, and we will even be participators in it. Up many stairs, through a long corridor, so dimly lit as to suggest reminiscences of a cathedral, and we are in “the House.” I envy the feelings of that person who enters the House of Lords for the first time. He sees a vast chamber so profusely gilded and bedecked with ornament, so luxuriously furnished, and invested with so many traditions, as to inspire him with reverence for those who are privileged to take part in the debates. The throne and the two gilded chairs, occupied, when Her Majesty is present, by the Prince and Princess of Wales, are uncovered, and add their sheen to the general lustre of the chamber. In front of the throne, and between it and the “woolsack,” is a bench upon which the Lords Commissioners will presently take their seats. Ladies file into the House by ones and twos; an aged peer totters up *the floor of the House*, and chats pleasantly to such of the audience *as he knows*; and the public quickly fill the gallery at the far end.

It wants full half an hour yet to the time when the Commission and the Royal Speech are to be read, and as there is nothing to occupy us—to borrow an expression from the theatre—"in front of the house," we will even go "behind," and glance at what is going on there. The large ante-room at the rear of the throne presents a rather curious sight just now, and one which will commend itself to the visitor. Well may you hold your breath as you gaze upon the novel scene, which it is given to very few "strangers" to witness once, perhaps, in a lifetime. Do you see that amiable-looking gentleman at the other end of the room, talking to an attendant? We used to know him in the Courts as Sir Roundell Palmer, but now he is Baron Selborne, Lord High Chancellor of England, Keeper of the Great Seal, and, by a constitutional fiction, of the Sovereign's conscience also. Although Sir Roundell was raised to the Woolsack ever so long ago—we live so fast nowadays that weeks go for months and months for years—he appears in his official position as Parliamentary Head for the first time to-day; and, as you will have already observed, he wears the black gown and the long flowing wig which he dons in the Court of Chancery at Lincoln's Inn, or when he hears appeal cases in the House of Lords.

Place for another great functionary, who is to play a leading part in the piece. If you are a student of certain popular caricatures, you will have seen the portrait of a tall, well-made, grave-visaged gentleman, whom the irreverent artist has drawn with his hat very much over his eyes; and you will at once recognise the Lord Chamberlain. He is in morning dress at this moment, but you have scarcely recovered from your surprise at finding yourself in such close proximity to the high official at the mention of whose name ballet girls tremble and stage-managers turn pale, when you see, with astonished eyes, that his lordship has undergone a metamorphosis, and now appears in a brave scarlet gown, trimmed with three bars of ermine, as befits his rank as a viscount of the United Kingdom. As two o'clock approaches there is something like excitement in the apartment which I have taken leave to call the "green-room;" the attendants robe the Earl of Cork, the Marquis of Ripon, and the Earl of Kimberley in their scarlet gowns, and hand them their cocked hats; a little procession is formed of the mace-bearer, the purse-bearer, the Lord Chancellor, and the four other Lords Commissioners; and precisely as Big Ben chimes two, the representatives of the Queen enter the House, bow gravely to the few peers present—there are some fifteen in all—and then take their seats on the bench *between the throne and the woolsack*. The formality of "opening"

Parliament now begins, according to the precedents laid down, and from which no departure is ever made. Still seated, the Lord Chancellor, whose appearance is all the more striking because of his sombre garb, informs their lordships, represented by eight Conservative and seven Liberal peers, and a few bishops, that the Queen, not finding it convenient to open Parliament in person, has devolved that duty upon the Royal Commissioners, who are named in the Letters Patent, which you may see spread out upon the table in the middle of the House. This State document the Clerk, Mr. Slingsby Bethel, now proceeds to read—each Commissioner taking off his hat as his name is mentioned by the official at the table. Then you see a slim gentleman in black, wearing knee breeches, silk stockings, and buckled shoes, and carrying a wand, who, by dint of long practice, has acquired to a nicety the difficult art of walking backwards without tripping or being tripped up. This is Colonel Clifford, Deputy Usher of the Black Rod, a post which his father, Sir Augustus Clifford, has worthily held for many years. With sedate steps he now hies him to the other House, to desire its members to attend in the House of Lords and hear the Queen's Speech read by the Lord Chancellor; and in a parenthesis let me note that when the Queen is present the Commons are *commanded* to attend Her Majesty immediately in the House of Peers, while by the Royal Commissioners their attendance is only *desired*.

In the Lower House the members have been gathering fast for the last hour, waiting for the summons from the Commissioners; and as, unlike Sir Boyle Roche's bird, we can be in two places at once—in the spirit if not in the flesh—let us for a brief quarter of an hour see what is doing in the Lower House. The first member to make his appearance in the Parliamentary arena is Mr. George Dixon, one of the three members for Birmingham, and a lasting example of the advantage to be derived from taking up a particular subject and "sticking" to it. Mr. Dixon is a shining light of the Birmingham Education League, and he has made the educational topic the hobby-horse upon which to ride into something very nearly approaching to Parliamentary celebrity. By no means a brilliant speaker, Mr. Dixon has worked at this one subject until he knows every phase of it by heart, and he "orates" upon it with considerable satisfaction to himself and not a little to the admiration of some of his Parliamentary friends below the gangway, among whom he holds a respectable position. Almost simultaneously with the *entrance of the Birmingham educationist* comes Mr. Locke King, a *legislative veteran* whose hair has grown grey in the service of the

State, and who is shortly to receive a substantial token of the esteem and regard in which he is held by his friends. Presently members appear in shoals: Mr. George Bentinck, the member for West Norfolk, taking his old place in the corner seat of the front Opposition bench below the gangway, from whence he is wont to survey the House in a sternly-paternal manner, and to glance around him with much the same *hauteur* as that exhibited by a "heavy father" on the stage. We all noted the absence on the opening day of the mercurial member for Whitehaven, whose aspiration it is to be a thorn in the flesh of Mr. Gladstone and of his own chief as well. But the two famous Leaders appear more amused than hurt at Mr. Cavendish Bentinck's attacks, and the House in general laughs heartily at them, to the great indignation and annoyance of the honourable gentleman, who is Quixotic to the backbone. While we are regarding the fast incoming members, we both see and hear a little disturbance outside, and the cry of "Black Rod!" comes in stentorian tones from the mouth of Mr. White, the principal doorkeeper, and, it may be added, the whilom contributor of the clever sketches of Parliamentary life and manners which used to appear in a now defunct illustrated paper. The doors are hastily closed, and the key is turned upon "Black Rod," who thereupon gives three knocks on the portal with his wand, and craves admittance. Looking through a little eyelet, not unlike that which you may have seen in a prison cell, the official within the House first ascertains beyond a doubt that the applicant is what he represents himself to be, and then admits him; upon which "Black Rod" walks up the floor, making obeisance three times, and, having arrived at the table, informs the Speaker of the nature of his business, and then backs out of the House. Prayers have been previously said; the Speaker, upon the appearance of "Black Rod," has taken his seat in his chair after sitting a short time at the table, and now leads the way to the Upper House, preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms, Lord Charles Russell, who carries the heavy mace, and followed, in rather disorderly fashion, by perhaps one hundred members, who range themselves as best they may at what is by courtesy called "the bar," but which in reality is more like a sheep-pen than anything else. This rush to the bar has some affinity to a school "scramble," and those engaged appear to derive as much entertainment from it as do our young friends at Dr. Whackem's when participating in a distribution of sweets. The poor Speaker is not better treated than the most modest and unassuming member of the Legislature; indeed, he is rather worse off than the others, for he stands in the front row, and must

consequently put up with a great deal of inconvenience in the shape of pushing about. Comparatively few well known faces are seen among that struggling crowd at the bar; but you cannot help noticing the fine head and strongly marked features of that staunch defender of the Church, Mr. Beresford-Hope, whom Mr. Disraeli cruelly credited with possessing "Batavian grace;" while behind him is Mr. Peter Rylands, the Radical member for Warrington, who, as an "independent" representative, sitting among the Irreconcilables below the Ministerial gangway, seems never to have made up his mind whether to defend or attack Mr. Gladstone. Watchful of every word contained in Her Majesty's Speech, stands Mr. Edgar Bowring, who, inasmuch as he is nearly the first to take his seat in the other House and the last to leave it, may be regarded as bidding, in the undemonstrative and gentle fashion, for some position in which his administrative capabilities may be exercised for the good of his country. Only a few of the "country party" have followed the Speaker into the Upper House, and these gentlemen are easily recognised by the healthy bloom upon their faces and their generally "hearty" appearance, offering a striking contrast to those dark-visaged French *attachés* up in the Diplomatic Gallery who are so regardless of all that is going forward, as well as to that magnificently attired gentleman near them. There is one very well known diplomat in the gallery to-day—an English-looking man from head to foot, and clad in our orthodox morning dress. This is General Schenck, the American Minister, who listens intently to that curious literary compound, the Queen's Speech, and for whom some references to a certain Arbitration have the greatest conceivable interest. The United States General is accompanied by his daughter, and there are also in the ambassadors' gallery two or three other ladies, who, like the fifty or sixty who have taken up their places on the red benches below, are in morning dress. When the Queen opens Parliament the peeresses troop down to the House clad in robes of those rainbow hues prescribed by Fashion and *Le Follet*, and then is the Upper Chamber a sight to see—a garden of beauty and colour. But to-day there are no gaily-dressed, diamonded peeresses, and consequently only the faintest flush of colour illumines the House—indeed, but for the presence of Admiral Fedrigo Pasha, who is bravely clad in a dark blue uniform, rich with gold lace and bullion epaulettes, and whose sword gleams with the same shining metal, the eyes of the spectators would rest upon nothing more attractive in the matter of *costume* than the scarlet and ermine robes of Her Majesty's Commissioners, the Marquis of Ripon, the Earl of Cork, the Earl of

Kimberley, and Viscount Sydney (substituted at the eleventh hour in the room of Viscount Halifax, who was not well enough to be present). Taking a glance round the House, the rich, heavy ornamentation of which strikes you the more you see it, we remark that, with some half a dozen exceptions, all the lady spectators of the show have ranged themselves on the benches of Her Majesty's Opposition, and that nothing meets their wistful gaze but row after row of unoccupied red leather benches.

Another singular event strikes us. On the episcopal benches are seven bishops—neither more nor less—which carries us back in imagination to the reign of the second James and his cruel persecution of Lloyd, Kerr, Turner, Lake, White, Trelawney, and the primate Sancroft. Yes, to-day these right reverend prelates, arrayed in lawn "white as the driven snow," might echo the Wordsworthian chant, "We are seven," were it not for the fact that the utterance of any sounds of harmony in this sacred chamber would be followed by instant arrest and an uncertain period of imprisonment in that "deep dungeon" specially reserved for the incarceration of political offenders. The bishops are lucky, for among them sit the six ladies to whom reference has been made, and who appear in no wise disconcerted at being in such high ecclesiastical company.

The preparations for "opening the Houses" are now complete; the clock is on the stroke of two; and the young Japanese students up in the gallery yonder, who have been chatting in their native tongue until now concerning our "barbarian" customs, cease talking, while a respectful hush comes over the assembly, among which are but fifteen peers, all told. The most prominent among these is Lord Buckhurst, a true "old English gentleman," the friend of the acrobats, and the owner of, I should say, the finest and most historically-interesting country-house in England. The lord of Knole and his fourteen noble companions are now addressed by the Lord Chancellor, who, still sitting, reads what it is etiquette, not flunkeyism, to call the "gracious" Speech from the Throne, with the contents of which every reader of the *Gentleman's* will long ago have become acquainted. It is an unusually brief speech, occupying only some seven minutes in the reading, and, thanks to the good voice and excellent delivery of "Sir Roundell," every word of it is heard throughout the chamber.

With the conclusion of the Speech, and the salutation of the Peers and Commons by the Royal Commissioners, comes the end of the ceremony, which is all over in fifteen minutes from the time it began. Thus *Parliament is opened by Royal Commission.*

At half-past four o'clock their lordships meet again—in much larger numbers this time—for there is the “Address” to debate, and the Government to be “slated,” but always in the most polite and gentlemanlike way conceivable. The hereditary peers muster strongly now, the great chiefs of both parties mingle with their followers, and on the cross-benches you may see two very distinguished personages—their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales (who looks as if he had never suffered an hour's illness) and the Duke of Edinburgh (the “sailor prince,” who is as popular as his elder brother, and whose bronzed face tells of his voyage round the world), by the side of whom is the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief. Before the evening's business proper begins there is a little ceremony to be performed about which a word must be said. This is the introduction of two new peers—the Lord Chancellor and Lord Hanmer, who are thus installed:—The Lord Chancellor first takes his seat on the woolsack, then dons the robes of a baron at the bar, and then is conducted back to the throne by the Duke of Argyll, Lord Lyttelton (Garter King at Arms), the Duke of Norfolk (Earl Marshal), and Lord Aveland (Great Chamberlain). The new peer places his patent of nobility on the throne for a brief spell, previous to its being read by the Clerk at the table; then he takes the oath and subscribes the roll, next proceeds to the benches where the junior barons sit, and then takes his place on the woolsack. The introduction of Lord Hanmer being concluded, there is a short adjournment, their lordships reassembling at five o'clock for the despatch of business.

The Earl of Clarendon and Lord Montague, the mover and seconder of the Address, were lucid and commendably brief, and received the customary laudation from both sides of the House; while the Earl of Derby, unrivalled as he is for plain common sense, gave the reporters a terrible time of it. That Earl Granville well defended the Ministry of which he is an ornament need not be said; indeed, we may take a hurried farewell of their lordships *en masse*, for the afternoon is growing late, and there is “metal more attractive” in the Lower House. As early as one o'clock honourable gentlemen came down and secured for the Session the seats they wish to occupy, by placing cards containing their names on the particular place of their choice; and by four o'clock these “pasteboards” were displayed in such numbers as to give the House the appearance of snow having fallen within as thickly as it had come down without only a few hours before Parliament was opened. With a few exceptions, all the “old familiar faces” were *to be seen*—Colonel French, one of the directors of the internal

economy of the House ; Mr. Edward Baines, the well known editor of the *Leeds Mercury* ; Rear-Admiral Sir John Hay ; Mr. McArthur, whose *penchant* for the Fiji Islands has passed into a proverb ; Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens, who would be an excellent speaker if he would but give members an opportunity of hearing the endings of his sentences ; Mr. Baillie Cochrane, Mr. Bass, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. White, Mr. Mundella, Sir George Jenkinson, Mr. Auberon Herbert, Mr. Miall, Mr. Henry James, and several others. But there were many gaps. Death had knocked at the doors of many senators since the prorogation on the 12th of August, and the House mourns the loss of at least one member of whom it might be said that, entering Parliament late in life, he had rapidly ascended step after step of the legislative ladder until he had become one of the favoured few to whom the House listens willingly at all times. Mr. Graves, the late member for Liverpool, whose sudden death shocked everybody, evinced unmistakable senatorial talent : he was a master of all that pertains to commercial business (no mean qualification for a member of Parliament), and he was of so genial and conciliatory a disposition that he won troops of friends. There is little room for doubting that hard work was one of the causes of his decease. He was a constant attendant in the House, sat out the latest debates, and had the reputation of receiving more letters than any other member of Parliament. Mr. Graves's loss, then, is deeply deplored ; and there are honest, kindly regrets for Mr. John Francis Maguire, the leader of many a forlorn hope when the grievances of Ireland were under discussion. Mr. Maguire was a journalist and an author as well as a politician, and, like Mr. Graves, he may also be said to have died in harness. Unlike the member for Liverpool, however, Mr. Maguire did not "make money," and it is sad to think that all his family will inherit will be his good name and unblemished reputation. From among this crowd of members we miss also Mr. Dyce Nicol (Kincardineshire), Sir T. G. Hesketh (Preston), and Mr. F. Dundas (Orkney and Shetland), who have all "gone over to the majority," and who are succeeded by General Sir George Balfour, Mr. Holker, Q.C., and Mr. Laing ; Mr. Ronayne occupying Mr. Maguire's seat, and Mr. Torr taking the place of Mr. Graves. One or two other changes may be noted. Mr. J. W. Barclay succeeds the Hon. C. Carnegie in Forfarshire ; Sir John Cunliffe represents the Flint Boroughs, vacated by Sir John Hanmer, now a peer ; Mr. L. Dundas represents Richmond in succession to Lord Selborne ; Mr. Dowse, who was transferred to the Irish Court of Exchequer, is succeeded by Mr. C. E. Lewis, a London solicitor ; and the Right

Hon. W. N. Massey, who has done the State service in India, is the new member for Tiverton, in the room of Mr. Justice Denman, who was elected for the little Devonshire borough upon the death of Lord Palmerston. The hour which precedes the commencement of business on the first night of the Session passes agreeably enough in mutual congratulations and hand-shakings, and the whole affair reminds one of returning to school after the holidays, when for a little while everybody is in the best possible humour with everybody else. For the time, party feeling is forgotten, the most extreme members on both sides greet each other cordially, and the Government and Opposition "whips" appear ubiquitous. Mr. Glyn, who works about twice as hard as any two other members, is among the early arrivals, nor will he slacken his attendance henceforth until the end of the Session; his colleague, Mr. Adam, looks, as some one near him remarks, perfectly "fit," but Mr. Noel, one of the Conservative "whips," is *hors de combat*, albeit he is in the House, and his colleague, Colonel Taylor, is discharging the honourable gentleman's duties, while Mr. Hart Dyke is acting for the gallant Colonel *pro tem*. The Parliamentary neophyte will have looked and looked in vain for the two great Leaders of the House; for those right honourable gentlemen never put in an appearance on these occasions until a few minutes before the time for beginning the business. Presently the Prime Minister emerges from behind the Speaker's chair, and makes an attempt to slip into his seat unobserved. This, however, his friends are resolved he shall not do, and they cheer him vociferously as he takes his place; while Mr. Disraeli, who comes in two minutes afterwards, is cheered right and left as he walks slowly up the floor of the House, half stopping as he reaches the table to make his customary bow to the Speaker.

There is generally a goodly number of "notices of motions" on the opening day, but seldom is there such a shower as falls upon the House to-night. The old stock subjects appear again, and are received now with an encouraging cheer, anon with expressions of impatience. Mr. Osborne Morgan and the Burial Laws, Mr. Donald Dalrymple and habitual drunkards, Mr. McArthur and the Fiji Islands, Mr. Newdegate and convents, Mr. Cowper-Temple and occasional sermons, Mr. Macfie and the colonies, Sir Thomas Chambers (represented by Mr. Eykyn) and marriage with a deceased wife's sister—we had them all over again, and probably shall continue to have them until the end of the chapter. The reading of the *Queen's Speech* by the Speaker is so purely formal a matter that *honourable members* may be excused for not paying so much attention

to that document (which comes to them at second-hand) as to the speeches of the mover and seconder of the Address in answer to the Royal Message. The mover was the Hon. C. G. Lyttelton, the Liberal member for East Worcestershire, who looked remarkably well in the handsome uniform of the county yeomanry, and whose good memory and presence of mind enabled him to speak without reference to notes. It is a great occasion for a young man aspiring to political honours, for he now makes his "profession," as it were, and shows of what metal he is made. Mr. Lyttelton—who, by the way, is a near relative of Mr. Gladstone—did his work admirably, and evidently to the satisfaction of his father, who sat in the ambassadors' gallery, over the clock, where the Prince of Wales invariably sits when he attends a debate; and of the Earl of Dudley, who also had come down to witness the *début* of the young gentleman, who is a neighbour of the noble lord. Mr. Stone, the Liberal member for Portsmouth, and the seconder of the Address, was equally successful; indeed, both gentlemen will be a welcome addition to the debating power of their party. The speeches of Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone have been criticised until they are worn to tatters; and therefore nothing need be said of them here save that the two Augurs were quite equal to the occasion.

EDWARD LEGGE.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TALLANTS OF BARTON," "THE VALLEY OF POPPIES," &c.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A LETTER FROM MR. HORATIO JOHNSON.

BARMINSTER, CANADA WEST,
Tuesday, ———, 18—.

"**M**Y DEAR MR. JACOB,—This is the true land of liberty—boundless and free: too free in some respects and too boundless. You experience this painfully when your stock suddenly begin to extend their knowledge of locality. Last week I was out for three days looking up some oxen which had shown a special desire for geographical knowledge; and while I write, my worthy son-in-law, Tom Titsy, has been away from home for more than four-and-twenty hours on a similar expedition. But Tom is an excellent hand with a rifle. He kills birds better than he used to set up type, and Susan consoles us for his absence by saying he is sure to bring back a leash or two of partridges—which, let me observe, Mrs. Johnson cooks to perfection.

"We had a rough voyage out; but, all things considered, we stood it well. I woke up one night in my shirt, rowing for my life on the hard boards of our cabin, with Mrs. Johnson alarming the whole ship by her cries for a light. I had dreamt we were shipwrecked, and during my desperate efforts to save the truest and noblest of women and the best cook in all the world I had fallen out of my berth, and continued my exertions on the floor, to the great discomfort of myself and the consternation of Mrs. J. I narrate this incident to you because it strikes me as funny, and it may relieve the monotony of an uninspired writer like myself, who does not possess those powers which so adorn the name of Martyn.

"The wonders of this country must be seen to be appreciated. Quebec particularly interested us; but Mrs. J. got nervous about the earthquake of 1663, traces of which are still shown to strangers. Poor dear soul, she fancied she felt the earth tremble under her, so we

pushed on with all speed to Montreal. Suffice it to say that, after much travelling, much bargaining, and many strange incidents, I bought a farm out here at Barminster, where we are all comfortably settled, I hope for the remainder of our natural lives.

"In my next letter I intend to give you all particulars of the extent of our dominions, the quality of our stock, the profit we expect to realise by the clearance of the adjacent forest, which towers up in native grandeur to the skies. Our house is roughly built of logs and framework, but it is warm and comfortable, and I should immensely like you to see us at night sitting round the fire and talking of Middleton. Sometimes I read aloud in the old Shakespeare, while Tom cleans the guns, and Susan prepares the supper, and my wife knits stockings for everybody. But Tom, as I said before, is not with us to-night, and we are rather anxious about him, a fierce snow-storm having set in, and the woods being dreadful mazes at such times. However, Tom is careful, and has no doubt found shelter with some distant neighbour. Winter is indeed fierce out here. I came home the other morning, after a ride across country, with the icicles hanging from my beard. I have cultivated a grey one since we parted. We are all longing for the summer, when we have arranged to begin such a vigorous attack upon the bush hard by as shall considerably add to the extent of land cleared, and upon which clearing I intend to found name, fame, and family, which shall be heard of hereafter.

"Susan has just opened the outer door to look into the night. The snow is coming down in great white patches, driven with a hissing noise by the wind. She thinks we ought to have the bell rung and the horns blown, for fear he may have lost his way. Women are naturally timid, though Mrs. J. and Susan have taken to our rough life with a spirit that is delightful to contemplate. But in deference to their anxiety I must leave off writing to-night and see that the horns are blown, and well blown, though I feel quite satisfied Tom is all right somewhere.

"*Moniti meliora sequamur!* A week has passed away since I left off writing. The woman's instinct was in part right. Mrs. Titsy in her old remarkable way had more than once said she was sure 'something was going to happen' on the night when I began writing this letter. She felt all over as if something were going to happen. She did not think it was anything very serious, but she had her feelings, and 'there was no denying of them.' She was right. Tom did not return for five days from his first setting out. We were all in the most miserable and abject state of alarm and anxiety about him. We

sent out our hands to search in all directions, and at last they found him safely housed and the few cattle which he went after duly sheltered.

“ But what a story Tom has brought home! I have always been a believer in the destiny that doth shape our ends, rough-hew them how we may : but I am becoming more and more a confirmed and fixed fatalist, although, paradoxical as it may appear to you, there is not in my mind the shadow of a doubt about punishments and rewards belonging to this life as well as to the state to come. Tom was lost in the snow, but eventually the beacon light of a shanty, whose occupants had been living in the bush, brought him to a friendly haven. Inside he found a woman, two children, and a rough looking fellow who had gone shares in the labour of the woman's husband. The woman was young, had been good looking, and was as dark as a gipsy. Her husband had been out for two days, having started to shoot for the pot. The children were fierce, black-eyed, sturdy little fellows. Tom got refreshment and permission to remain until the morning. He was pleased to find that the woman knew something about Dinsley county in the old land. When she found that Tom knew the same place, however, she was anxious to speak of other subjects ; but she had mentioned Cartown, where you were at school, you know, and Tom was so deeply interested and talked so much about the fine drives he had had with a kind, dear master of his through that district, that at last the woman talked about the green lanes thereabouts, and then began to cry and moan, and rock herself to and fro, and bewail her unhappy lot. Whereupon the rough brute I have spoken of laughed and mocked and sneered at her, and he and Tom nearly came to blows about it. However, the vagabond slunk off soon afterwards, and the woman, drying her eyes, sat up and evidently shook off the feeling that had overcome her, but would say no more. In the morning she begged Tom to stay until this man, who had gone out early to seek his comrade, returned, and then she spoke again of Dinsley county, and he mentioned his visit to you at Cartown school. She would have you described to her, and she said she knew you. Then she began to cry and said she did not know you. Tom got alarmed about the poor creature. Her two boys seized him by the legs and kicked him, thinking he had hurt their mother. They shook their little fists at him. In due time the searcher returned and looked less brutal than when he went out. He said he had found the master, this woman's husband, but they must go out to him as he could not come to them. Tom went forth with the rest, and not more than two miles from home they found, lying beside the embers of a burnt out fire which

been made in the shade of a tree where the snow had been fully cleared, the frozen corpse of Julius Jennings.

Such are the decrees of fate—such the certain punishment of death, for none can doubt that Jennings was implicated in the murder of his poor friend Silas Collinson. His widow now tells us that she was a gipsy girl—her name Miriam; that she was married to Jennings according to the ceremonies of her tribe, her husband having become a member of them. They had been unable to remain in England, she says, on account of some great debt for which, her husband informed her, he was responsible; and after spending some years in America, buying goods and hawking them, they had, about a year ago, come to Canada and were in the bush as best they could, nothing having prospered with them. Strange creatures, women, they carry in their hearts the seeds of evil inspiration! Notwithstanding her association with the murderer Julius Jennings, Mrs. Titsy and my wife, Mrs. J., have begged me to let the poor, broken-down creature come to live with us—she and her fierce, black-eyed gipsy boys. Jennings's comrade has started off for the north, thinking the weather was clearing; but the snow has come again, and he is certain to meet with a similar fate to that of Julius Jennings, as certain as I am writing this strange letter to you, unless he finds speedy shelter. He is evidently a bad fellow—bad in character. We want all the assistance we can get, and I cannot baulk at the use of a genuine piece of benevolence, so Mrs. Miriam—that is to be her name; we cannot call her Jennings—is coming to us, with her two children and a lot of little ragamuffins, and in the summer we shall rig up a more extensive establishment, which will be rendered absolutely necessary here long by the arrival of other additions to our colonial household. I will write to you again soon, and with the united best wishes of all here to yourself and the Mrs. Martyn that is to be, I am ever yours
, and to command,

HORATIO JOHNSON.

P.S. This has been written a fortnight, but no opportunity of sending it has arisen until to-day. I therefore open the letter to repeat that we are all well and happy. Mrs. Miriam is with us, and a good creature she is; and quite pretty still, so Susan says. The woman has had to have gone through a sight of trouble and misery. Her boys are first-rate cattle-minders. They are up to all sorts of tricks, and their occasional laughter makes our Canadian home seem all the more homely. Yesterday some wolves, pressed by hunger, howled in the place. I confess I would rather hear the watchdog's honest bark than the howling of these. Mrs. Miriam's eldest boy wanted to go out and fight them, but I shall do battle with these, however, by civilisation, which comes

with careful clearings. I feel quite young again with the incentives to industry that are about me, and happier than ever I was in my life, and the more so that all my family now, in which I include Tom and Susan, have accepted the stupid old doctor's philosophy that everything happens for the best."

CHAPTER XLIX.

CLOSING SCENES.

MAGAR'S precaution with regard to the publication of his confession was in the interest of an accomplice. This was no other than the man who led the attack on the *Star* printing offices. The woman who visited the criminal in his last hours received Magar's instructions to warn the Middleton Bruiser, in order that the fellow might get out of the country. According to Magar's confession, the villain was concealed at the mill on that fatal 15th of November for the purpose of playing his part in the murder. Magar affirmed that this hired assassin struck the fatal blow. The same hand was employed to get rid of Susan. It was the Middleton Bruiser who made her acquaintance on board ship, and tried to push her overboard. For a long time Magar believed that the ruffian had accomplished his mission. In telling his story, Magar dwelt upon the deceitful part which the Bruiser had played. "If," said the late Mayor of Middleton, "he had been true one way or the other I should not have been in this position; if he had told me at the outset that Susan Harley was alive I should have got away from England; I might have found her out in America and married her. But it was not to be: I never was quite satisfied about the Bruiser except as to his doing anything for money. I always repented of what was done, but I had begun to get over the fear and remorse of it when that woman turned up like a ghost, and the terror of that moment was as bad as when I heard him struck down and cry out—that screech which seemed to freeze me where I stood. It has been in my ears many a time, his awful scream, but I'd begun to get over it; I'd begun to leave off slipping in his blood at nights just as I was getting into bed; it had been getting more and more like a bad dream as I prospered and came to be trusted by the town as a magistrate. She brought it all back with her white face and staring eyes. If I'd my time to come over again I'd sooner be the man murdered than one concerned in his death. Julius Jennings was present when Silas was killed, but he struck no blow, and Tom Titsy knew no more of it than the child unborn."

I supplement this extract from Magar's confession with an extract from the second letter of Mr. Horatio Johnson. Here is the sequel to the colonial part of this history:—

"The comrade of Jennings who made an effort to reach Montreal, as I have described, was no doubt mixed up in the Middleton tragedy. Mrs. Miriam says that one night soon after the execution of Magar her husband brought him home. This was when they were living in America, and it was chiefly through this man that they determined to try Canada. Her husband did not like him, but there was something between them which made it necessary that they should be friends, and when the fellow was drunk he used to let out incidents of his former career which gave her days of dread and uneasiness, gipsy as she was. He knew a great deal about Middleton, and on dark nights when the wind was high he drank hard and then had strange fits of terror and fury, and cursing and praying, that drove Jennings almost wild. I don't think she knows all, but she has led a dreadful life with those two rascals, though Jennings does not seem to have behaved what may be called unkindly to her. But to proceed: I told you before that the fellow would never reach Montreal, and he did not. The snow came on again about two hours after he left, and the wind seemed as if it blew ice. It is fatal to fall asleep in such storms, but, after great fatigue in the cold, it is seldom that nature is proof against the temptation. Two days after his departure he was found dead in the snow, and on the news reaching us, which it did, because it was thought he might be one of my people, I extemporised a sleigh, and Tom drove Susan over to see the body. This was for my curiosity and satisfaction. It had occurred to me that in this wretch she might discover her acquaintance of the steamer. There is more in 'presentiments' than we are willing to admit. I try to laugh Mrs. J. out of her superstitious feelings about death ticks, ear-burnings, walking-over-your-grave sensations, unlucky birds, and fatal Fridays, but secretly I sympathise with her, and have cause. It came into my mind in the strangest way that this dead man in the snow was Susan's villain of the steamer, and it was so. Susan hesitated at first, but afterwards she had no doubt about it, and I believe him to be the villain known in Middleton as the Bruiser, that same rascal who was at the beck and call of Grippe, and whom Mr. W. Williams had the honour of bruising on the day when Grippe seized poor Mr. Martyn's premises."

My story is coming to an end. Jacob's literary successes increased and multiplied, but not without much hard work. It was a fortunate thing that he had made a position with his pen, for the failure of a well-known bank, in which a large amount of the Thornton funds was invested, swept away nearly the whole of Lucy's private fortune. This was an incident in their lives which only tended to bind the young people closer together. To Jacob, Lucy's loss was almost a matter of congratulation. His romantic notions of love and independence had often been secretly arrayed against his wife's fortune. Indeed, the subject had more than once formed a topic of conversation between them. For example, one evening, when they were gossiping over a

letter from Mr. Thornton about the investment of some moneys which had just fallen in from a satisfied mortgage (this was before the bank failure), Jacob said—

“Lucy, my dear, I wish you had no funds to invest.”

“I know you do, Jacob, and that is the only subject about which we are ever likely to differ.”

She looked up from a book of poems, and laid her hand upon her husband's shoulder, glancing at the work he was reading; it was a treatise on “Political Economy.”

“It had been the dream of my life,” said Jacob, laying aside his book, “to win you a home with my single arm—to carve out a way for both of us, to be your champion and protector, and thus to prove to you the strength and quality of my love.”

“You don't like the Thornton sovereigns, poor dear Jacob,” said Lucy, sitting on a cushion at his feet and laying her head upon his knees. “Suppose we give them away, dear, or throw them into the river.”

“You always laugh at me,” said Jacob.

“No, dear, I do not; but it is curious that one so wise and clever as you are should take such an odd view of your riches.”

“*Your* riches, dear,” said Jacob.

“Yours, you unkind, tyrannical fellow,” said Lucy.

Jacob patted her brown silky hair, and stooped to kiss her forehead.

“You will never look at the point earnestly, Lucy,” said Jacob.

How was it that Jacob was reading “Political Economy” and Lucy a book of poems?

“Then I will, dear, for once,” said Lucy, taking his hand, and looking, not at her husband this time, but straight into the fire, that glowed lovingly upon her sweet, tender face. “You make money by your books and your writings, but you work hard, Jacob; you know, dear, you are often up in your room writing when you ought to be in bed; I have stood at the door and heard your pen racing over the paper.”

“My dear love!” said Jacob.

“You are not to interrupt me. I have heard of cases where an author from ill health has not been able to continue his labours; and then, instead of being free, he has been borne down by a wife and children. Now, you are to hear me to the end, dear; don't fidget so with your feet. Knowing the uncertainties of literary work, would it not be some consolation to you, were you a wife, loving your husband with all your heart and soul, to feel that

there was no possibility of your being a burthen, and a care, and a drawback to the man whom you adored and loved?"

"My dear Lucy, there is good sense in what you say, and I have not the heart to oppose it. You are a very practical little woman; you always were much more so than I could have imagined; where do you get your worldly wisdom, love?"

"I don't know, dear; one of my lady tutors was the widow of an author, a learned doctor of Oxford—a great philosopher; and do I not see how many heartrending letters you receive from authors?"

"Yes, dear, they are not all as fortunate as I am."

"As clever, you should say, Jacob."

"No, dear, as fortunate; the public is a fickle patron, but once it takes to a writer, it is his own fault if he is not always a favourite."

"But how long it is before the public makes up its mind!" said Lucy. "Here is a poet who is charming, full of new thoughts, and as musical as Moore; yet you say his books do not sell, and he has not yet had a five-pound note from his publishers."

"The public will discover his merits when he is dead, poor fellow. He goes in for fame; I write for the present."

It was soon after some such conjugal gossip as this that the ill news of the bank came to Mortimer House. For a moment Jacob felt a weight lifted off his mind; but before the day was over he regretted the loss deeply. He did not want Lucy's money, and yet he was angry at the loss of it; while, on the contrary, Lucy received the news with the greatest equanimity.

"My dear Jacob, don't trouble about it; there is still a little left. Besides, dear, you never cared for it."

"I do now."

"Only for my sake—only because you think the loss of it grieves me."

"No, dear, for my own. If we had given it away, or thrown it into the river, as you once suggested," said Jacob; "but to be done out of it in this way!"

"There, dear! See—look in my face—I believe I am happier now that it is gone. We shall love each other all the more, if that were possible. Think of those poor people who have no other resources, now that the bank has broken—widows and orphans perhaps!"

"You are an angel," said Jacob, kissing his wife.

"A poor one, bless her heart," said old Thornton, who had entered the room unperceived; "a poor angel, my dear," said the old man, as Lucy flung her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"*Richer even now than many of the people who ride in the Row,*

and try to mask their empty purses and mortgaged estates in hollow smiles and *badinage*," said Lucy.

"Now, by my soul, it does me good to see you two in this spirit," exclaimed Uncle Thornton. "I have been in a furious rage for hours, and in despair, too—a miserable, broken-hearted dog! If it had been my own money that had gone—but Lucy's, my dead nephew's money, hoarded by my brother to do justice with at last! Good Lord! it makes me sick to think of it. Give me some sherry, Jacob Martyn."

Sherry was brought. The old man helped himself liberally.

"Don't be downhearted, Uncle Thornton. We are well off. I am making a good income. A short time since I should have liked nothing better than this loss. That money has been the only little shadow between my wife and I. But I have become proud and ambitious lately. I had been thinking of buying an estate in the county of Dinsley; and I suppose I am being punished a little for my ingratitude. But it is all for the best. I shall set to work now in deeper earnest than heretofore."

"There! now that is all we are going to say about it. We shall take a pleasant house somewhere near Richmond, and live quietly. There—no more to-night," said Lucy.

"But, Lucy, my child," began Uncle Thornton.

"No more about money to-night; we will have some music."

"That is right," said Jacob. "She is right, uncle, we will defer the subject."

Lucy sat down to her harp and conjured from the glowing strings our dreamy story of the happy land; and when the melody had taken full possession of Jacob's memory she sang the simple words with the sympathetic tenderness of the old days; while Uncle Thornton nodded his white head to the music and sipped his sherry in silence.

CHAPTER L.

MR. BONSALE AS A CABINET MINISTER SEEKS RE-ELECTION FOR MIDDLETON; AND IS OPPOSED.

UNCLE THORNTON had often urged Jacob Martyn to go into Parliament. It was the fear of being compelled to abandon this ambitious project that made the bank failure seem more serious than it was. Within a few days of the stoppage of the establishment it was announced that there would be a dividend of ten shillings in the

pound. Thus it was not necessary that the Martyns should leave Piccadilly. Moreover, Jacob had threatened that he would show Uncle Thornton how a pen which condescended to scribble fairy tales could also create real as well as imaginary golden eggs; and he was as good as his word, for he made arrangements with his publishers for a series of new works, which they were glad to undertake on terms that were most advantageous to the author.

Meanwhile a vacancy occurred in the representation of Middleton. Mr. Bonsall had been promoted to the Ministry. It was not generally the custom to oppose a member under these circumstances, but that proud old gentleman Uncle Thornton came in too late to Jacob with the *Times* in his pocket to urge afresh his desire that Jacob should go in for Parliamentary honours.

"This Bonsall is not popular neither at Middleton nor with his own party in the House; they tell me at the Conservative that he is a low-bred fellow, a money-grubber, one of your self-made, hard-fisted democrats who deserves neither consideration nor respect."

"Ah, but, Uncle Thornton, you are such an extreme Tory, you know," said Jacob. "You stand up for blood; if you had lived in the days of the Stuarts you would have believed in the divine rights of kings."

"And what would you have been for, my dear friend?" said Uncle Thornton, gravely. "Surely not on the side of that tyrant Cromwell with his hollow cant and his cut-throat fingers; why Colonel Thornton, a brave ancestor of Lucy's, fell fighting for his King at Newark—and"—

"No, Uncle Thornton, I do not think I should have been a Roundhead."

"Thank God for that," said the old gentleman.

"I should have been led away by the picturesqueness of the Cavaliers, but there is no question now about the"—

"Don't say any more, my dear boy. You know how I love you. You are for the Throne and the Constitution now, are you not?"

"Yes, yes," said Jacob. "And also for the people."

"Well, well, so are we all. Bonsall behaved like a blackguard to your father; you have told me so often; apart from politics and from my cherished hope of seeing you in the House, it would be a legitimate and an honourable revenge to turn Bonsall out."

"It would," said Jacob. "You have me there, uncle! Yes, you score twenty points at least when you remind me of what I owe to the dead. Give me an hour for consideration. On second thoughts let me go and see *Squire Northcotes*."

"That is a friendly thought," said the proud representative of Thornton glories.

Bradshaw was consulted at once, Lucy's opinion was asked, and it confirmed Jacob's own views. While arrangements were being made to catch the first train, Jacob drafted an address "to the free and independent Burgesses of Middleton-in-the-Water." When he arrived at the scene of action he found that the Squire had himself been invited to stand. Mr. Northcotes was not, however, inclined to consent. He thought it ungracious to oppose Bonsall under the circumstances. He admitted that Bonsall deserved it for various reasons; and when Jacob sat down and told him the story of the *Middleton Star* the Squire rattled his gold and silver, and swore that Bonsall should never sit for Middleton again unopposed—damme, as long as he had one guinea to rattle against another in fighting him!

The end was that Jacob put aside his own half-hearted designs upon the seat, and, with the aid of the popular author, Squire Northcotes sent out an address which astonished all parties, and threw the little town of Middleton into a state of delightful excitement. Solicitors were retained, public-houses were opened, printing-presses were set to work, burgess-lists were in great demand, ward meetings were summoned, corrupt palms began to itch; and there was such a general upheaving of local sentiment as Middleton had never experienced since the time of Bonsall's return under the auspices of Mr. Alfred Martyn.

As luck would have it, there was a split among the sitting member's own friends. The "Yellows" had been in power too long for the maintenance of that unity which we are always reminded on these occasions is strength. The want of competition for corporate honours on the part of the Reds had induced the Yellows to fight among themselves; and their discussions, as reported in the *Middleton Guardian*, were marvels of civic personality.

A feud more particularly damaging to the party had sprung up concerning the question of a public fountain. Mr. Bonsall, M.P., had made the little borough a present of £500 for an ornamental fountain! and the Yellows had quarrelled about the site. Without any interference from the long trodden down and dispirited Reds, the Yellows had split up into sections, each with its distinct scheme for an ornamental fountain; and the excitement was at its height when Mr. Bonsall appealed to his constituents for re-election.

The smaller section involved in the fountain dispute, to a man, gave their adherence to the Red candidate, whom the *Guardian* described as "a gentleman who, while giving an independent support to

great and glorious institutions, would gladly aid in amending them, increasing their stability; a gentleman who would ever be found casting his vote in the true interests of the nation, rendering assistance to the Throne, and upholding that civil and religious liberty for which our fathers had fought and bled on many a field of battle. Mr. Northcotes, who would fight under the crimson banner, had many claims upon the electors. Native, and to the mother born, he had been educated and brought up in the locality, and ever taken a heartfelt interest in the welfare of the ancient royal borough of Middleton. Blessed with a fortune far beyond that of many a rich country gentleman, Squire Northcotes had travelled much; he had visited foreign countries; he had sojourned under the sunny skies of Italy, he had climbed the Scottish mountains; he had visited the pine forests of America, and had slept on the foot of Snowdon in Wales; but nowhere, the *Guardian* assured, had he found a spot more delightful to him than their little borough, which it was now his highest ambition to represent in the great legislative assembly of England, and the success of which it would always be the dearest wish of his heart to promote in every possible way. The time had come for the honest, brave, and independent electors of Middleton to shake off the shackles of a clique, and send to Parliament a worthy, enlightened, virtuous, wealthy, and able man, belonging to themselves, raised up among them, born in their midst—a man who would do credit to the borough, and whose representation would exalt Middleton-in-the-field to a pitch of greatness the height of which was almost too high for imagination."

Never had the *Guardian* been so eloquent; and never so scorching in its satire—which burnt and seared the reputation of Mr. Bonsall to such an extent that many of the excited Reds thought it would be impossible for him again to hold up his head in Middleton. "Persevering and industrious the hon. member had been, it is true," said the *Guardian*, "but persevering and industrious in what?—in neglecting the gratitude of a time-serving Ministry, by never giving a vote to them, even in the interest of Middleton, when her most sacred rights were concerned—persevering and industrious in opposing the most corrupt Ministry that had ever sacrificed the independence and reputation of a great country. And for what? For a pension; for the sweets of office! Would Middleton-in-the-field ratify this? Never!!!"

"Three cheers for the *Guardian*! Hooray! hooray!" cried the Reds, and the *sprightly reporter of the local journal* appeared on the hustings.

"Bah! bah! bah!" groaned the Yellows.

The ground-floor of the old Town Hall was fitted up for the hustings. It was a hot July morning when that same reporter, on the principle of the early bird, presented himself at the Town Hall, with several others from the county town hard by, to give an account of the exciting speeches of the day.

The first to show himself upon the hustings was the Mayor, who was greeted with three cheers. Then came the crier, and several civic officers. Next, bowing and smiling, and looking as pleasant as he possibly could, came Mr. Bonsall. A storm of hisses and yells saluted him; but still he smiled and bowed. "Place and pension!" shouted a man in front. "Who sold himself to the Government?" shouted another; and then there were a hundred mingled cries which the reporters tried to place upon their notes; but they got no farther than "Down with the clique!" "Monkey Bonsall!" "How about the five hundred?" "Who stole the darkey?" "Go home!" "Who robbed the poor?" "Who killed poor Martyn?" "Traitor!" "No more cliques!" "Nosey Bonsall!" Meanwhile, the crowd grew and grew, and the summer sun blazed in, hot and red, upon the bellowing throng, which swayed to and fro, hither and thither—a sea of heads and eyes terrible to Mr. Bonsall and his supporters.

Presently the hissing and impertinent epithets which had been showered upon Bonsall were changed to cheering (only faintly interrupted by the dispirited Yellows) upon the entrance of Squire Northcotes, who rattled his money, and laughed and chatted to Mr. Jacob Martyn, and looked as fresh and bright as the crimson geranium in his button-hole. "Northcotes for ever!" "The people's friend!" "Red for ever!" "Down with the other clique!" shouted persistent bodies of factory operatives, who had screeched and roared at Bonsall. The crowd went on increasing, and, as it grew, so did the number of Squire Northcotes' supporters increase, though they were packed in with many of Bonsall's friends. "Bully Northcotes!" shouted a determined-looking fellow near the door; "Cockey Northcotes! Bah! bah!" A storm of hisses followed, but the Yellow voter soon found allies. "Purse-proud Northcotes!" they cried. "Skinflint!" said the Reds. "Who gave his servants dog's-meat?" cried a blundering coalheaver. "Pump-water Bonsall!" shouted a shrill voice from the opposite side of the Hall. This was followed by a roar of laughter, and a fight between a Red and a Yellow, the latter having sought to smother the Red laugh by asking a prominent supporter of the Squire "Who murdered his poor old mother?" Two policemen made a show of interference, but without the smallest success; the town

crier rang his bell furiously, and in vain the Mayor waved his civic hand for silence.

At this juncture the attention of the "free and independents" of Middleton was attracted to a gallery which had been set apart for the lady friends of the candidates. Suddenly the fighting ceased, and a round of cheers saluted the entrance of Mrs. Martyn and Mrs. Ferris, who were conducted to seats by Mr. Windgate Williams, that gentleman being attired in the height of manly fashion. "Three cheers for the ladies" was demanded and given again and again, and acknowledged with such lively sweetness by the two new occupants of the gallery that the other women present began to scandalise and hate Mrs. Martyn and Mrs. Ferris on the spot; and well they might, for the new comers outshone them all.

To gaze on these sunny beauties was like a dream of fair women. So far as complexion went, and bright eyes, they might have been sisters; but there was a piquancy in Mrs. Ferris's style which separated her altogether from her companion, whose quiet, sober sweetness was a good foil to the lively little wife of the famous actor. Edith wore a coquettish hat, trimmed with ostrich feathers and crimson ribbon. She fixed her bright eyes upon Squire Northcotes, who rattled his gold and silver at her, and nodded and bowed in a manner that was delightful to behold. Lucy wore a pretty grey bonnet, and her hair was bound close to her head. She looked down upon the crowd, through her large blue eyes, and there was an unwonted flush upon her cheeks, and an expression, half fear, half anxiety, half pleasure, on her fair round features, which, in Jacob's eyes, made her look more beautiful than ever. By Mr. Williams's advice she had delicately combined the colours of red and yellow, in a ribbon which she wore round her neck—a tribute to both parties, and a tribute which did not go unnoticed or unrewarded. Mrs. Ferris had, however, insisted upon carrying "the colours" unqualified.

"We must not let them see that we are taking advantage of their differences," Mr. Williams said; and he too wore a rosette of yellow and red.

So far as political feeling went Windgate was with the Yellows. He reconciled his conscientious scruples with his actions by joining himself to the minority in the fountain dispute, and revenging himself upon Bonsall for his treachery to his deceased friend. Jacob, on the contrary, had not inherited his father's political opinions; and although he had seldom had cause to express any direct or defined views of government, his opinions were Red—"crimson to the core," he told Mrs. Ferris.

When an approach to order had been accomplished, the formalities of the time were duly performed, and the candidates were proposed and seconded. The action of the gentleman who proposed Mr. Bonsall was eloquent in the extreme, assisted as it was by hoarse cries of "Chair," "Order," "Hear," and "Turn 'em out," "Put 'em under their own founting," "Who killed his mother?" "Dog's meat," "Red for ever," "Yellow for ever." Mr. Bonsall said a great deal, to judge from his manner; and the reporters appeared to be getting most of what he said upon their notes; but the papers only succeeded in giving a very meagre report of his oration.

Long before Mr. Bonsall sat down there was a cry of "Martyn," "Mr. Martyn," "Jacob Martyn." The popular author had been recognised, and nothing would satisfy the crowd but a speech from Mr. Martyn. He was the only speaker who secured the respect and attention of the meeting. Squire Northcotes himself could not obtain anything like attention; but he was much more successful than Mr. Bonsall; and the severest thing demanded of him was, "Is it true you starve your servants?" "Ask the servants themselves, my man; yonder is one of them;" and amidst cheers and laughter the Squire pointed to his fat coachman, who was blushing and frowning at the Yellows from a secure corner near the platform. "Does he look starved?" shouted the Squire in triumph. "No; nor don't feel like it," said the coachman, conquering his bashfulness, and looking defiantly at his master's detractors. This was regarded as one of the best sallies of the day. It restored the crowd to something like good humour, and brought down a ringing cheer. "Does he look starved?" said the Squire's gold and silver, amidst cries of "No, no," "Bravo, coachy," and "Three cheers for the fat 'un."

At length the moment came for electors and non-electors to hold up their hands for the man of their choice. The town crier rang his bell; the fat coachman wiped his burning face; the sun blazed hotter and hotter upon the open windows of the hall; the Squire rattled his gold and silver; Mr. Bonsall fidgeted with his hat; and the Mayor, rising solemnly and lifting his hand authoritatively, demanded a show of hands for Mr. Bonsall.

A sudden and startling array of dirty palms was exhibited, amidst cheers and yells and hissing; and for a moment Mr. Windgate Williams confessed that he believed Bonsall had won the show of hands; but when the friends of Squire Northcotes came to hold up their hands, the majority was unmistakable, and the Mayor's declaration was received with rounds of cheering, led by Mr. Williams, and

acknowledged by the Squire, who nodded at Mrs. Paul Ferris and agitated his gold and silver to an alarming extent.

A poll was demanded for Mr. Bonsall, whereupon the contending parties separated to complete their arrangements for the morrow. There were fights innumerable during the afternoon; rival bands of music met and broke their instruments over each other's heads; the Yellow drummer was thrust head foremost into his own drum; and Mr. Bonsall was daringly hustled in the streets by half a dozen rollicking operatives from the factory that still looked out of its many windows on the ruin of Jacob Martyn's garden.

Jacob and his friends were heartily glad when night came, and quiet began to put in a claim for consideration; though it was not until morning dawned that Middleton-in-the-Water could be said to be in repose. Long after midnight mysterious groups of men were scattered hither and thither about the streets, whispering in the shadows of old gabled houses, or keeping watch over the public-house haunts of either party, while solitary horsemen patrolled the suburbs of the town, and occasionally interrogated pedestrians, who crept away by back streets on political journeys into the adjacent villages; for the Bonsall faction had unloosed their purse strings, and voters who had promised the Reds began to disappear even before nightfall.

A stranger visiting Middleton on this eventful night might have imagined the country to be on the eve of a great revolution, which must burst out fierce and bloody on the next day; so stealthily, so thievishly did men, singly and in groups, move about—peering into dark corners, peeping through keyholes, trying doors, and disappearing in dark alleys.

The same stranger would have been highly amused could he have drawn up the blinds or peeped into Dr. Smythe's dining-room at Grosvenor House, close by the Cartown river, and near the scene of the opening chapter of this eventful history. The Doctor was an enthusiastic Red. With the assistance of Mr. Windgate Williams, he had induced a dozen "doubtful" voters to sup with him. These were "needy" men who had accepted bribes from Bonsall—poor fellows who had been unable to withstand temptation. They had in other days voted Yellow; but had this time promised Squire Northcotes, and had been "got at" by the other side, in consequence.

After supper they sang and were merry. Mr. Williams proposed the Doctor's health. The Doctor replied, and proposed the editor's health, and in doing so alluded in touching terms to the once famous *Middleton Star*. Then he asked the electors to look back to the old

days when Mr. Alfred Martyn was among them. They responded heartily to the Doctor's eloquent appeals to their sympathy, and thus a good understanding was brought about. Mr. Williams supplemented the Doctor's speech by a carefully prepared narrative of Bonsall's conduct in connection with the defunct paper and the deceased proprietor; and while Williams was talking the Doctor was paying marked attention to the creature comforts of his guests; the combined influences of oratory and wine worked wonders upon the sympathies of the doubtfuls. Some of them suddenly broke into unmistakable applause at the editor's best points; one cried "Shame," another shook his head, while a third said he wished he had known all this before.

At length, when the time seemed ripe for definite action, Williams, leaping upon a chair, exclaimed, "And so let us give three cheers for Squire Northcotes!" It was cleverly done. The responsive hurrahs brought an angry message from Mrs. Smythe, which the Doctor treated with proud indifference, proposing renewed cheers for Northcotes and "Red for ever!"

As morning dawned sleep stole over the Doctor's dining-room: the eminent practitioner was snugly reposing on a sofa; Mr. Williams was reclining upon two chairs placed across the door-way, and the twelve doubtfuls were lying about in various directions—some under the table, and some upon the hearth. A rubicund greengrocer sat transfixed in the Doctor's arm-chair at the bottom of the table, gasping and snoring in happy unison with his fellows beneath it.

At daylight the Doctor's man brought in coffee, and the doubtfuls, under the superintendence of Williams, washed themselves in detachments of twos and threes. Several complained of headache, but the Doctor soon made these all right; and after breakfast they adjourned to the drawing-room, where the youngest Miss Smythe, who had been awakened purposely by the Doctor's orders, treated the assembled doubtfuls to vocal music, which in due time revived some of their previous enthusiasm. The victory was completed by Williams singing a song with a rattling chorus, in which the free and independent doubtfuls joined, to the great alarm and indignation of the Doctor's wife, who vowed she would never forgive this insult to herself and daughters. Then Williams, rubbing his eyes and looking round as if in a little doubt as to the position, but quite satisfied in his own mind, said, "Now, my friends, one cheer more—who is it for?" "Northcotes!" they replied, as one man, "Northcotes for ever! Northcotes, and down with the clique!"

As soon as the poll opened that morning, the doubtfuls, with the

Doctor at their head, polled plumpers for Northcotes ; and when the polling was at an end, Mr. Bonsall was defeated, and Squire Northcotes duly elected by a majority of twelve.

It was a great fall for the would-be Minister. With the sweets of office and the summit of his ambitious hopes within his reach, he came to deserved grief for his insincerity and ingratitude. Jacob could not help feeling a certain satisfaction in being enabled to tell Mr. Bonsall that he, the son of Alfred Martyn, had been the chief means of his punishment.

Mr. Cavendish Thornton, who was present with the Hon. Max Walton at the declaration of the poll, was greatly disappointed with the part which Jacob had played, though it was some consolation to the old gentleman that the leading London papers published articles upon Jacob Martyn's speech, which was pronounced to be full of original thought and indicative of considerable legislative power. Mr. Martyn was strongly advised to seek a career in Parliament, and Mr. Thornton felt that after this he would be able to induce his dear Lucy's husband to honour his wishes in this respect. But Jacob never meddled with politics again, and, in due time, when several little Martyns began to climb the old man's knees, he came down from his high estate and confessed that perhaps Jacob was right in cultivating domestic comfort rather than seeking for the questionable honours of Parliamentary life. Lucy had no doubt about the wisdom of Jacob's decision in the matter ; and she was all the more convinced of it when she learnt that the crowd of ladies whom she met in society without their husbands were the wives of members of Parliament, Ministers, and others who were occupied in governing their country.

CHAPTER LI.

WHICH ENDS THIS STRANGE, EVENTFUL HISTORY.

As time wore on Jacob found it necessary to employ a secretary. When he told his wife the history of his relationship with Mr. Windgate Williams, she agreed with Jacob that no time should be lost in offering the appointment to his early friend.

"Well," said Windgate Williams to his shadow, which was reposing in gigantic proportions on the fire-lighted hearth of Mrs. Smick's first floor, "I don't think I can refuse it ; my experience will be valuable to him, and the work will be light. Ah, it's the way with these smart young fellows,—they go ahead at first at a dashing rate, but

they pull up after awhile : deuced clever is Jacob Martyn—there's no mistake about that—and he knows the value of Windgate Williams—that is not the smallest evidence of his wisdom."

For Jacob Martyn's sake, therefore, Mr. Williams returned to London ; but he was not permitted to leave the scene of his distinguished labours at Dinsley until he had been entertained at a complimentary dinner by a select party of his admirers, at whose hands he received a testimonial of "their esteem and regard, and of the high respect in which they held his eminent abilities, and as some small acknowledgment of the gratitude they felt in respect of his services in the cause of liberty and truth." Mr. — made the presentation on behalf of the numerous subscribers in a speech of studied eloquence. The popular editor never made a more telling speech than that in which his thanks for this magnificent present were expressed. After telling the company that the tongue upon such an occasion failed to interpret the feelings of the heart, he delivered himself of an oration lasting more than half an hour, commenced with an audible sob, and closed with a palpable tear.

Thus Mrs. Smick, deprived of her famous lodger, found herself called upon to advertise for a successor, "Which it were," as she remarked to a young greengrocer, who had received permission to pay his addresses to Jumbo, "satisfactory to know as you are not beholding to one gentleman no more than another, seeing, as poor Smick often said, that there was as good fish out of the sea as ever went into it, and it was not as if she was a reglar lodging-house keeper, having seen better times, whereby persons might be suspicious that she did not buy her own tea and sugar, or give all the cold meat from the tables to the poor ; but being above such ways, gentlemen knew as her house was a home to them, and, therefore, her rooms was always jumped at by one or another as soon as she put her paper in the window, just as fast as the haddicks used to jump at the mussil baits, when poor dear Smick used to amuse himself with fishing ; but as I was a-saying, which it were not for me to"—

At this part of Mrs. Smick's edifying harangue on the respectability and homely character of her establishment, Miss Jumbo, who had been swallowing her mother's words with open mouth, and beating time with a hot smoothing-iron, to the delight of her ambitious lover, dropped the iron upon her mother's toes, which brought Mrs. Smick's remarks to such a sudden and demonstrative full stop that *the wretched greengrocer* tell upon his knees and begged for mercy. *umbo* feared he had suddenly gone mad ; but the terrified dealer in

cabbages soon afterwards explained that his love for Miss Smick was so overpowering, and his fear of losing her so strong upon him at the moment of Mrs. Smick's unexpected shriek of rage, that he was carried away by his feelings, labouring under the sudden impression that he had mortally offended the lady who, of all others in the world, he would choose for a mother-in-law. Some people, who envy the greatness of the Smicks, and the chance which Miss Smick has of being married, say that the greengrocer is no better than a harmless idiot, and that Jumbo will be a capital match for him; but those who heard his prompt reply to Mrs. Smick with regard to his intentions would, as that lady said, "not make themselves ridiculous by their observations, which it were not looks that she regarded, and the young man said straight out that his intentions were strictly honourable, and a little shop of his own, which his father had bought him, and a garden, and all rent free, with two rooms ready furnished, and serving many of the gentry, which it were not everybody as could make 'such a start as that, and the banns should certainly be put up, and let them as had any objectshun state it then, or for ever hold their peace."

Long before the close of the London season, every year, Mr. and Mrs. Martyn leave Mortimer House for Neathville. Jacob has purchased that pretty house on the cliffs above the sea. When the red light of the sun is fading out, and the night begins its silent march over the waters, the factory hymn may often be heard, as if going forth to join the twilight mists. A harp accompaniment breaks sweetly in upon the fresh child voices that are singing the old familiar words, and the thoughts of Jacob and Lucy go back to bygone days, as in a dream. The sea makes a deep, monotonous lullaby-humming without, in which Jacob seems to hear the voice of the Cartown river and the mill-stream's steady flow. Now and then the vision of a mill rises up in his memory, and a miller smoking by the reedy pool. A boy, shadowy and indistinct, stands by the deep and silent water; but it seems to Jacob now that this sorrowing youth is not himself, but some other being whom he pities and sighs over. The memory of his mother comes back with the dreamy odour of a country churchyard; and he feels a dim kind of joy that loved ones have gone before to greet Lucy and himself when their time shall come for the happier land. His brightest reminiscence is of Cartown and the little cottage where first he stood side by side with Lucy, who looks up at him in the twilight hour, and knows what he is *thinking about*. They both delight to wander in that golden age of

their youth, decked with the flowers of hope and love; and it is an ever present consolation to Jacob that his son will be secured from the miseries and perils which beset his own turbulent boyhood.

And Jacob, with a love for his art beyond that cankering desire which calculates what this thought or that is worth in the market, made all that coast of Neathville a fairyland of romance and wonder. He found out all its history; he probed the very heart of its mysteries; he made every promontory repeat to him its legend; he fought over again the battles of the ancient peoples who had lived there in the fabulous days. He and Lucy knew every stone and leaf, every fern and shell, every weed and flower of sea and land, from Neathville to the distant headland, where the rocks seemed to bind sky and ocean together.

Now and then Mr. and Mrs. Ferris visit their old friends at Neathville; and when they do there are not four happier people in the world than they. Paul says so, at any rate, and makes no secret of his opinion. It is the most delightful of all delightful things, Mrs. Ferris says, to have long chats with Lucy while the men are smoking their cigars after dinner. There is no envy between these two women, no petty jealousies, no differences even of the most trifling character—no, not even about the children. Mrs. Ferris has an only son, a dark, sharp, black-eyed little fellow, who is up to all sorts of tricks that are highly diverting to the little Martyns; and there is not one spark of envy in that full matronly bosom of the pretty Mrs. Ferris, on account of the superior order of beauty which marks the features of Jacob's children. What comfortable, happy, after-dinner talks these must be my lady readers will understand. The conversations are frequently illustrated with little frocks and pinafores, picture-books and toys; sometimes the latest fashions call for attentive discussion and analysis; for Mrs. Ferris is a lady who confesses to a careful study of dress. She says Paul likes her to keep in the front rank with the march of fashion. He is so accustomed, she says, to theatrical display, that she really thinks it desirable even to pander to his taste for pretty dresses, good lace, and effective ribbons. And then the lively little matron laughs and shows her white teeth, in response to Mrs. Martyn's smile at her ingenious excuse for heaping annually a little fortune at the fascinating shrine of fashion.

Last summer, when the Ferrises went down to Neathville, they were in mourning; and Jacob and Paul conversed over their cigars in a subdued tone. They were talking of poor dear old Liston Dudley. The once famous tragedian had slipped quietly away from

them, a smile on his lips, his hand in his early pupil's. Paul said it was a solemn thing to see ; but it was a happy, peaceful end nevertheless. The day before his death the old man had been wandering among the scenes of his youth, and Amy Clifton was by his side. He had rehearsed snatches of scenes in "Romeo and Juliet," in "As You Like It," in "Othello," and in "Hamlet." Like a loving instructor, he had explained in soft, subdued tones the proper reading of certain passages in Juliet's speeches, and in the dear Ophelia's. For a moment he had been convulsed with the passion of Othello's jealous misery ; but he had relapsed, immediately afterwards, into favourite readings from the speeches of Orlando and Jaques. When he came out of this delirium he was as weak and helpless as an infant ; but he remained conscious afterwards until the last, and talked of his dear friends, and those familiar scenes, of which they all had pleasant remembrances. They did not know when he died, he passed away so peacefully—"like one who only slept awhile and would shortly wake again," Paul said ; but he will wake no more until the Master cometh into His kingdom, when may God have mercy on us all, dealing with us not after our sins, neither rewarding us after our iniquities !

* * * * *

The last notes of the journalist and author are transcribed. Every leaf is scored through with a long line, which begins at the advent of Aunt Keziah and ends with a glorious setting sun, led up to by gleams of glinting light that gild the ocean's sunny path over which thought and prayer may travel to that happy land whose bright reality hath its only earthly prototype in true domestic bliss.

The evening shadows gather while I spell out these last rough notes. The light is fading from the golden pathway of which the reporter speaketh. I hear the factory hymn rise sweet and low above the ocean's lullaby. I listen to the tender, sympathetic music, and rest my eyes upon the last faint glimmer of the sun, with a vague but longing hope that the music may live in the memories of those who have accompanied me through the varied scenes of joy and sorrow which I have ventured to bind together with the golden clasp of the well-worn proverb, that—

"Truth is always strange,
Stranger than fiction."

THE END.

TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

I LATELY had a chat with an experienced lady novelist upon literary method as applied to story telling. She told me that in writing a novel she first sketched out her story in brief, then wrote it carefully as a short narrative, then divided the ideas into three parts or volumes, next developed the incidents in detail and planned them into chapters, allotting to each chapter its own special incident. "And then I write so many hours every day until all is finished for the printer." The information is curious. It offers material for thought. The lady has written at least one excellent story, and many others up to the general standard of Mudie's. But I cannot believe that the regularity and method of mere carpentry can be brought to go hand in hand with fancy and imagination. Sir Walter Scott was so wonderfully industrious himself that his opinion in such a matter is worth having. "I doubt," he said, "if men of method who can lay aside or take up a pen just at the hours appointed will ever be better than poor creatures. Lady Louisa Stuart used to tell me of Mr. Hoole, the translator of Tasso and Ariosto, and in that capacity a noble translator of gold into lead, that he was a clerk in the India House, with long ruffles and a snuff-coloured suit of clothes, who occasionally visited her father, John, Earl of Bute. She sometimes conversed with him, and was amused to find that he did exactly so many couplets day by day, neither more nor less, and habit had made it light to him, however heavy it seemed to the reader." The present age encourages this hack kind of literature. If a writer is to live, he must produce easily. The success of a novelist whenever he has made a name seems, unfortunately, to depend upon the rapidity with which he can turn out books.

BEFORE the Attorney-General's Juries Bill becomes the law of the land, I wish some amateur juryman, imitating the example of the Amateur Casual, would, in the interest of the study of human character, get himself sworn on a score or so of juries, in order to write the natural history of the species under the form which now seems to

is doomed. For if the traditional twelve is to be substituted by seven, or any other odd and arbitrary number, and if a unanimous verdict is no longer to be demanded, all the conditions of the life of the jury will be changed. I say nothing of the policy of Sir John Coleridge's measure, but I am concerned to think that the jury of twelve, according to the present and time-honoured system, should be without having had its manners and customs duly portrayed in any of our literary works. For what do we know of the secret life of the jury? Before the eyes of men in open court assembled it has, in times past and present, done some notable and wonderful things, hereof the record is in one form or another extant; but what of those consultations, extending from five or ten minutes to many hours, and even days, under lock and key? The Attorney-General has observed that there are pertinacious, wrong-headed, and cantankerous men among all classes of society, and he hints that it is no uncommon occurrence to find one of these upon a jury. Perhaps there is seldom, never, a panel in which the cantankerous variety, more or less pronounced, does not appear; but no naturalist has ever yet analysed and portrayed him. I suppose men of letters and anthropologists have but rarely found their way to the jury box; for the story of the jury behind the scenes, striving for unanimity, struggling with the cantankerous member, battling with the logic of the judge and the suavity of counsel, has never been told.

A NEW argument has arisen in favour of that reform in our coinage known as the "pound, florin, cent, and mil" system. It would give us a penny of a slightly increased value. The nearest equivalent to our penny would be the half-cent. Since the florin would be one-tenth of a pound and the cent the tenth of a florin, a half-cent would be worth exactly one penny and four-fifths of a farthing, or nearly five farthings. I commend this fact to the attention of the proprietors of penny newspapers, penny boat and omnibus fares, penny periodicals, penny books, and the thousand articles of trade for which the charge of a penny is convenient and the charge of a fraction over the penny is extremely difficult if not impracticable. It is notorious that the producers of the penny newspaper are almost at their wits' ends to supply the article at the standard price, since the augmentation in the price of raw material, labour, and the processes of manufacture. The proprietors of a few country journals, where competition does not run high, have raised the price to threehalfpence, and in some large towns the cost of the paper per dozen to

the news-agent has been increased, and an extra charge is made to those subscribers at whose houses the paper is delivered by messenger. But none of these devices are open to the London morning papers. A similar difficulty is experienced in many of the other departments of production, trade, and public service which rely upon the popularity of the simple charge of one penny. I am not advocating the adoption of the decimal coinage system, nor am I contending that if the change comes the pound, florin, cent, and mil standard would of necessity be the best ; I simply point to the fact that, looking at the permanent reduction in the purchasing power of gold, if a new system of coinage is to be introduced, one which would give us a popular and universally useful coin to supply the place of the penny, but of slightly higher value, would be accepted as a great boon, especially to the newspaper and publishing trade. There are some newspapers whose sale exceeds 100,000 ; an increase of four-fifths of a farthing on the price of each copy would represent upwards of £80 per day.

WHAT are the Spanish priesthood doing, and what adversity is befalling the Papal cause, when the peaceful setting up of a republic at Madrid is not only possible, but easy? The world outside the Peninsula is almost universally impressed with the belief that the population of Spain are steeped to the ears in the religion of Rome, and almost incapable of imagining that the designs and councils of the Vatican can be wrong. Yet here is a republic which will most certainly make war upon the Church to the utmost extent consistent with such notions of expediency as may commend themselves to the minds of the new rulers. Italy, again, is Catholic, after the Catholicism of Pius the Ninth, and yet His Holiness, chafing in his narrow bit of dominion, finds few sympathisers among the millions of that extensive and populous country. From these facts, and from the example of France, it is hard to resist the conclusion that there is a vast difference between the ostensible and the real influence of the Romish Church and priesthood upon the millions forming the Latin nations of Europe.

WHENEVER an English Parliament has sat through four sessions I have observed an unsettlement in the public mind, and a tendency to predict an early dissolution. The last six or nine months have been marked by these phenomena. Any time in the autumn after the last prorogation the busy politician of society and the clubs was

prepared to stake his reputation for prescience on the probability of a general election in 1873. This impression of the unfavourable chances of long life for a Parliament which has weathered the storm for four years does not seem to me to be sufficiently warranted by precedents. In the short period of seventy-three years of the present century, no fewer than eight Parliaments have entered upon their fifth session; six have transacted business in their sixth session, and two have gone far into their seventh before dissolution. Altogether only twenty Parliaments have sat in the nineteenth century, and several of those whose history has been short have come to an end from causes of a very different character from the defeat of a Ministry on matters of legislation or State policy. One dissolution, for example, was in consequence of the death of George III.; another followed upon the decease of George IV.; and a third upon the death of William IV. The last general election was an instance of another kind, a new Parliament having become desirable because of the enlargement of the constituencies. There is hardly an instance of a Parliament arriving, by ordinary defeat of the Government, at an untimely end when the Administration have taken office with upwards of a hundred majority at their backs, like the Government of Mr. Gladstone.

SINCE the railway companies of England, about a year ago, adopted the policy of carrying third-class passengers by all trains, I have been watching to determine whether the separation of our travellers into three classes had been a mere arbitrary arrangement. In America, railway traffic is practically separable into only two classes; but in Germany many lines run four grades of carriages. Upon the whole it seemed that the three divisions made on our railways were not ill-adapted to the social habits of this country; but there was no test of its real adaptation until people had the option of going first, second, or third every time the trains ran. The result of the change last year on all the great lines was a large reduction in the number of second-class travellers, and a very much larger increase of third-class traffic. Still the change was not sufficient to lead to the inference that in the course of time second-class carriages would not be necessary. As a result of this experiment of nine months, I find railway directors prepared to make another change, with a view of bringing back some of the third-class travellers to second-class carriages. They propose to make a considerable reduction in their second-class fares. This policy will probably almost restore the old equilibrium. It is worthy of note that last year's change did

not appreciably affect the amount of first-class traffic. The fact that the company in second-class carriages was somewhat more select than heretofore did not tempt wayfarers to leave their old cloth-covered and cushioned seats. I do not wonder at this; for, looking at the comparative means of comfort provided, second-class travelling at existing rates is less worth the money charged than either first or third.

THE evolution hypothesis has begun to apply itself to the explanation of the philosophy of instinct. Everybody who has ever speculated upon the hard problems of metaphysics and psychology knows how unsatisfactory has been the result of all inquiry and all theorising on the subject of instinct. Nobody has ever determined with any precision what it is, how it arises, where it begins or where it ends. Mr. Douglas A. Spalding seeks to account for instinct on Mr. Herbert Spencer's doctrine of "Inherited Acquisition." Just as peculiarities of moral and intellectual character are handed down from generation to generation, so it is thought may come by birth the tendency to certain habits under given circumstances, and this tendency is instinct. Of course the most difficult point to determine is how the instinct originated; but that is a problem for Mr. Darwin. The question which will most interest the metaphysician is whether this doctrine of instinct is in real antagonism with Locke's philosophy of ideas, and if not, how the two systems can be reconciled. The extraordinary conduct of the cat on seeing its first mouse does not necessarily prove the existence of innate ideas; but what does it prove with respect to the origin of ideas? Mr. Spalding assumes that the animal is born with an hereditary impress on the brain, making the instinct. Can this impress be regarded as antagonistic to the doctrine of Locke that there is no "impression" upon the mind except the impression of individual experience?

MR. GLADSTONE'S scheme omitting a Chair of Philosophy in Dublin University has set me thinking what have been the relations between philosophical speculation and Roman Catholicism, and I cannot call to memory any great name in the history of metaphysics or psychology of a distinguished thinker on these subjects who was also an ardent son of the Church. The story of Greek philosophy forms one of the grandest chapters in the history of human intelligence, and Rome added largely to the field of vigorous abstract speculation. But during the thousand years of the Church's undisputed empire over the minds of men, from the triumph of the Goths till

the dawn of the Reformation, there was no philosophical inquiry worthy of the name. On the splendid roll of modern philosophers, French, English, Scotch, and German, I do not find the name of a single master owing allegiance to the Pope; and I think a review of the present state of speculation would show that the Romanists stand almost if not entirely apart from these grand and fascinating inquiries. I know not whether this fact may be regarded as fair warrant to the British Parliament for refusing to endow a Professorship of Philosophy at Dublin.

THE "coal famine" is no mere sensational phrase of the daily papers. It is a terrible reality. The fires in the poorer districts of the country may almost be said to have been put out by the prohibitory rates to which coal has recently been advanced. The subject is surely one for Government action. We are all free-traders on principle; but I have talked to many wise men upon this question of fuel, and they all agree with me that coal should be the exception to the general rule. A high duty should be fixed upon coals exported. The misfortune with regard to English free-trade is, that the freedom is all on one side. We ought at all events to demand reciprocity in the matter of coal and iron.

A REMARKABLE article on "Nobbling the Press" has appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and been prominently quoted by the *Times*, which calls the attention of the Treasury to the subject. The article revealed an association organised and worked by the Liberal party for transmitting cheap news and leaders to the Liberal press in the country. The journalistic atmosphere is full of litigation, but I hope it is not libellous to suggest that the *Times* is evidently annoyed, as well it may be, at the preference shown by Her Majesty's Government for the *Telegraph* over the *Times* and other journals. It is reported on good authority that the *Telegraph* staff is associated with that of the new association. Thus the special Ministerial and party news filters through the *Telegraph* before it reaches the provincial newspaper subscribers of the Liberal Association. This, I suspect, is the secret grievance of my contemporary the *Times*, and it is not surprising that he should resent the partiality which Mr. Gladstone undoubtedly evinces for the *Telegraph*. But there is nothing new in this so-called "nobbling" of the press. Mr. Saunders, the enterprising founder of the Central Press Association for the dissemination of news, sold his organisation long since to the *Conservative party*, who have worked it in the interest of

themselves and the Conservative press. The Liberals, who are not half as clever as the Conservatives in organisation, have only imitated their opponents ; but they have not shown a wise discretion in their arrangements. If I lived in the country I think I should decline to be guided by any local journal that was indebted to either of these party associations for its interpretation of public opinion.

EPIGRAM ON MATRIMONY.

By Francis de Maucroix, Canon of Rheims ; quoted (from "Les trois Siècles") in the Cole MSS., Brit. Mus.

Ami, je vois beaucoup de bien
 Dans le parti qu'on me propose ;
 Mais toutefois ne pressons rien :
 Prendre femme est étrange chose,
 Il faut y penser mûrement.
 Gens sages, en qui je me fie,
 M'ont dit que c'est fait prudemment
 Que d'y penser toute sa vie.

TRANSLATION. BY J. G. WH.

Much good, I clearly see, my friend,
 Is in the match you recommend ;
 Yet wedlock's a queer sort of thing,
 And needs no slight considering :
 To hurry it were much amiss,
 And wise ones, when the question's this,
 "Whether or no to take a wife ?"
 Tell me, "Consider—all your life !"

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1873.

CLYTIE.

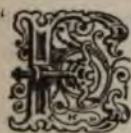
A NOVEL OF MODERN LIFE.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

CHAPTER V.

WHILE TOM MAYFIELD WAS WAITING.

"EIGHT o'clock, Clytie, and he does not come."



As Tom spoke, the hour was struck out in measured tones. The sun had set peacefully in a flush of glorious colour behind the Cathedral towers.

Tom Mayfield sat waiting for Ransford, and wondering what the result of their interview would be.

"What has he to say to me, my princess? What are his intentions, my sweet goddess of the wavy hair?"

The cold white figure only stood there, in the twilight, looking down at Tom with its vacant eyes.

"He loves you, that rich fellow on the hill, that noisy plebeian; that bejewelled cotton-spinner loves you, in his own vulgar fashion, and thinks he honours you, while his sisters sweep by you in a smug crowd of ignorance and silk."

Tom walked to the window and looked across the Green. Returning to the fire-place, he moved the statuette from his table back to the mantel-shelf, and listened.

"No! I thought he was coming, my love; but the footsteps have gone by; and there go the quarters. No matter, you shall stay there, as though I did not love you, in case he should come 'hurrying in, my Clytie. You do not care for this hulking young Cræsus? You have

no empty ambition, which money alone can satisfy? No, your heart is too pure for that. If you cannot love me, at least Ransford is not your Apollo. He could make no sacrifices for you. Self-denial forms no part of his nature."

The time went hurrying on; but Phil Ransford did not come to keep his appointment. He had learnt, quite by accident, that Luke Waller had received one of his periodical invitations to dine with the Dean, an honour which was conferred upon the organist at long intervals, in recognition of the introduction which Luke had brought to Dunelm, and out of respect for the noble lord, who was an old friend of the Dean.

Phil was quick, and bold in action. What coward might not have been, when the conquest was a pretty girl? He came down from the cotton mansion on the hill, and loitered in the shadow of the trees by the bridge, near the Hermitage. As the clock struck seven, he saw the door of the little house open, and Mr. Waller come forth. Clytie stood upon the step and kissed her grandfather, and while the old man patted her head, and spoke some words of affection or caution to the young girl, Phil saw that she glanced up and down the street, as if to see whether her appearance had attracted the attention of any casual loungeur in the dull old city. She could not help these little acts of vanity. She knew how beautiful she was. It was part of her existence to fling the radiance of her loveliness upon all men alike, regardless of the shadow that might remain behind.

When the last sounds of Luke Waller's footsteps had died away, Phil took a turn in the Banks to think out his audacious plan of spending the evening at the Hermitage. While Tom Mayfield was talking to the Parian prototype of Clytie, Phil was contemplating the lady's boudoir. He had gone round to the back of the Bailey, and there, looking over the river, he could just see the summer-house through the trees, with a peep of Clytie's window beyond. It might have been owing to some galvanic influence that the lady was half-conscious of the hovering presence of her daring admirer; for Clytie was in a flutter of excitement. Perhaps the responsibility of freedom from the immediate influence of her grandfather set her thinking of contingencies. Before the old man had taken his seat at the Dean's table, Clytie had been up and down stairs half a dozen times, trying to induce the servant to go out and leave her in the house alone.

"But master, you know, miss, told me on no account to leave the house," the servant had replied.

It had occurred to Clytie that she would like to have the

Hermitage all to herself for an hour or two, so that she might wear her pearls and diamonds freely, and walk into the garden with them on. It was only a girlish freak ; but the servant was firm, and so the belle of the cathedral city had to content herself with her usual private exhibition. She went, therefore, into her own room, locked the door, took out her treasures from their hiding place and clasped them round her fair full throat, admired herself in the glass, wishing it was not wicked to do so, and sighing generally over the misery of being good. She would have liked to flash those jewels before everybody ; and it might have been better for her in the end had her grandfather permitted the vanity of her nature to run riot and spend itself on a score of victims.

Presently the wilful beauty went into the garden, and Phil Ransford saw her figure on the terrace. He could not be sure of this, and he cursed himself for not having a field-glass in his pocket. There was no one about. He waved his handkerchief on the chance of her noticing it. Clytie saw the signal. Who could it be ? Either Ransford or Mayfield, she felt sure. She blushed and retreated behind the overhanging ivy. Then, looking out again, she saw that, whoever the person might be, he was now close by the water's edge, and the moment she came within his vision he waved his handkerchief again. He was too tall for Tom Mayfield ; it must be Phil, she thought. The situation struck her as romantic and complimentary. What should she do ? There could be no harm in answering the signal. She could do so, and run into the house. It would be quite a harmless piece of fun. Besides, if it really were Mr. Ransford, she would like to respond to his recognition ; he was such a genial, generous, handsome fellow, and evidently over head and ears in love with her. No one would know ; and if it were not Phil, she would not be suspected. But it must be Phil. Now he was going lower down the river, as if he were searching for the stepping-stones, and intended to come across. She took the ribbon from her neck, waved it, and ran into the house.

It was just at this moment that the clock struck the hour for Phil's appointment with Tom Mayfield.

Clytie went up into her own room, and looked at her flushed face in the glass, and then, putting a light shawl over her shoulders, ran down into the kitchen. The servant did not know she had been into the garden. Clytie now told her she should go and sit in the summer-house. If any one called she might come there for her. Clytie knew no one would call, and she felt convinced that she would find some one waiting beneath the terrace. There was an appearance of

frankness and innocence in telling the servant where she was going that seemed to commend itself to Clytie's fancy; it was part of the romance of an admirer climbing into their rich neighbour's garden and looking up at her as she leaned over the terrace (quite unconsciously, of course) to see who had sacrificed so much for her sake. She did not contemplate the possibility of the gentleman scaling the terrace wall and presenting himself before her in the summer-house itself. But this was exactly what Phil Ransford had done.

It was for a moment a terrible shock to her when, quietly tripping up the terrace steps, she saw a man half-concealed in the summer-house. She had nearly screamed and run away; but Phil was too expert to run the risk of such a *contretemps*. Before she had time to make up her mind one way or another she was clasped in his strong arms.

"Hush! my dear Mary, pray forgive me."

"Oh, Mr. Ransford, how could you be so rash?" gasped Clytie, her pretty head in a whirl of amazement.

"Say you forgive me. I could not, indeed, resist your reply to my daring signal," said Phil, his arm still clasping her waist, as if he feared that she might run away.

"Don't hold me so tightly, sir," said Clytie.

"You will not go, then? you will stay a little while?" said Phil.

"You are too bold; supposing we are observed."

"My dear Mary, I will risk anything for your sake. My love is overpowering."

"You ought not to have come here."

"Your grandfather is out."

"How did you know?"

"From a friend of the Dean."

"Hush! some one is coming; get behind the ivy."

It was a false alarm; but in a moment Phil was enveloped in the bushy growth of leaves that hung in luxuriant clusters about the summer-house, and trailed down into the garden below.

"There, don't be alarmed," said Phil, speedily coming out of his hiding-place, "no one will come."

"I am not sure of that," said Clytie. "Let me go, Mr. Ransford; indeed, it is best that I should."

"You do not care for me," said Phil, half reproachfully; "you would stay if Tom Mayfield were in my place."

"Tom Mayfield!" said Clytie, with affected surprise.

"Yes; perhaps you thought I was Tom Mayfield when you waved your hand to me just now."

"When I waved my hand?" said Clytie; "I do not understand you."

"Did you not, in response to my signal, before I crossed the river?"

"When?"

"A few minutes since."

"Certainly not, sir," said Clytie.

Phil did not press the question further, but he pressed the girl's hand to his lips.

"Say you love me," he burst out, "and give me something to do to prove my love for you; ask me to fling myself into the river; there is nothing I would not do for you!"

Clytie returned the pressure of his hand.

"O that we had lived in the days of chivalry and romance! Then I should have come some moonlight night with a boat down yonder; you would have met me here, we should have glided together down a silken ladder; slipped down that river to the Mill; there would have been waiting for us a carriage and four horses, and love would have given them wings like the steeds of Pegasus."

"Let me go, Mr. Ransford."

"Not until you say you do or do not love me—I am desperate—give me some token."

"There, then, will that content you?" said Clytie, giving him the ribbon from her neck.

Phil kissed it passionately.

"Now, if you will sit quietly and talk for ten minutes I will stay; if not, you must really let me go."

"My darling," exclaimed Phil, "your smallest wish is a command; what a practical little woman it is!"

He placed a chair for her, and sat beside her; and Tom Mayfield was still talking to the statuette in his little room over the College gateway.

"Keep your eye upon the house, and if any one comes slip behind the ivy, and I will leave you; if I do not return quickly, go away, and be careful that you do not tear the ivy down when you fall into the garden below."

Phil was astonished at the sudden coolness of the unsophisticated beauty.

"Cannot I go away through the house?"

"Not for the world."

"There is only the servant in."

"Some one might see you leave; besides, cook would tell grandpa."

"As you desire, my love; but could we not win cook's confidence?"

"No, no; you are to do just as I say without a word of question."

"I obey."

"Very well."

"Then stay here until I come back."

Clytie went into the house, said a few words to the servant, looked at herself once more in her faithful mirror, and returned to the summer-house.

"I was afraid you were not coming back," said Phil. "How lovely it is here. I had no idea the Banks looked so beautiful from this view of them."

"Pretty enough, yes; but one gets tired of trees and rivers."

"Ah, you would like London, as I told you when first we met; there you would be among people who would appreciate you. This old humdrum city is no better than a tomb for you. London is the city for beauty and genius. Theatres, balls, operas, assemblies, crowds of lovely women and fine men. Oh, if you could only see it!"

"You like theatres?" said Clytie.

"I go to them all when I am in London."

"Did you ever act—I mean in fun, you know?"

"Oh, yes, at school, and afterwards at college; we once had private theatricals up at the Hill yonder."

"Oh, how nice!" exclaimed Clytie. "That is the secret ambition of my life—to act, to be an actress; but grandpa will never have a word said about theatres."

"That is cruel of grandfather Waller; I wish I could make a great friend of him; I would persuade him to let you go to the theatre at Newcastle now and then—to be sure that is nothing like London; but it is better than the barn we have here in Dunelm."

"Why cannot you make friends with grandpa?"

"We are good friends, for that matter; but he will not be confidential with me; he does not talk to me."

"He would if you humoured him; you should go to his church and take an interest in organ music, ask him to play you a voluntary, or something of that kind."

"I will, I will," said Ransford. "How good of you to give me such a valuable hint."

"I know what pleases him, and he is a dear good grandpa, I love him very much; but he should give me more freedom, don't you think so, Mr. Ransford?"

"I do indeed; but why not call me Phil?—will you call me Phil—if only because I love you so much?"

Phil put his arm round the girl's waist, and looked into her eyes.

"Oh! you must not do that, and I would rather not call you Phil at present," said Clytie, withdrawing herself from his embrace.

A figure had glided into the garden unseen. The twilight and the garden wall flung a shadow over it. The sun had gone down on Dunelm, and left the city in a tender glimmer of deepening shade and silence. Bow-bell had told his drowsy story of the coming night. Clytie was just about to say she must now go into the house, when, creeping up the steps in a passion of disappointment and rage, old Luke Waller rushed into the summer-house, and with a cry of fury flung himself upon Phil Ransford.

"You scoundrel! you blackguard!" exclaimed the old man, struggling feebly at Phil's throat.

Clytie screamed, and clung to her grandfather.

Phil simply caught hold of Luke's trembling arms, and put him aside.

"Mr. Waller, you are mistaken, sir; I am not a scoundrel. I will explain."

"You cannot explain!" shouted Luke; "if I had had a pistol in the house I would have shot you. Go, sir, go! Sneak back the way you came, and may a blight rest upon you, and mildew your brain and life for ever!"

"You are too severe," said Phil, drawing himself up to his full height; "but I will not bandy words with you, and especially in that poor girl's presence. See, she has fainted!"

Phil extended his arms as if he were about to support her.

"Never mind her, sir; go, before I call for assistance, and have you flung over the terrace."

With a parting glance at Clytie, who was lying motionless on the left arm of the old man, Phil slipped over the wall, clinging to the thick stems of the ivy, and made his way back to the river.

"And you!" exclaimed Luke, when Ransford had disappeared; "you, the hope and joy of my life! If you were not so much like her who is gone, and if I did not love you till my very heart aches with loving you, I would brain you."

Clytie suddenly came back to active life; came back with a shudder and a start.

"Oh, grandfather! Where are we?" she exclaimed, rushing from his arms so suddenly that the old man staggered, and nearly fell.

"Where are we! You know where we are, faithless, wicked, cruel girl. Are you not ashamed to raise your voice in presence of your dead mother's father—'Dear grandfather, come home soon; don't take too much of [the Dean's wine]'—You cruel, deceitful creature—come into the house."

Luke seized her hand.

"Come into the house that you have disgraced, that you have dishonoured."

"Oh, no, no!" burst out Clytie, in a passion of tears; "you must not say those dreadful words."

"I will say what I please; come into the house."

"You must not, grandfather; I cannot bear it; you will break my heart."

"You have no heart; come into the house, I say."

The old man dragged her down the terrace steps, along the garden, and presently the Hermitage door banged, and the moon rose cold and blue over the summer-house, enveloping the scene in its calm, unsympathetic light.

CHAPTER VI.

MEETING CALUMNY HALF WAY.

SUNDAY came round again, five days after Phil Ransford had scaled the terrace of the Hermitage.

In the afternoon Tom Mayfield went to St. Bride's, and sat near the organ loft.

Clytie occupied her customary pew, and looked as pretty as ever. She was dressed in that light clinging silk which became her so well, and which many of the Dunelm ladies said was altogether above her position. Tom Mayfield did not agree with them. Nothing was above her position.

When service was over Tom went into the organ loft, and stood by the old man. Luke did not notice him, but went on playing in his dreamy way, looking back all the time to past days; looking back with sorrow in his heart for what had been, and fear of what might be.

Tom was about to speak, when he saw that there were tears in the old man's eyes. He went quietly out of the loft, and sat in an adjacent pew. The congregation had all gone, except Clytie, who was kneeling alone, when Tom looked down from the gallery. The music went on. It was full of plaintive modulations from major into minor keys; it wandered about the church in sorrowful

cadences ; it was like some sad story of love and death ; it touched Tom's heart, and when Clytie rose from her knees, and came towards the organ loft, he saw that she wiped her eyes.

The rustle of her dress upon the stairs stirred the blood in his veins ; sent a thrill through his whole nature.

Clytie moved to him with her accustomed grace when she found him near the organ loft, but there was a sadness in her smile which pained him.

Suddenly the organ stopped.

"Mary, where are you ?" said the old man. "Come here ; come to me."

Clytie laid her hand on his arm and looked into his face.

"God bless you, my child ; God bless you," said the old man, in a vacant manner. "You will never leave your old grandfather?"

Then seeing Mr. Mayfield for the first time, he said :

"You here ! What do you want ?"

"I came to listen to your playing, Mr. Waller ; to ask how you are," said Tom, taken aback at the old man's unaccustomed manner.

"Thank you ; I am very well," said Luke ; "and I have finished. Miles," (calling to the blower), "you may go."

"I hope I have not offended you," said Tom, looking from Clytie to her grandfather.

"No, no ; you have not offended us," said Luke ; "but we prefer to be alone."

Clytie glanced appealingly at Tom, begging him with her great liquid eyes not to mind her grandfather's apparent rudeness, but to go away. He treasured up in his heart for years that tender appealing look, and he interpreted it into a gracious reply to the loving yearning of his own heart.

"Good morning, then," said Tom. "I will have the pleasure of seeing you some other day."

"Yes," said Luke, "this is our own day, sir. Forgive me if I seem rude, this is the day on which I lost my daughter, Mary's mother, across the sea, a long way off ; she died, sir, in these arms, poor darling, and we were just thinking about her ; were we not, love ?"

"Yes grandfather," said the girl.

"A year ago ! No, many years ; but this is the day."

The old man's hands strayed to the keys of the organ as he spoke, but they were dumb.

"Good morning, Miss Waller," said Tom, in a whisper.

"Good bye," she said ; and again Tom seemed to read in her glance a tender sympathy with his own emotion.

"Only ourselves, my darling. We don't want any one else to-day."

"No, dear," said Clytie.

"Nor any other day," said the old man, stroking her gloved hand, and looking up into her beautiful face, all the more lovely for the touch of pathos in her eyes.

"No, dear; let us go now. A little walk in the Banks will do you good."

"No, not there; let us go home, or to the Cathedral, my darling. What do you say to a walk in the cloisters? Oh, my love, I am so happy to-day. You will bear with your old grandfather?"

The old man looked so appealingly at the girl that she could only think how wicked and cruel she had been, and this made her weep.

"There, now, I am making you cry again. Forgive me, darling; forgive me! Come, we will walk in the Banks, not in those dull, sad cloisters: no no, we will not be sad. Come, dear, no more tears. Come, we will be gay!"

Then Luke took her into his arms and kissed her, and they left the church, arm in arm, and the sunshine fell lovingly upon them—the sunshine and the perfume of lilacs and early flowers.

Tom Mayfield, from his little room over the College gateway, saw them cross the Cathedral Green on their way home. From the darkness of the farthest corner he kissed his hand to the girl, and cried "God bless you!"

Love is the most persistent of all tyrannies; and it is strongest in quiet country places. It gains a double power in an atmosphere of repose. Dunelm in the summer time was made for love. In the summer time Dunelm is a city of romance and perfume. The very air is lazy. The river is still; it whispers and is still. There are shady corners everywhere. It is not necessary when you stand under the summer sky in the northern city to be told that there are clover fields, and woods full of bluebells and wild anemones, outside the town; the gentle winds bring messages from them in perfumed breath. A heart and imagination such as Tom Mayfield possessed only required the object for worship in such an atmosphere to set up the tyranny which is full of sweets and bitters, of hopes and fears, of waking dreams, and continual solicitude for the future. Ever since the day when Tom saw the organist's granddaughter, he had known no rest. His every thought was dedicated to her.

"Ah, Clytie," he said, sitting down before the favourite bust, "sometimes I wish I had never seen you. The very rustle of your

dress makes my heart ache. Why were you so sad to-day? And your grandfather. The poor old man's face was a picture of woe. What can it mean? Sorrow for the dead does not wear so deep a shade of misery. There was no resignation in the old man's look; it expressed something of a present grief, a pressing wretchedness that does not belong to mourning for those who are gone. And Clytie, you looked unhappy too, and there were tears in your dear eyes when you rose from your knees. But sometimes sorrow brings love in its train. Surely there was something akin to love in your eye when you looked at me, something that indicated a closer familiarity than I have hitherto been blessed with, a sort of exchange of confidence. Oh, Clytie, you will ruin me body and soul if you cannot love me!"

The student strode up and down his apartment as he spoke. Mrs. Wilding knocked at the door to see if he were ready for his cheese.

"Why, I declare thou hasn't eaten anything," she exclaimed. "Whatever is the matter with the lad?"

Mrs. Wilding was a Yorkshire woman; an elderly fair old woman, with white hair; a plump old lady, whose life had been spent in and about the colleges. She was one of those north-country women who impress you with their commanding appearance, their fine open faces, their heads cleanly put on their shoulders, like the heads of thoroughbred racehorses. If Mrs. Wilding had been well educated, and had not spoken with a dialect, she would have been a lady and the wife of a rector or a landowner; as it was, she was the wife of the Dean's coachman. Nevertheless, she was a woman of note in Dunelm.

"I beg your pardon," said Tom; "I was reading. Sit down while I do justice to your excellent *cuisine*, and we will have a chat."

"Eh, you're a funny fellow, Mr. Mayfield."

"Why?" said Tom, pouring out a glass of wine. "Now, you must drink that."

"I shall do nothing of the sort, Mr. Tom. I'll sit here a minute if thou likes, but I've had my dinner, and I never drink wine" —

"Never!" exclaimed Tom.

"Not before night," said Mrs. Wilding.

"Very well," said Tom; "of course you will do as you please. How is the good man?"

"All right, thank you."

"And what is the latest news?"

"They say Mester Waller is goin to leave Dunelm."

"Who says so?" exclaimed Tom, laying down his knife and fork.

"Nay, if you're goin to fly up like that I'll not stop."

"Go on, Mrs. Wilding; you know how much the Wallers interest me."

"Yes, you don't disguise your fancy—everybody in the place knows that you're in love with Mary Waller—Clytie as you call her."

"Well," said Tom, gulping down his wine.

"But t'other is favourite lover; that Ransford fellow, and th' old man is bothered to death about it, and means to take lass away and go abroad."

"Who tells you this?" asked Tom, trying to appear cool.

"Well, thou sees, my washerwoman's wench is servant there, and there's not so much goin' on in Dunelm as one can afford to shut the mouth of even your washerwoman."

"No, Dunelm is very quiet; there would be no news at all if we did not scandalise," said Tom, with a little asperity.

"Don't say that, sir, as if you meant me, I don't scandalise, and you know I don't, but one can't help hearing what folk says; however, as I don't seem to make myself agreeable, I'll go and fill Wilding's pipe and let him have a smoke after his bit dinner."

"I am sorry if I have annoyed you, Mrs. Wilding," said Tom.

"O, lor bless you, no annoyance," she replied. "I could have told you something else, but never mind, it'll keep."

"By all means," said Tom, smiling.

"You'll take some cheese and a bit of salad?"

Mrs. Wilding had evidently made up her mind that their conversation was at an end.

"Thank you, yes."

The landlady bowed herself out, and the cheese and salad came in. Tom paid no attention to either, but lighted his pipe and sat musing in front of the Parian bust.

"Averroes thought that the souls of all mankind are only one spirit which animates different people," said Tom; "it is a curious idea and suggestive. If one wishes to become thoroughly acquainted with our fellow mortals, the best way is to study oneself. Pope put the idea, but only as a distinction between probing nature and inquiring into one's own heart. But one's own nature does, to a certain extent, seem a reflection of other people's. If I study my own heart thoroughly it teaches me a great deal about my fellows. I suppose that thought prompted Averroes to his philosophy. Well now, how is it that when my heart is so true and pure and faithful, in regard to you, my Clytie, that looking into it, I seem to read there the impurity

of Phil Ransford's? Beware of him! My whole nature joins in pronouncing him a villain. And why? Is jealousy the cause of it? I cannot say.

Oh! jealousy, thou bane of pleasing friendship,
Thou worst invader of our tender bosoms,
How does thy rancour poison all our softness,
And turn our gentle natures into bitterness!

True, true! But I shall never be jealous of you, my sweet Clytie; and if there be any truth in this idle rumour that old Waller intends to shut out the light here in Dunelm, why I will at once sue thee at thy feet to be my wife, and ask thy grandfather to let thee stay."

The sunlight which had been obscured by a passing cloud fell full and golden upon Clytie's head.

"I accept the omen," said Tom, "happy is the bride that the sun shines on. I shall propose for thee at once. They think Ransford is the favourite, do they! He is a scoundrel and a coward. He is certainly not a gentleman; he neither kept his appointment, nor explained his absence. Why did he not come, I wonder? Let me see, it was last Sunday night when he said we must have a serious conversation. I fixed Monday for it; he never came. What else could Mrs. Wilding have told me if she had liked? Pooh, I do not care; I will not listen to tales, my Clytie. But you shall listen to me, my darling—you must; life is nothing without you; take me for thy love, and thou shalt never have cause to doubt me.

They say, base men being in love, have then
A nobility in their natures more
Than is native to them.

But he is not in love; he only desires to add another to what he calls his conquests. Love is full of self-denial; it takes no count of wealth, nor time, nor place; it is lowly and gentle, meek and confiding; yet brave as lions are, and will not be restrained."

Tom Mayfield smoked and mused—smoked and talked to the Parian bust; while Clytie herself was sitting at her grandfather's knee, listening to the sad story of her mother's life and being warned against Phil Ransford. She had had a miserable time since that unhappy meeting on the terrace. Her grandfather had watched her every movement. The servant was also a spy upon her. She had not been outside the house alone. On this anniversary of her mother's death, Luke Waller had coloured the well-known story with the deepest shadows, and talked to his trembling grandchild as if she were indeed on the brink of ruin, if she had not already fallen.

This not only hurt the girl, but offended her ; it bruised her heart and wounded her pride ; it made her tears hot and scalding, it seared her better nature, it degraded and humiliated her ; she felt that her grandfather would no longer believe in her. And he, poor old man, in his remembrance of the past, exaggerated the incident which had brought such misery upon the house, and felt all the wretchedness of a calamity which only existed in his imagination. Phil Ransford was in London. The season was in full swing, and it was therefore necessary that he should air himself in the Row. He had written a letter of explanation to Mr. Waller ; and had contrived to get a letter into the hands of Clytie, in spite of all her grandfather's vigilance.

CHAPTER VII.

BEHIND THE SUNSHINE AND BENEATH THE FLOWERS.

It was not until some weeks after the unfortunate meeting between Luke Waller and Phil Ransford in the summer-house that Clytie regained anything like the accustomed confidence of her grandfather. She had led a miserable life with the old man during this interval. He had watched her with a jealous care that had become almost unbearable.

One bright June morning, however, Clytie resolved to sue for freedom, and at the same time, in her own weak way, she made up her mind to be worthy of it.

"I wish to go out this morning, grandfather," she said, "to take a walk alone as I used to do."

"Yes," said the old man, looking at her inquiringly.

"You must trust me, dear ; my life will be a burden to me if you do not," said the girl, with a firmness of manner that seemed strange and foreign to her nature.

"Trust you, my dear? Would to God I could!" exclaimed Luke, raising his eyes, and shaking his head with a solemn doubtfulness.

"You may, dear—you may," said the girl. "Do trust me! It is such a lovely morning. I should like to go and gather some flowers, and have a long walk. It will do me good."

"I will go with you," said Luke.

"No, not now. It is the common talk of the city that I am not allowed to go out alone ; that either you or cook must always be *with me.*"

"Who says so?"

"I believe it is common gossip."

"How do you know?"

"I only surmise; but, of course, if you trust cook in preference to your own grandchild, she is sure to talk."

"You have heard nothing positively, then?"

"No; but you know what Dunelm is. We are like gold fish in a bowl; everybody can see each other."

"You wish to go for a walk alone to show that I trust you?"

"Yes, dear; and because it is such a lovely morning."

"You may go."

"Oh, thank you, dear!" exclaimed the girl, flinging her arms round her grandfather's neck and kissing him.

"But if you deceive me again, Mary, I will believe you no more. Oh, my darling, if you only knew how it wrings my heart to speak to you in this cold, suspicious way! Be true to your poor old grandfather."

"I will, I will," said the girl, kissing him again, and leaving the room to put her bonnet on her head, and the diamond necklace into her pocket.

The moment she had left the house, Mr. Waller's servant entered the room quickly and without ceremony.

"My young lady's took something out of her drawer and put it in her pocket."

"Go away—go away," said the old man, raising his hands to prevent her from saying any more.

"Well, you forced me to promise as I'd tell you everything, so you can do as you likes, that's all. If I was you I should follow my young lady."

"Curse you, go! and I give you warning to leave in a month. I'm tired of you. Half the mischief that is done comes through you."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" burst out the young woman, commencing to cry; "and now you blames me for coming to tell you as Mr. Ransford was in the summer-house—oh, dear!"

"There, that will do. Go away, I tell you."

When he was once more alone, Luke shuffled irresolutely about the room, and finally put on his hat and sauntered into the Bailey.

Clytie had gone out with the full intention of being in every way worthy of her freedom, and her first thought towards it was to get

rid of the jewels which she had many times been on the point of flinging into the Wear. She had not replied to Phil's letters, though she had been tempted once or twice to do so; and even now she acknowledged to herself that it would be far better to be Mrs. Ransford, without caring very much for her husband, than to live the life she was living at Dunelm. However, it seemed to her that the diamond necklace had caused all her trouble, and she was in continual fear that some day her grandfather might ask for the keys of her drawers and discover it. She was therefore determined to get the worry of this thing off her mind. Once it had occurred to her that she would return the gift to Mr. Ransford; but she did not wish to offend him. No, there was no other way but to get rid of the string of jewels, and this morning there should be an end of them.

As she passed over Prebend's Bridge, accustomed as she was to the beauties of the place, she could not help saying to herself that the view before her was very lovely. The old Cathedral and Castle towered up above her out of a bank of giant trees that seemed to be climbing after the grey towers which touched the sky. The amber leaves of the oak; delicate sprays of ash; the sycamore and the maple; the great hand-screens of chesnut, with crowds of white waxen flowers—all these made a groundwork for the dreams in stone above: the whole looked like a bit of glorious imagination in landscape, while the murmur of the river falling over the mill weir filled the air with an accompaniment of music which seemed to steal into Clytie's heart and whisper a gentle endorsement of her good resolutions. Oh, the dear old city, with its peaceful ways! What a pity that backbiting and scandalising, false pride and uncharitableness, lurked in the heart of the dreamy resting-place! Even Clytie, with all the vanity and frivolity of her nature, found some such thought as this in her mind. It was not clear to her what she did think; but if the same shadowy idea had been in her grandfather's mind he would have played it out in one of his extempore pieces, and it would have meant surprise and sorrow and wonder that the Church in this dear old city should have set up the unsocial sign of exclusiveness; that the man who claimed the power and authority of the apostles should not have walked meekly and humbly in their Master's footsteps. The proudest and most arrogant of Dunelm's inhabitants were Dunelm's parsons; but they preached humility, meekness, and self-denial to the poor every Sunday with professional earnestness.

With a silent but sincere prayer for guidance and help, Clytie looked around her upon the exquisite picture. Not a soul was in sight, which

was in nowise unusual ; you might walk alone for hours in the Banks. Taking the little jewel case from her pocket, and without venturing upon a parting glance at the contents, lest she should be tempted again by their sparkling beauty, she dropped Phil Ransford's present over the bridge into the deep water. A circle of eddying waves spread round and round the spot until they were broken by the abutments of the bridge, and then they scattered themselves into groups of wavelets, and went in a hurry to tell the sedgy banks what had occurred.

Clytie, feeling happier than she had felt for months, went on her way rejoicing. As she disappeared among the trees on the other side of the river old Luke Waller came out from the shadow of the fading lilacs in the archway and hurried to the spot where the girl had been standing. He looked over the bridge, and counting the balustrades on either side of the spot, made a note of them on the back of a letter ; he next marked with his pencil the coping-stone of the bridge, and then went to consult a boatman down the river upon the best mode of recovering a small parcel which he had accidentally let fall into the water.

Meanwhile, Clytie skipped joyously along—down leafy lanes, over rustic stiles, across fields, disfigured here and there by an occasional coal-pit, and at last entered one of the numerous woods which lie out in the open country about Dunelm, looking from distant heights like dark soft clumps of impenetrable foliage. The perfume of millions of bluebells filled the air, and the dog-rose and wild briony had made bowers here and there in which myriads of birds were twittering. Clytie was in this blue-bell world in a moment, already, in imagination, decorating the Hermitage mantel-shelves with bouquets of wild flowers.

It was purely accidental that Tom Mayfield, who had been to the Observatory connected with Dunelm University to see the master there on a College question, took advantage of the time at his disposal to return to College by a roundabout route. Skirting the wood in which Clytie was so busily engaged, Tom looked into the leafy valley and saw his goddess up to her neck in ferns and flowers. He sat upon the stile through which the wood was entered and watched her. His heart beat wildly ; he longed to go and throw himself at her feet. He had never seen anything so lovely, he thought. She was humming a pretty old English song, and making a bouquet of roses and bluebells.

Tom felt that it was mean to watch her. He took off his College cap and approached her. She heard him the moment he moved among the brushwood, which lay about thickly, with thousands of green spikes

of grass and blue tufts of hyacinth trying to penetrate the bossy undergrowth of fern and wild briar.

Clytie screamed a little "Oh!" of surprise.

"I beg your pardon," said Tom, "for interrupting your charming occupation, but I could not resist the pleasure of speaking to you."

"Pray go away—go away this moment," said Clytie, gathering up her flowers and preparing to beat a hasty retreat, in case Mr. Mayfield were obstinate.

"Why," asked Tom, in amazement, "am I so very objectionable to you?"

"Oh! no, not that; but if my grandfather should hear that you had spoken to me."

"Well, surely that would not be a serious matter, Miss Waller," said Tom, his eyes drinking in the pretty expression of Clytie's embarrassment.

"Oh! it would indeed; he would be very angry; pray go away."

"But if I explain to your grandfather," Tom remonstrated.

"He will not believe you; he does not even believe me now, Mr. Mayfield," said Clytie, dropping her head and sighing, and firing Tom with a desire to take her hand and rush into a wild confession of his love.

"Not believe you! Oh, my dear—I mean Miss Waller," said Tom.

"No, not in me," said Clytie; "but pray go away, Mr. Mayfield."

"If you insist then I must obey," said Tom, "but I think Mr. Waller would accept any explanation of our meeting which I might give him."

"Do you think so?" said Clytie, blushing at Tom's earnest appealing look.

"Oh, Miss Waller, if I had only the power to say he must listen to me; if I could only win the right to take your hand and ask for your confidence"——

"Mr. Mayfield, what do you mean?" Clytie asked, looking him full in the face, with a sudden effort of firmness which would have done credit to an expert in the art of flirtation.

"Mean! my dear Miss Waller; have you not seen all along what I mean? Have you not seen that I love you with all my heart and soul, that I would die for you, that I would esteem it the supremest bliss to have the privilege of devoting my whole life to you"——

Clytie only thought to herself that Phil Ransford had said almost the same thing, but with his arm round her waist.

"You do not speak, you do not tell me to go away now"——

Tom took her cold hand in his hot grasp and knelt at her feet. "May I hope? Will you be mine, will you take me as your husband?"

"Oh, pray get up, Mr. Mayfield," said Clytie; "some one might see you."

Tom rose to his feet, and, in spite of his hot passion, it occurred to him that he had looked foolish in the eyes of Clytie.

"I'm sure I don't know what to say to you, Mr. Mayfield," she said, gathering her flowers into a huge bundle, and looking at him with a half surprised, half amused expression.

She was thinking how brown Tom's gown was, and how odd he would look being married in it.

Tom did not speak.

"I don't think grandfather would consent to my being married."

"And you? And you, Miss Waller?" said Tom, his words thick with hot breath.

"I don't think I love you, sir," she said. "There, don't look so woebegone. I am very sorry; but you see I have never thought about you in that light."

Tom's heart sank. He thought it would break.

"No, how could I expect it?" he said, catching at the branch of a tree for support.

"I am sure I am very sorry if I have hurt your feelings," she went on, moving away as if she were about to leave him where he stood.

"Might I hope that, on consideration," stammered Tom, "that at some future day—that—that—you would try and love me as—as your husband?"

He would have grovelled at her feet, this large-hearted, intellectual young fellow, and not have felt degraded, if she had only vouchsafed to him one word of encouragement; but in presence of her apparent indifference, a feeling of humiliation took possession of him. Hot and sudden tears welled out of his eyes with shame and sorrow.

"I will try and think what I can say," the girl hurriedly replied. "Some one is coming—good-bye, Mr. Mayfield."

She was gone. The time had come; the time was over, and he had said the word. The real Clytie had stood before him, and listened. She had confessed that she never thought of him. She would try and think what she could say in reply. Her eyes were cold and steady. The baring of his heart to her had not even increased her pulse. Her voice never faltered. She did not tremble. Her eyes fell upon him cold and unchanged, while his were filled with unmanly tears. Tom wished he were dead. He cried aloud in the anguish of his heart. Presently he tore off his gown, and dashed into the thickest

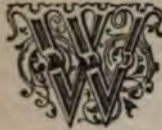
of the wood, startling a cuckoo which had been calling to an interloping companion, while Tom was crying and cursing his miserable fate.

It was quite late in the afternoon before Tom returned to College. The professors had laid down their books for the day. Tom wandered through the empty hall, with his gown under his arm; and then sought his own rooms, where he was surprised to find Mr. Luke Waller, and still more surprised to learn that the old man had been anxiously waiting his return for more than an hour.

(To be continued.)



FOOTBALL.



WITH the return of the English cricketers from America the last vestige of cricket for the season had disappeared, and football then resumed her sway with more than accustomed power and attraction. The votaries of the game are increasing in numbers each successive year, and there appears to be as much popularity attainable for football as there has already been conferred on cricket. This perhaps is not surprising when it is remembered that cricketers, in order to take the field early in the season—commencing frequently at many schools so soon as the month of March—must have kept up their condition by some means or other, or they would not be easily eligible for election into elevens and twenty-twos. From the celebration of festivities incidental to the winter season, the dull months are not particularly favourable for the prosecution of training, and therefore any sensible out-door game which can be played under practicable rules and regulations ought to be worthy of commendation and practice. We read nowadays of such things as Thames Hare and Hounds, which it may be presumed is a kind of paper chase, and of the celebration of athletic club meetings in all directions—very admirable means of training perhaps in the neighbourhood of London. But the paper chase or hare and hounds at public schools has always, even at those schools where the facilities for holding it are greatest, been a comparative failure; and indignant agriculturists and infuriated fustians have always been stumbling-blocks in the path of enthusiastic scholastic athletes. And not unfrequently the wind-up in the shape of bacon, eggs, and “trimmings”—by which latter term is comprised an unlimited variety of noxious and adulterated liquids—at a wayside public-house has not only undone all the good effects likely to have resulted from the run, but also brought upon the runners a temporary disgrace. Football, then, is generally recognised as the only good out-door winter game which can at all approximate to cricket and be a healthy auxiliary to it. But it is not at the schools only that football is popular. Children of a larger growth are numerous arrayed in its ranks, and among the many celebrities who continue to practise the game, long after their schoolboy days, may be mentioned Mr. W. H. Gladstone, son of the Premier and M.P. for Whitby.

Of the antiquity of the game enough has already been written, and of its origin it would probably be as vain to seek an explanation as of that of cricket itself. Men are never agreed about these things, and if we search the records we shall find any number of counties laying claim to the honour of first having established a club. Of its popularity, with which we are more immediately concerned, it needs but a glance at the list of fixtures daily and weekly appearing in the newspapers during the season to be assured. The reason of this popularity I have endeavoured to account for in the only way which seems to be reasonable—that it is the only means of keeping oneself in wind and condition during the winter. It is true that Mr. W. G. Grace, the eminent cricketer, occasionally resorts to the practice of acting as amateur slipper at a greyhound coursing meeting; but it is not every man who can satisfactorily perform that difficult operation, even if he has sufficient stamina to stand the tremendous exercise it entails; and, moreover, coursing, though a sufficiently popular pastime, is not to be enjoyed in all neighbourhoods, and certainly not in that of London. There is scarcely any school of repute and sufficiency of numbers which does not boast a football twenty, and it is remarkable that almost always among these will be found the names of members of the cricket club eleven and twenty-two. That fact should be a convincing proof, if any were needed, that cricketers regard the game as the only practicable one for the winter.

But is it not a singular as well as a lamentable fact that a game so popular, so widespread, and so conducive to health, should not have a regularly constituted parliament, and a code of rules which all clubs throughout the country could obey and appeal to under all circumstances of difficulty or of disagreement? In the matter of cricket every club throughout the world is bound by the rules and the authority of the Marylebone Club. There is no doubt about any rule of the game—always excepting the peculiarity of the leg-before-wicket business, a decision concerning which knotty point is still unaccountably left to the "opinion" of the umpire—and consequently a difficulty very rarely occurs, and when it unfortunately does an appeal to headquarters soon renders all matters in dispute smooth and settled again. But in football no such parliament and appeal exist, but here it is *Quot homines tot sententiæ*—that is to say, that but comparatively few clubs can be found among so many that through the playing fields of England performing under the same code of rules. Now this is a most unfortunate thing, for as there are so many players of the game yearly becoming scattered all over the

country, if they have not been trained under similar rules they can rarely play together, or if they do they must play under either advantages or disadvantages with their opponents. Perhaps it is not so important that there should be such strict rules as in cricket, but it is nevertheless a considerable misfortune that such an anomaly should exist, and it should be the object of all admirers of the game to coalesce in the establishment of a fixed code by which all might abide, and thus render football the real and national winter game of England.

Rugby, among the public schools, has always ranked highest for its players of football, and so great has been her reputation in sending forth celebrities in it, that she has considered herself qualified to dictate laws to subordinates and even to the country at large, as being the head and centre of the game. It can well be imagined by anybody who has read "Tom Brown's Schooldays," and the graphic description of the game in its pages, together with the performances of Pater Brooke and others, that Rugby should not only deem herself the Marylebone Club of football, but also indignantly refuse to alter the smallest particular of her rules, no matter at whose instigation, nor under what pressure or show of reason made. To emulate the daring and the generalship of such players as old and young Brooke would appear to be too strong a temptation to the Rugbeian of the present day to consent to any alteration in the ancient rules of his school. This is very much to be regretted, nevertheless; for Rugby can never become the parliament of football so long as her rules are absurd, even supposing she had any legitimate claim to that distinction besides her well won reputation. The Marylebone Club maintains its reputation by continuing to be more than a match for all other cricket clubs who have the courage to dare it to a trial of skill upon its own rules; but Rugby has not been always prepared to meet all other schools of any pretence—pretence sufficient, that is to say, to play an annual match at Lord's, a qualification which should at least ensure a game at football with Rugby—who have had the temerity to challenge her to the field upon her own rules.

There are now generally recognised two distinct kinds of rules—those of Rugby School and those of the Football Association—but there are, unfortunately, many modifications of these, and they still cannot be called legitimately the only two really existing codes, one or the other of which all football players adopt. The Football Association was formed in 1863 for the laudable purpose of promoting and extending the game. The co-operation of members of all clubs was invited, and it is very satisfactory to state that a very large number of

clubs "directly support the association, while many others follow the law promulgated by its authority." Still Rugby obstinately cleaves to her antiquated rules, notwithstanding the fact that "the strict 'off side' rule, that had been up to that time (1863) in force, was, as a strategic movement, expunged in favour of a less stringent provision in use at Westminster and Charterhouse, whereby the co-operation of these schools was secured." But there are many schools which, although they never contend against Rugby herself, nevertheless patronise her rules, because they are averse to innovation, and think it both fashionable and manly withal to do so. Old Brooke, so far as football only is concerned, was not a desirable exemplar. Sydney Smith says: "The *head* of a public school is generally a very conceited young man, utterly ignorant of his own dimensions, and losing all that habit of conciliation towards others, and that anxiety for self-improvement, which result from the natural modesty of youth. Nor is this conceit very easily and speedily gotten rid of; we have seen (if we mistake not) public school importance lasting through the half of after life, strutting in lawn, swelling in ermine, and displaying itself, both ridiculously and offensively, in the haunts and businesses of bearded men." But this celebrated wit has said something further so very convincing of the un wisdom of retaining impractical laws and customs that I here extract it:—"It is by no means," says he, "an uncommon wish of the mouldering and decaying part of mankind that the next generation should not enjoy any advantages from which they themselves have been precluded. 'Ay, ay, it's all mighty well; but I went through this myself, and I am determined my children shall do the same.' We are convinced that a great deal of opposition to improvement proceeds from this principle. Crabbe might make a good picture of a benevolent old man, slowly retiring from this sublunary scene, and lamenting that the coming race of men would be less bumped on the roads, better lighted in the streets, and less tormented with grammars and lexicons, than in the preceding age. A great deal of compliment to the wisdom of ancestors, and a great degree of alarm at the dreadful spirit of innovation, are soluble into mere jealousy and envy."

A fellow is accounted but a muff at a great school who does not contrive to get into the football twenty, but he must be a flinty hearted father, who has ever experienced its hardships himself, who would care to see his hopeful son in a scrummage under Rugby rules. Mauling, hacking, kicking, shinning, collaring—such are among the *terms and rules* of the game. Hacking is defined to be "kicking *an adversary* intentionally;" and this is a law, forsooth! The other

terms are sufficiently obvious to stand in no need of definition. As a proof that some attention is bestowed upon judicious hacking, we read among the descriptions of players of last year that one gentleman is "very torpid, often mistakes an opponent's shins for the ball; not so good as last year." This last qualification ought to be a matter of rejoicing to the gentleman's opponents, who would, no doubt, prefer in him a little more torpidity. But there are some other very curious and highly amusing descriptions of football players, and to the uninitiated these must appear to be compiled for the express purpose of bewilderment and unintelligibility. Let us cull a few specimens. A player at a school of great eminence is said to be "perhaps the best, certainly the safest back in the twenty, always getting his drop after his run, often prevents being charged by his habit of dropping round the corner." Where are the authorities? "Always getting a drop"—we all know, football players or otherwise, what that means?—"after his run," and then so mean as to evade the charge legitimately or illegitimately due for it by "dropping round the corner!" Surely this must be a gross libel, or this distinguished player should be struck off the rolls before the commencement of another season. But perhaps this will be better understood, and certainly be far more appreciated: "Works well in puddings, and plays fairly at half back." The drawer up of these criticisms upon the players in the school of which the worker in puddings is a member would appear to have had visions of Christmas and its good things before him when engaged in his literary labours; for he says further, and of other performers: "Should practice fudging." "Plays well and steadily, but requires a little more spirit in his play; useful in puddings." Of course it is. A little of B. B. is an admirable addition to a plum pudding. Happily, however, we are informed that "fudging" means "dribbling," and "pudding" "scrummages," or goodness could only know "to what base" or noble "purposes" schoolboys are put during the festive season. Of two other men at another school it is stated: "The former a veryfast player, especially 'down ropes,' but must learn to 'hot' with his shoulders. The latter would have 'hotted' well if he had not been too apt to fall." In nearly every one of the clubs playing under the old Rugby rules great praise is always bestowed upon the possessors of physical strength. Thus: "Makes up in strength what he lacks in fleetness;" and again, "Makes use of his enormous strength, and as a 'forward' he is always to be found hard at work." When mauling, hacking, and shinning are in vogue, one can well understand what being hard at work means, and how valuable a member this gentleman must be to his side.

At Cheltenham College an annual match is played between the classical and modern departments, and various and manifold are the accidents that almost always occur during its celebration. Indeed, more than once the match has been suspended in consequence of the rough play that has been exhibited. Another match, attended with even worse consequences, used to be that annually played between the College and "The Trainers," as they were called. "The Trainers," as their name would imply, were members of the Normal Training College for Scripture Readers, and were mostly grown men. In the "scrummages" that used to take place the rough usage was quite disgusting. Disjointed limbs, fractured collar-bones, and broken arms were things of not unfrequent occurrence, and the whole thing was both unmanly and absurd. There was an utter absence of skill and science, and nothing but questionable manners and ill-feeling produced. At Blackheath may frequently be seen clubs playing in quite a savage manner; great stalwart fellows mauling and kicking one another like maniacs, each man fancying himself the "cynosure of bright eyes," of which inspiring incentive to deeds of barbarity there are any number around. "This is a sorry sight;" but matters appear to be no better in India, for a writer from that country says: "The spectators seem to enjoy seeing the fellows knocked about."

The season is now pretty well over, for the "International" between England and Scotland has now been played for the fourth time with varying success. The third and most interesting of this series of matches was played at Glasgow during weather that was most unpropitious. Notwithstanding this drawback fully four thousand spectators were present. The slippery nature of the ground materially hindered the exertions of both sides, especially of the back players. Freeman, who particularly distinguished himself—*primus inter pares*—after his side had driven the Scotch to the extremity of having to touch down twice, when they no longer had hill and wind in their favour as at the commencement of the game, made a good catch at about forty yards from the goal, and a magnificent drop kick sent the ball over one of the Scotch goal posts. Scotland had to touch down on three or four other occasions, and the match was drawn in favour of England in consequence. The sides were:—

SCOTLAND.—J. L. P. Sanderson (Edinburgh Academicals), *† W. D. Brown (Glasgow Academicals), and *† T. Chalmers (Glasgow Academicals), backs; *† T. R. Marshall (Edinburgh Academicals) and W. St. Clair Grant (Craigmount), half-backs; * G. B. McClure (West of Scotland) and *† J. L. McFarlane (Edinburgh University), three-quarter backs; *† F. Moncrieff, captain (Edinburgh Academicals), *† R. Irving (Edinburgh Academicals), * E. M. Bannerman

(Edinburgh Academicals), *† T. Mein (Edinburgh Academicals), T. P. Davidson (Cooper's Hill Club), A. Anton (St. Andrew's University), H. W. Allan (Glasgow Academicals), C. C. Bryce (Glasgow Academicals), R. Wilson (West of Scotland), * C. W. Cathcart (Edinburgh University), J. Petrie (Royal High School), A. G. Wood (Royal High School), and T. Whittington (Merchistonian), forwards.

ENGLAND.—* F. W. Mills (Marlborough Nomads), C. Vanderspar (Richmond), † W. R. B. Fletcher (Marlborough Nomads), backs; C. W. Boyle (Oxford University), * G. Finney (I. C. E. College), and S. Morse (Law Club), half-backs; * H. Freeman (Marlborough Nomads), three-quarter back; *† E. F. Stokes, captain (Blackheath), * J. A. Body (Gipsies), * J. A. Bush (Clifton), E. C. Cheston (Law Club), *† A. St. G. Hammersley (Marlborough Nomads), E. R. Still (Ravenscourt Park), Hon. H. Lawrence (Richmond), * F. Luscombe (Gipsies), * J. Mackinley (St. George's Hospital), H. Marsh (I. C. E. College), M. W. Marshall (Blackheath), C. A. Rickards (Gipsies), *† P. Turner (Richmond), forwards.

The last of these matches was played on Kennington Oval on Saturday, March 8, with results highly favourable to England. The former matches were played upon the rules of the Rugby Association—whatever that may mean—but Saturday's match was played upon Football Association rules, and it seems necessary to say, in order to the appreciation of the gentlemen who took part in it, that it was about the most satisfactory match of the kind played this season. The association rules are quite sufficiently severe, and in them such a thing as hacking is strictly forbidden. It is sadly to be deplored that their rules are not generally adopted throughout the country, and wherever the game of football is played, and it is to be hoped that all who saw Kenyon-Slaney and Chenery play in this last match will be of that opinion.

SIRIUS.


* Played in 1872.

*† Played in both matches.

SHAKESPEARE'S PHILOSOPHERS AND JESTERS.

BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

II.—SHAKESPEARE'S JESTERS.

“THING of 'humour' is a joy for ever.” A humorous idea is a boon to humanity. Mankind take instinctive delight in a good joke, as a thing that—beyond the present moment's mirth—brings health to the frame, with invigoration to the spirit. There is refreshment, there is renovation, in a witty suggestion; it sets the lungs into wholesome exercise, and gives a fillip to the faculties, bringing both into beneficial action for so long as the effect of the thought lasts, and as often as the thought recurs. This has been so powerfully felt, that those among men who, in themselves or in their callings, have been the gravest, have frequently most taken pleasure in supplying themselves with sources of laughter from without. Thus it is that kings, prime ministers, statesmen, with the whole weight of a nation's welfare pressing upon their individual care and forethought, have sought relaxation in the society of their fools and jesters. Conversation with an equal mind would have been, in some sort, a tax; but listening to the light words of a giber were a relief yet more absolute than idleness. Rest for the mind was felt to come in a more positive form thus than even from silence. At first, in ruder ages, the babbling of half-witted fellows—the hit-or-miss sallies of idiots—were resorted to as delectable amusement of this nature. Fun was extracted from their absurdities, entertainment derived from their blunders and oddities of gesture or speech. Not only few courts and royal households, but few country mansions were without each its regularly retained “natural” or “born-fool,” belonging to the family, as part of its domestic train. The old feudal system, no doubt, partly originated this, as affording roof, food, and protection to those least capable of providing for themselves; but it also grew out of that instinctive desire for humorous idea so strong in the human animal, and perhaps especially in *English* human nature. The Englishman—doubtless out of his own constitutional gravity and sedateness of

manner, with staidness and steadfastness of disposition, which renders the sense of relief and enjoyment in humour exquisitely keen—has always evinced remarkable relish for fun, broad fun, together with an acute gratification in wit, pure wit. As civilisation advanced and knowledge progressed, the born-natural, fool, or idiot gave place by degrees to the shrewd observer, the biting jeerer; but the cloak of foolishness and foolery was so convenient a shelter that jesters still continued to be called "fools." It was their custom to mask their personal allusions and hints under a show of folly and unmeaningness; as well as to give them utterance in the shape of scraps of songs and ballads, or odds and ends of proverbial sayings. They wore a distinctive costume of motley or parti-coloured apparel, with a curious hood, surmounted either with ass's ears or a cock's comb: bells were attached to their elbows and skirts, and they usually carried a bauble or stick, of which one end terminated in a carved fool's head, and the other with an inflated bladder. The demeanour of this kind of household fool is described as whimsical and flighty; in the words of Dr. Lodge:—"The fellow is, in behaviour, a very ape and no man; he is continually fleering and making mouths; he laughs intemperately at every occasion and dances about the house, leaps over tables, out-skips men's heads, trips up his companions' heels, burns sack with a candle, and hath all the feats of a lord of misrule in the country. In these ceremonies you shall know his calling, and it is a special mark of him at the table, he sits and makes faces." By such accounts as these we find that the domestic fool or jester was more practical than intellectual in his humour, and that it consisted quite as much in droll pranks as in droll sayings. Moreover, from the recorded jests of some of the most celebrated among licensed fools—the court fools—no very remarkable evidence of wit exists as having distinguished them. Pertness, sly inuendo, smart raps at persons and things otherwise sacred from comment or censure, mark some of their sallies; but for the most part so little of clever sarcasm or ingenuity of point are to be found in their traditional jokes, that we are rather led to wonder at the favour with which their royal patrons listened to them. For instance, there is a collection of so-called jokes extant, as being those of Richard Tarlton, Queen Elizabeth's jester. The book is named "*Tarlton's Jestes*," and they are set forth on the title-page as being "full of delight, wit, and honest mirth." Now, as for delight, we learn that they pleased Her Majesty Queen Bess; but I can answer for one of Queen Victoria's subjects finding no delight whatever in them. As for wit, they are as dull as Moor-ditch on a November day, flat as a flounder

or a Gibus hat ; and as for mirth, there is scarce food for one laugh throughout the whole seventy-four jests ! Yet, notwithstanding all this, we are informed upon no meaner authority than that of the Rev. Thomas Fuller, author of "The Worthies," "Holy War," &c., and himself a first-rate punster and great wit, that (to quote his own quaint words) "when Queen Elizabeth was serious (I dare not say sullen) and out of good humour, he could *undumpish* her at his pleasure. Her highest favourites would in some cases go to Tarlton before they would go to the Queen ; and he was their usher to prepare their advantageous accession to her. In a word, he told the Queen more of her faults than most of her chaplains, and cured her melancholy better than all her physicians." In these last two points, I take it, lay the chief secret of the influence these court fools had over their royal favourers—freedom of out-speaking and relief from serious thoughts. Some of the most celebrated of these favourite fool-jesters were : Will Somers, Henry VIII.'s fool ; Patch, Cardinal Wolsey's fool ; Pattison, Sir Thomas Moore's fool ; Dicky Pierce, the Earl of Suffolk's fool ; and Archee Armstrong and Muckle John, both fools to Charles I. Will Somers was so great a favourite with bluff King Hal that he had him introduced in his own portrait with himself, which painting is in the Hampton Court collection. Cardinal Wolsey is said to have cherished his fool, Patch, as one of the few comforts that were left to him in his downfall ; and Sir Thomas Moore, when he resigned the Chancellorship, sent his favourite, Pattison, as a gift to the Lord Mayor of London, making it his special request that the poor jester might each year retain office under the succeeding mayoralty.

In virtue of their all-licensed foolery—which might exercise itself upon all persons without restriction—no one could take offence at any liberty of speech which these privileged gentry might think fit to use. There is a remarkable instance upon record of a joke which Will Somers played off upon the arrogant Cardinal Wolsey : but as his royal master chose to sanction it, the haughty-souled prelate had no other resource than to submit, and pass the whole off as the mere jest of one whose office it was to play impudent tricks. The anecdote is in the "Nest of Ninnies," and is related in these words :—

On a time appointed, the King, Henry VIII., dined at Windsor, in the chapel yard at Cardinal Wolsey's, at the time when he was building that admirable work of his tomb : at whose gate stood a number of poor people to be served of alms when dinner was done within. And as Will Somers, the jester, passed by, they saluted him, taking him for a worthy personage, which pleased him. In he comes ; and finding the King at dinner, and the Cardinal by, attending ; to disgrace him that he never loved—"Harry (says he) lend me ten pounds,"

"What to do?" says the King. "To pay three or four of the Cardinal's creditors" (quoth he), "to whom my word is passed, and they are come now for the money." "That thou shalt, Will," quoth he. "Creditors of mine!" (says the Cardinal) "I'll give your grace my head if any man can justly ask of me a penny." "No?" (says Will) "lend me ten pounds: if I pay it not where thou owest it I'll give thee twenty for it." "Do so"—says the King. "That I will, my liege" (says the Cardinal), "though I know I owe none." With that he lends Will ten pounds. Will goes to the gate, and distributes it to the poor, and brought the empty bag. "There is thy bag again" (says he), "thy creditors are satisfied, and my word out of danger." "Who received it" (said the King), "the brewer or the baker?" "Neither, Harry" (says Will Somers): "but Cardinal, answer me one thing: to whom dost thou owe thy soul?" "To God!" (quoth he). "To whom thy wealth?" "To the poor" (says he). "Take thy forfeit, Harry" (says the fool), "open confession, open penance. His head is thine; for to the poor at the gate I paid his debt, which he yields is due; or if thy stony heart will not yield it so, save thy head by denying thy word, and lend it me. Thou knowest I am poor, and have neither wealth nor wit; and what thou lendest to the poor, God will pay thee tenfold. He is my surety, arrest him; for by my troth, hang me when I pay thee." The King laughed at the jest; and so did the Cardinal—for a show; but it grieved him to jest away ten pounds so.

There is a still more flagrant instance of this kind of daring in a court fool, told in history. Louis XI.'s jester happened to overhear his royal master make confession of an atrocity, when on his knees, praying aloud, in an ecstasy of pious candour and contrition, such as not unfrequently seized that perilous old crime-monger in his sudden spasms of remorse. The wickedness was no other than the secret murder of his own brother—by poison; and the fool, who had previously belonged to this very brother, took an opportunity of upbraiding his new master, in the face of the whole company at dinner, with the deed. But the wily old King adopted the safest course for himself in the dilemma—that of taking no notice, and treating the jester's speech as nothing more than a professional joke—harmless and meaningless.

The jests of the professed jesters, or fools, as handed down to us by antiquarian preservation, are not only grievously destitute of point, as already observed; but they are barbarously lax in good taste and good manners. They are coarse and indecent, and full of a consummate grossness and ribaldry, with a very modicum of redeeming humour. The Shakespeare Society reprinted some of these specimens of jester-lore; and I must say, upon looking them through for my present purpose, I find very little that strikes me as worth preserving from the mildew and decay of oblivion. One of the tracts, for instance, is the collection of "Tarlton's Jests," before alluded to; another is Armin's "Nest of Ninnies"—containing

a kind of record of some of the notable fools, with many of their not ablest sayings. This Robert Armin was one of the original actors in Shakespeare's plays, as was also Dick Tarlton. There was evidently a ludicrous association with Tarlton's personal appearance and personal manner, for he is described as "making the audience laugh the very instant he peeped out his head." He had a flat nose, a cast in his eye, and a plain face altogether; but a comic countenance depends more upon play of features than upon features themselves. It is most probable that these celebrated fool-jesters depended greatly more upon their own personal peculiarity in fun than upon any intrinsic merit of humour or wit in what they said. One exception, at all events, must be made in favour of Arctiee, Charles I.'s jester, who made one of the finest puns ever coined upon the Archbishop Laud, whom he specially hated. Upon some momentous occasion he proclaimed aloud: "Great praise be given to God; and *little Laud* to the devil." Certain it is, however, that from all that tradition has handed down to us we can only more and more admire the transcendent way in which our great poet has improved upon the existing models for his fool-jesters. He took the kind of character as he found it; but he made it his own before he had done with it. He made it a medium for pungent wit; for biting satire; for light fillips; for hard raps; for good-humoured sarcasm; for severe censure; for easy play; for strong earnest; for the gayest of smiles, or for the heartiest laughter; for the neatest repartee, and for the broadest humour. His fools utter the wisest nonsense, the most sagacious absurdity. They make one chuckle and ponder in one breath. While we wink at their roguery, we think of the solid matter it contains. Besides their fun, they have a fund of something still better.

It is evident that the dramatic fool, as representative of the domestic fool, was expected to contain all this; but what dramatist save Shakespeare ever carried the idea into such potent effect? Cervantes asserts that "to speak wittily, and write good jests, belongs to none but great geniuses;" and he makes Don Quixote say: "The cleverest part in a play is the fool's; therefore, he that writes it must be no fool." Assuredly the playwright born at Stratford-upon-Avon was "no fool," and in consequence his fools are the very best fools that ever were created. Shakespeare has often made jesting and foolery a vehicle for philosophy. Nature does so; and Shakespeare is nature's second self. His gravest fools utter the profoundest and most searching of truths, while his gayest fools let slip many a precious gem of worth in the midst of their sparkling trifles. Our poet knew perfectly how

prone are the deepest feelings to lurk within a smiling lip, and how frequently a glad heart and a joyous tongue well forth in thoughts nearer akin to tears than laughter; only choosing that light utterance to conceal their intensity.

Of all Shakespeare's fools, the finest is the fool in "Lear." It is conceived with a grace and even refinement that wonderfully harmonise with the sublime pathos of the story, while at the same time it is drawn with a truth of humorous fantasticality in diction suitable to the character of a king's jester. Lear's fool is a youth, not a grown man; a petted lad, to whom his royal master looks for quaint sayings and whimsical sentences when vexed or irritable; a favoured fellow, whose wayward speeches are tolerated and even liked when graver cares press hard upon the old monarch, and to whose playful sallies he turns when desiring to fill a vacant half hour or beguile a leisure interval. On his return from hunting, impatient for dinner, and issuing a hasty order to have it served immediately, Lear inquires for his favourite follower to come and entertain him the while. "Dinner, ho, dinner! Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither!" The personal and affectionate interest taken by Lear in the lad is denoted at the very outset. He not only asks eagerly and repeatedly for him, but when told that since Cordelia's going into France "the fool hath much pined away," Lear answers hurriedly: "No more of that; *I have noted it well*;" and when the fool himself appears on the scene, his old master accosts him with: "How now, my pretty knave, *how dost thou*?" The very expression, "My pretty knave," serves to paint the fool's boyish years, and to depict the fondling regard of Lear for him. On other occasions, too, his old master generally addresses him as "My boy;" and during the inclemency of the night in the storm, Lear says: "Come on, *my boy: how dost thou, my boy? Art cold?* I am cold myself. . . . *Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart that's sorry yet for thee.*" Afterwards, too, when persuaded to take shelter in the hovel, Lear takes thought first for his fool. "In, my boy; *go first.* . . . *Nay, get thee in.*" This kind of gentle feeling is shown by others as well as the King towards the stripling fool-jester; for Kent—who, disguised as Caius, affects much bluntness of speech—on more than one occasion speaks favouringly of and to the lad. When the fool is sportively but keenly rebuking Lear for having so unwisely cast all power into his unworthy daughters' hands, Kent observes: "This is not altogether fool, my lord." Afterwards, also, in the storm, when the boy, scared at finding the Bedlam beggar in the hovel, runs out again, exclaiming: "Come not in here, nuncle; here's a spirit. Help me,

help me!" Kent encouragingly says: "*Give me thy hand.* Who's there?" And still farther on, at the close of that wild night scene, when the poor old King, worn out, has fallen into weary slumber, Kent, preparing to bear him away to safer quarters, says to the faithful fool: "Come, help to bear thy master: *thou* must not stay behind." This tenderness with which the lad is treated partly arises from his delicacy of frame, which is indicated by some slight but significant side touches in the course of the play. First, there is his "pining away," on his young mistress's departure from England, above alluded to. Then there is his sensitiveness to churlish weather and sharp night air, betokened by his words during the storm: "O nuncle, court holy water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughter's blessing: here's a night that pities neither wise men nor fools." Again: "This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen." Lastly, there is his withdrawal from the play. It is silently effected, the dramatist giving no express mention of the fool after his assisting to bear his old master away to the litter prepared for conveying the King to Dover; but to my mind, Shakespeare evidently meant to infer that the fragile lad—weakly in frame, susceptible in temperament, and rendered doubly so by the delicacy of his nurture in the court household as the petted boy-jester of his royal employer—never recovered from the rigours and terrors of that tempestuous night; that he sickened and died soon after, fulfilling actually, as well as poetically, his own last uttered words: "And I'll go to bed at noon." In the noontide of his youth and fidelity, Lear's fool goes to his deathbed, when his old master no longer needs him by his side. Fidelity of attachment is at the root of the fool's philosophy; it inspires him with scraps of philosophic monition when he finds Lear madly giving up all dominion into the hands of his unscrupulous and domineering daughters; as it inspires him with morsels of playful fortitude when alone with Lear's mad agony in the night storm, labouring "to out-jest his heart-struck injuries." It is the lad's faithful instinct that bids him choose in the commencement of his master's renounced sway to address Kent in Lear's hearing thus:—"An thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt take cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb: why, this fellow has banished two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb." And to say to Lear himself: "Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two crowns."

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and ate up the meat, the

two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt : thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

It is his courage of fidelity that prompts him to boldly second his master as follows, in the very teeth of haughty Goneril herself :—

Lear. How now, daughter ! what makes that frontlet on ? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning ; now thou art an O without a figure : I am better than thou art now ; I am a Fool, thou art nothing. [*To Goneril.*] Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue ; so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.

[*Pointing to Lear.*] That's a shealed peascod.

It is the spirit of his affectionate attachment which causes him to try and divert Lear's thoughts, when he perceives them to be dwelling with too-late remorse and awakened truth of perception upon the injustice done towards Cordelia, and upon the unnatural conduct of Goneril and Regan.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell ?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither ; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why ?

Fool. Why, to put his head in ; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature. So kind a father !—Be my horses ready ?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight ?

Fool. Yes, indeed : thou wouldst make a good Fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce !—monster ingratitude !

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that ?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old before thou hadst been wise.

When Lear in his anguish of resentment is suffocating with the heavy sense of finding Regan no less flinty than her sister Goneril, and pathetically exclaims : " O me, my heart, my rising heart ! but, down ! " the fool endeavours to rally him from his oppression by an attempt at bitter gaiety : " Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive ; she rapped them o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, ' Down, wantons, down ! ' "

"Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay."

It is his loving care for Lear and fond personal attachment that urge him to try and appease the wild desire of the old King, in his bewilderment amid the buffeting tempest, to tear off his clothes:—"Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in;" and desperately to attempt, by snatches of his old jester-sayings, to allay the raging desire for vengeance that tortures Lear when "all the power of his wits has given way to his impatience":—

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman.

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No, he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits come whizzing in upon them,—

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a "jade's" oath.

Finally, it is the truth of his attachment to Lear that teaches him to humour the old King's wandering fancy, when he imagines the wooden stool to be his hard-hearted daughter:—

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. There, take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

This principle of fidelity in attachment is finely sustained throughout the tragedy, as compensating counterpart to the cruelty and self-will which form its mainspring of passion and character. While the chief personages are all more or less actuated by these, the secondary personages are all more or less imbued with loyalty of feeling and faithful adherence. While Lear, Goneril, Regan, Edmund are perfect impersonations of will, the King of France, the Earl of Kent, Edgar, the fool, the gentleman-emissary to Cordelia, the old man, tenant to Gloster, and even Gloster himself, with Oswald the steward to Goneril, are every one strongly characterised by fidelity of attachment: the King of France is faithful to his affection for Cordelia, "through good report and evil report;" taking her as his queen and wife when even her own father reviles and rejects her. Kent is faithful unto death towards his royal master, after having been discarded and banished by him. Edgar is faithful to his father, after having been misunderstood and denounced by him; dedicating

Kath. 'Tis passing good ; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat. How say you to a fat tripe finely boiled ?

Kath. I like it well ; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell ; I fear 'tis choleric. What say you to a piece of beef and mustard ?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then, I will not ; you shall have mustard, or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one or *any* thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then, the mustard without the beef.

No wonder the exasperated Kate bursts out, and drives him from her with blows and buffets, for an insolent varlet who dares to mock her with his low joking, and which would be thought "ordinary" at any booth in any fair.

The clown in "Antony and Cleopatra" is one of those same boorish jesters ; but he has better stuff in him. He is—as the Guard calls him—"a rural fellow ;" yet his rusticity has some glimpses of nature's teaching in it ; and his simplicity has found out a knowing thing or two. He speaks of one of his neighbours as "a very honest woman, but something given to lie, as a woman should not do but in the way of honesty." He has a good, common sense, practical creed touching the difference between profession and action : namely, "He that will believe all that they say shall never be saved by half that they do." And he has some comely notions upon womankind, for he says : "I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not." True theory, that, or I'm a Goth.

A more complete opposite to the fidelity of Lear's fool could hardly be instanced than the blithe regardlessness of Autolycus, the rogue-jester in the "Winter's Tale." He is faithful to nobody and to nothing, save to his own open-air philosophy of careless roving and vagabondising, and to his own Mercurial philosophy of cheating and roguery. There is no reserve about his Hermes-derived propensities ; he figures in the *dramatis personæ* plainly thus : "Autolycus, a *rogue* ;" and on his first entrance in the play he explicitly and at once announces himself, his small amount of fidelity in attachment to his former master, and his undisguised addiction to purloinment of whatever he can lay hands upon. After singing three stanzas of a rollicking ditty that asserts his predilection for open-air life and enjoyments, he says : "I have served Prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore ~~through~~-dile ; but now I am out of service ;" upon which he breaks

forth into a couple more stanzas of devil-may-careism, and then proceeds with :—

My traffic is sheets. When the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus, who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat : gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway ; beating and hanging are terrors to me ; for the life to come, I sleep out the thoughts of it.

It would be difficult to parallel that speech for impudent heedlessness and gay unconcern, and as a brief summary of avowed faithfulness in serious considerations. How jauntily the fellow professes his peccadilloes, and owns to preferring small pilferings to highway robbery, lest the latter might subject him to fatal penalty ; and how airily he disposes of the gravest and most momentous question that can engage human thought ! Autolycus is the most feather-brained and light-hearted of sceptics, and his light heart seems to be the consequence of his out-of-door gipsy existence. Roaming about, as he does, among green lanes and green fields, picking up a livelihood from every gull he encounters, providing himself with a shirt from any friendly hedge whereon linen is hung to dry, getting a meal from any stray barn, kitchen garden, or poultry yard that may yield him a handful of grain, a fresh vegetable, an egg, or a young chicken, he acquires a philosophic indifference as to set means, and learns to take things most easily and merrily. He becomes improvident as a matter of course, receiving all waifs that fall in his way as godsend vouchsafed for him to seize and make his own. He has a natural reliance upon the good turns of Fortune, since he has many times experienced her ladyship's kind favouring ; and he has a high opinion of his own deserts, since he has frequently found them reap reward. He entertains no slight conviction of his own superior gifts, his powers of unscrupulous knavery, for he has many a time tested their excellence and discovered their efficiency. Consequently, he darts upon an opportunity for trickery as a spider darts upon an unwary fly approaching the web. On seeing the clown advance along the road from his father's cottage, Autolycus at once exclaims : " A prize ! a prize ! " secure of his prey at the very first glance. So audaciously sure is he of his victim that he does not hesitate to describe *himself* as the footpad who he pretends has assaulted him :—

Clown. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you ?

Autolycus. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames. I knew him once a servant of the prince. I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clown. His vice, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court; they cherish it, to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

Autol. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server—a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolyucus.

Not contented with his first successful inroad upon the clown's pocket, the instant the rustic's back is turned Autolyucus plans a farther attack:—

I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing, too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

His spirits rise at the prospect of a new fraud; and his only dread is that he may be entered in the category of tamely virtuous people. At one time he says, when observing the artlessness of the old shepherd and his son:—

How blest are we that are not simple men! Yet Nature might have made me as these are; therefore I'll not disdain.

His contempt for probity is exquisitely frank. And on another occasion he exclaims:—

Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman!

The exhilaration he feels when something fresh presents itself in the way of an opportunity for roguery is delicious. He hugs himself upon it, and chuckles over it, as though it were a privileged scope for the exercise of his sharp faculties, and a special benefaction dispensed from above:—

I understand the business; I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cutpurse: a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! what a boot is here with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do anything extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would not do't. I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession. [*Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.*] Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain; every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

He positively exults in dishonesty, and plumes himself upon his dexterity and larceny. He disclaims integrity as something unworthy a man of quick parts; though it may occasionally be adopted, when

perceived to be a course propitious to strategy: "Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance."

But he soon relapses into his more natural vein when he perceives the major advantage point that way; and even shows that he can scarcely expect to withstand the combined urgings of native tendency and fortuitous proffer, debating the point with the most coolly philosophic deliberation:—

If I had a mind to be honest, I see, Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion—gold, and the means to do the prince, my master, good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't.

Well may he be "proof against" the title of rogue and whatever shame belongs to it in the estimation of an ignorant world, since he himself glories in it as a proof of intelligential superiority. Autolycus is a thorough philosopher in his particular way—the way of "crooked wisdom," as Lord Bacon calls cunning. Among the rest of his unscrupulous slynesses, Autolycus does not disdain to avail himself of hypocrisy, that vilest shift of false pretence; yet there is so much humour in his hypocritical sentences, they are accompanied by so evident a leer of quiet sub-understanding as to their drollery, and by so palpable an eye-wink as to their brazen impudence, that we cannot do other than laugh at them. For instance, when he has emptied the clown's pockets, and the simple fellow asks:—"Dost lack money? I have little money for thee;" the rogue replies: "No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir; I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or anything I want. Offer me no money, I pray you—that kills my heart." At another time he says: "And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary." At another, with an air of candour, he owns: "Indeed, I have had earnest, but I cannot with conscience take it." And at still another he loftily exclaims: "Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen."

That final clause well becomes the ex-pedlar and the born rogue, whose professed "traffic is sheets" and "lesser linen," when he can pilfer them while "bleaching on the hedge." Yet, after all, who can help having far more than a "sneaking kindness" for Autolycus, that merry-hearted descendant of Mercury, God of Thieves? Who would not rather wander with him through the meadows, "when daffodils

begin to peer"—shutting one's eyes close to his delinquencies, and opening one's ears wide to his waggeries and chirruping songs—than take a staid walk with any one of a dozen proper persons that might offer themselves as our companions?

Speed, Valentine's servant in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," is typified by his name. He is a quicksilver fellow, with a glib tongue, a nimble way, and a smart knack at observation. His pertinent tokens, by which he knows that his master is in love, are excellent, and will be true signs till men cease to fall in love, and cease to be lovers; and then they will be legendary.

Valentine asks:—

Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed: Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learned to wreath your arms like a malcontent; to relish a love-song like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone like one that hath the pestilence; to sigh like a school-boy that hath lost his A B C; to weep like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast like one that takes diet; to watch like one that fears robbing; to speak puling like a beggar at Halloween. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly it was for want of money. And now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

But though Speed has a quick eye for amatory symptoms, he has substantial notions on the eating score; for he reminds his master that it is "dinner time," and upon Valentine replying that he has dined, Speed rejoins, "Ay, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat." Speed's best scene is his bantering the mean fellow, Proteus (and whom he accurately appreciates), who sent him upon a message with a love letter, and he receiving no reward for his service:—

Proteus. Dost thou hear? Gavest thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir, I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, *nothing for my labour.*

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you had best stick her [tether her].

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I meant the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? Fold it over and over, 'tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? Did she nod?

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod I; why, that's nobby.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod; and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, I.

Pro. And that set together—is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to “set it together,” take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you “bear with me”?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word “noddy” for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief;—what said she?

Speed. Open your purse; that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: what said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you will hardly win her.

Pro. Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter.

Pompey, the tapster-jester in “Measure for Measure,” is a thoroughbred town clown. His philosophy is of the streets, streety. Gutter-mud is his element, tavern fumes and the reek of the stews his atmosphere. He seems never to have breathed the pure air of the country, or to have known what a green field is like. His knowledge of life has been gathered in city-suburb ways, his knowledge of mankind from the frequenters of city-suburb houses. He has always dwelt among low haunts and hauntings, and they have been his only school and teachers. Low-lived squalor, low-lived brawls, nay, infamy itself, have no disgusts for him; he is not revolted by them, for they have been his daily surroundings. They have instilled into him a certain philosophic indifference, a brazen kind of cheerfulness and power of laughing at evils, with a ready resourcefulness common to alley-bred lads. When his depraved old mistress, Mrs. Overdone, dismayed at hearing that “all houses of resort in the suburbs are to be pulled down,” and that her means of livelihood are thus to be taken away from her, says desperately: “What shall become of me?” Pompey, nothing discouraged, replies: “Come, fear not you; good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place you need not change your trade; I’ll be your tapster still.” That last touch of kindness and constancy, in the town clown, is true Shakespeare; he knew full well that not kennel-filth, or back-slums vice itself, can extinguish the innate spark of good in humanity. Mrs. Overdone, who, in the midst of the crass pollution of her infamous calling,

has a corner of her heart open to sympathy for an unfortunate child, that would have been left to starve by its dissolute father had she not paid for its keep herself, has, in her turn, a serving-man who abides by her in her distress, and tells her he'll be her "tapster still."

Master Pompey is a thorough-paced town fellow in his wonted environments and the scenes wherein he appears : we meet with him in a street, a court of justice, and, finally, in a prison. In each and all of them he is equally at ease and undisconcerted. His shrug-shoulder philosophy stands him in good stead, wherever and in whatever strait he may find himself. In Angelo's hall of justice, brought up together with Master Froth to answer for a misdeed committed against Mistress Elbow, the Constable's wife, the town clown replies to the charge with a promptitude of careless good-humour that baffles the examining judge, Escalus, and evades immediate condemnation. With the characteristic shrewdness and ready-witted dodge of a city-bred delinquent, he contrives to shift off the evidence from the main point of accusation to secondary and trivial attendant circumstances—as, among others, a question of what kind of *dish* the "stewed prunes" were in, for which Mistress Elbow came to their house :—

Sir, she came in for stewed prunes ; we had but two in the house, which at that very time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some threepence ; your honours have seen such dishes ; they are not china dishes, but very good dishes.

Escalus. Go to, go to : no matter for the dish, sir.

Clown. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin ; you are therein in the right ; but, to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow longing, as I said, for prunes ; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly ;—for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you threepence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clown. Very well ; you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes ?

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clown. Why, very well.

Escalus. Come, you are a tedious fool : to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of ?

Clown. I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir ; a man of four score pound a year ; whose father died at Hallowmas :—was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth ?

Froth. All-hallowndeve.

Clown. Why, very well ; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir—'twas in the "Bunch of Grapes," where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not ?

Froth. I have so ; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. Why, very well then ; I hope here be truths.

The impudent pretence of eliciting facts, while obscuring and keeping out of sight the chief and only fact of any consequence, is choicely humorous in effect, while as choicely strict to verity of character drawing.

When Pompey is being carried away to prison, he takes refuge in a witticism against falling into low spirits; and makes out his own trade to be less vile by showing another to be still viler: " 'Twas never merry world, since of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worse allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lambskins, too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing." Not even the discovery that one of his former acquaintances, the profligate young Lucio, fails him in the hour of his need, can shake the equanimity of Pompey's philosophic recklessness. On perceiving Lucio approach, the tapster-clown exclaims: "I spy comfort—I cry bail. Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine." And appeals to him thus: "I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail." The heartless Lucio scoffingly replies: "No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage. If you take it not patiently, why your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey."

Clown. You will not bail me, then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now. Go—to kennel, Pompey, go.

And the town-taught philosopher, uttering no word of farther expostulation or entreaty, no syllable of disappointment, follows the constable into captivity, and enters upon a new course of life without a murmur.

Pompey's conduct in the prison is of a piece with his philosophic indifference when close-pent alleys and a stifling tavern were his best freedom. He cuts free-and-easy jokes with the provost; he bandies pleasantries with the grim executioner, Abhorson; he makes himself at home with the many "old customers" of Mrs. Overdone whom he meets with in the gaol; and is the medium of Shakespeare's wise moralising on the certainty that such paths as these young prodigals have pursued are sure to lead to debt and a prison. Lastly, when the place of under-hangman is offered to Pompey, he accepts it with his usual easy adaptation of himself to circumstances, and takes amusement in proving it to be "a more penitent trade" than his former one, since the hangman "doth oftener ask forgiveness." There is even a touch of conscientiousness in his wishing to fulfil his new calling creditably; for, after indulging in a sly jest at his being

contented to follow a *lawfuller* pursuit, he adds : " I would be glad to receive instruction from my fellow partner."

One thing does shake Master Pompey's habitual composure, and a fine dramatic use our poet has made of the incident by causing it to enhance the impressive effect of Barnardine's wild animal fierceness and sullenness. When Abhorson desires the clown sub-hangman to go into the dogged felon's den and bring him forth for execution, Pompey does *not* go in, but replies hastily : " He is coming, sir—he is coming ; I hear his straw rustle." However, he soon rallies his courage ; and when Barnardine declares he will not be hanged, saying : " You rogue, I have been drinking all night ; I am not fitted for't ;" Pompey jocosely replies : " Oh, the better, sir ; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day."

Launcelot Gobbo, Shylock's servant, is a hybrid—a compromise between the clown and the waiting-man. He has a close eye to his own interest, and keeps a sharp look-out for making his fortune. He is given to study palmistry, and to peer into the lines of his hand for good omens. He notices signs and tokens—very characteristic this (by the way) of Italian wont, among people of Launcelot's rank in life. He gives his young mistress, Jessica, warning of an event she is to expect, thus : " I will not say you shall see a masque ; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash Wednesday was four year in the afternoon." His philosophy of proselytism—his version of the doctrine of the conversion of the Jews, is calculated upon a strict utilitarian principle. When Jessica says : " I shall be saved by my husband ; he hath made me a Christian,"—Launcelot replies : " Truly, the more to blame he. We were Christians enow before ; e'en as many as could well live by one another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs. If we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money."

Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, is King Oberon's court jester ; the patentee and appointed joke purveyor to the Monarch of Fairyland. We learn this from his own words :—

I jest to Oberon, and make him smile.

He is a kind of small Mercury to the miniature Jove of the Elfin Olympus. He is sent in quest of :—

The little western flower, before milk white,
Now purple with Love's wound,
And called by maidens Love-in-idleness.

Just as Hermes stood on Circe's threshold, bearing in his hand the "small white flower," which was to preserve the sage Ulysses from the spells of the enchantress. Puck rivals Jove's messenger in the grace and speed of his motion :—

I go, I go! look how I go!
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

And when his royal sprite master bids him :—

Be here again, ere the Leviathan have swum a league—

Puck rejoins :—

I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes.

Robin Goodfellow's mystic rapidity of transit is the poet's inspired anticipation of the powers of the electric telegraph.

Master Puck has witching truth of simile when he compares the scared flight of Peter Quince and the rest at sight of their transformed companion, Bottom, with his ass's head ; as thus :—

As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky ;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly.

What apt names, too, the rogue finds for these same fellows ! He calls them "a crew of patches," "rude mechanicals," and "hempen homespuns." He has a most lofty little superhuman contempt for the misunderstandings and miscomprehensions of the hulking, lubberly beings called mankind : "Lord !" he exclaims, "what fools these mortals be !" He is waggishly deprecatory of even the God of Love himself, when he beholds poor Helena's unhappy plight, saying :—

Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Puck is no slight personage in his own esteem ; and naturally so, being no less a one than madcap factotum to His Majesty King Oberon.

Lavatch, household jester to the noble family of Roussillon, in the play of "All's Well that ends Well," is a sprightly fellow, with a sharp eye to the weak points in the characters of those about him, and a still sharper eye to his own interests and comforts. He is retained by his old lady mistress, the Countess of Roussillon, rather from regard to her dead lord and husband than from any particular liking to Lavatch himself. When Lord Lafeu says of him : "A shrewd

knave and an unhappy" [meaning "unlucky," "mischievous," "ill-conditioned"], the Countess replies: "So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will." To which Lafeu rejoins: "I like him well; 'tis not amiss." They all feel this kind of tolerance for his amusing sallies, but have no very active liking for him in his own individuality. The Countess elsewhere says, while she is allowing herself an hour in listening to his *pro* and *con* prattle: "I play the noble housewife with the time to entertain it so merrily with a fool." Lafeu occasionally endures his word-tilting, as a passing entertainment, but soon grows tired of his flippancy, saying: "Go thy ways, I begin to be weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee." Helena is forbearing towards his pertness, and welcomes him to Paris, because he is associated with Roussillon and its inmates, and because he brings her tidings from her lady and "mother," the kind old Countess. The fact is, "Monsieur Lavatch" has no great claims to anybody's liking. He is lively witted, and says some smart things that have a smack of philosophical acuteness in them; but he has no estimable points in his composition, and possesses no one characteristic to win regard. He has the most latitudinarian and *French* [as becomes a Frenchman and French jester—ever judicious Shakespeare!] opinions in matters of courtship and matrimony. He is willing to marry Isbel, the countess's waiting woman, so long as his fancy has been smitten by no more attractive face and figure and style of girl; but when he has been to Paris, and has seen other damsels than his affianced provincial lass, he coolly will have no more to say to her, breaks his engagement, and openly announces: "I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court: our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money with no stomach." His inconstancy before marriage is matched by his unstable ideas as to conjugal propriety after wedlock; for he manifests true French indifference as to what may be his friends' and his wife's possible misconduct when he shall have become a husband. His philosophy is perfectly Gallic upon such points; and no less so is his trick of affected courtesy in demeanour and answer, whereby he may infallibly avoid any impertinent or inopportune questions that may be put to him when he repairs to the court:—

Cloten. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put 't off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say

nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but for me, I have an answer will serve all men. . . . From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Countess. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

Clown. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.

Countess. To be young again, if we could;—I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clown. O Lord, sir!—there's a simple putting off.—More, more, a hundred of them.

Countess. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clown. O Lord, sir! Thick, thick, spare not me.

Countess. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clown. O Lord, sir!—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Countess. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think?

Clown. O Lord, sir!—spare not me.

Countess. Do you cry, "O Lord, sir" at your whipping, and "Spare not me?" Indeed, your "O Lord, sir!" is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clown. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my "O Lord, sir!" I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

His most advantageous hits in dialogue are where he retorts upon the despicable Parolles:—

Parolles. O, my knave,—how does my old lady?

Clown. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Parolles. Why, I say nothing.

Clown. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing; to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within very little of nothing.

Parolles. Away! thou'rt a knave.

Clown. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that is, before me thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Parolles. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clown. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

His slyest hit is where he thus announces to the Countess Bertram's return home from the wars:—"O, madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: *whether there be a scar under it, or no*, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet."

And his best bits of philosophy are the two following; one, where he says:—"Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big

heart." The other, where he says: "I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire."

Feste, the domestic jester in the charming romantic drama of "Twelfth Night," is a universal favourite; with his lady-mistress Olivia, with her waiting-woman Maria, with Duke Orsino, and with Sir Toby and Sir Andrew. He has inexhaustible good temper and good spirits, making him a most welcome companion: he has a sweet singing voice and an infinite store of songs, rendering him a valuable acquisition to the boon-companions Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, and even to the love-sick Duke, who sends for him to his palace from the neighbouring mansion of the Lady Olivia. To the duke he chants quaint, old-fashioned ditties that harmonise well with the plaintive mood of the amorous nobleman: to the two revellers he sings blithe love-songs, and with them takes part in a roystering catch. With the roaring knights, as with the musing Duke, he is equally congenial; for he adapts himself perfectly to each of their respective tastes. See how the two festive gentlemen greet his arrival in the midst of their night-carouse, as a crowning addition to its enjoyment:—

Sir Toby. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing as the fool has.

. . . Now, a song.

Clown. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir Toby. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

The clown then sings the pretty playful song, "O mistress mine, where are you roaming?" upon which both knights burst forth into laudation:—

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir Toby. Good, good.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice as I am a true knight.

Sir Toby. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir Toby. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance, indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?

Sir And. An' you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clown. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, "Thou knave."

Clown. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrained on't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins, "Hold thy peace."

Clown. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good i' faith. Come, begin. [*They sing a catch.*]

And now see, as a piece of judicious contrast, how his presence is hailed by the pensive Orsino; and how the instinctively wise jester tempers his tone of speech and song to suit the tune of mind in which he finds his present hearer:

Duke. Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song, we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs, and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-pacéd times:
Come, but one verse.

Curio. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it? .

Curio. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out: and play the tune the while. [*Exit CURIO.—Music.*]

Then follows an exquisite piece of dialogue between the Duke and Viola (disguised as his page, Cesario); and then:

Re-enter CURIO with CLOWN.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:
The spinsters and knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clown. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing.

Whereupon Feste sings the softly mournful song, "Come away, come away, death;" and then the Duke gives substantial token of his pleasure, by saying: "There's for thy pains"—

Clown. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure, then.

Clown. Truly, sir; and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Perfectly in keeping with Master Feste's cheerful-hearted philosophy is that last sentence; and perfectly true to the gratification felt by those blessed with a good voice and a genuine love of music is the previous sentence: "I take pleasure in singing, sir."

Feste is the impersonation of a happy temperament, gifted with

the power of pleasing others as well as himself by a mellow voice and competent musical knowledge, together with imperturbable good-humour and an enjoying disposition. He enters with zest into a practical joke, and takes part in the hoax got up against the pragmatical steward, Malvolio, with the alacrity and relish of a school boy. How readily he dons the canonicals of Sir Topas the curate; and how aptly he assumes, not only the garb, but the diction and demeanour of the parson sent for to visit the supposed lunatic and incarcerated madman. With what solemn gravity he casts out the fiend, and admonishes the vehement appeals of the distracted prisoner, who implores him to let Olivia know of this wrongful captivity:—

Malvolio. [*Within.*] Sir Topas, Sir Topas,—good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clown. Out, hyperbolic fiend! how vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Malvo. [*Within.*] Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clown. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy: say'st thou that house is dark?

Malvo. [*Within.*] As hell, Sir Topas.

Clown. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stories toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Malvo. [*Within.*] I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clown. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Then, with what alertness and versatility of acting he returns to his own manner as jester, pretending to come in singing, and affecting to accost the steward with the utmost amazement at finding him imprisoned as a lunatic:—

Clown. Master Malvolio!

Malvo. [*Within.*] Ay, good fool.

Clown. Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits?

Malvo. [*Within.*] Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused. I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clown. But as well? Then you are mad indeed if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

And at length, taking advantage of his being in the adjoining room to the one where the steward is immured, and consequently out of sight, he personates *both* characters alternately:—

Malvo. [*Within.*] They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses! and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clown. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. [*As Sir Topas.*] Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! Endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bible-babble.

Malvo. [*Within.*] Sir Topas—

Clown. [*As Sir Topas.*] Maintain no words with him, good fellow. [*As Clown.*] Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be with you, good Sir Topas. [*As Sir Topas.*] Marry, amen. [*As Clown.*] I will, sir, I will.

Feste's cheerful philosophy never forsakes him. Threatened by Maria with his lady-mistress's displeasure for being away on his own affairs, and told that she will hang him for his absence, he lightly replies:—

Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

Maria. Make that good.

Clown. He shall see none to fear.

Maria. A good lenten answer. . . . Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent, or to be turned away: is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clown. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

When his lady-mistress herself comes in, and speaking reprovingly to him, bids him begone from her presence, he does not lose heart or presence of mind, but bethinks of some sportive repartees that disarm her of her anger and restore him to her good graces, even reinstating him therein as a greater favourite with her than ever.

He has a good-humoured, bantering mood (with clever observation lurking beneath the banter) for the disguised page, Cesario; whose witty answer he thus patronises—

You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward . . . but, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Viola. Thy reason, man?

Clown. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Viola. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clown. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but, in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Viola. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool? . . . I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clown. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb; like the sun, it shines everywhere.

He has a good-humoured gibe at Sebastian, when he desires him to cease following and importuning him.

Sebast. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else: thou know'st not me.

Clown. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool: vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Sebast. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me; there's money for thee. If you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clown. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

He has a good-humoured jest at the service of the Duke, whom he meets on the way to Olivia's house, and who recognises him as one pleasantly remembered:—

Duke. I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clown. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clown. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clown. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused; so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

Well may the Duke rejoin, "Why, this is excellent!" Ay, it is the excellent philosophy of a sweet and happy-tempered fellow, whose good-humoured jokes have a fund of true wisdom in their playfullest utterances, and who is not merely a professional jester, but a most delightful associate.

Touchstone possesses inclusively many of the best characteristics of Shakespeare's other best clowns. He has the fidelity in attachment which distinguishes Lear's fool; the joyous carelessness and heart-ease of Autolycus; the cheerful spirit and power to make himself a general favourite, with ready adaptability to surrounding circumstances, that belong to Feste; besides a delightful individuality of his own that renders him peculiarly attractive. He is no mere clown-jester; no mere hired cracker of jokes; he is sincerely affectionate in his feelings of loyal adherence to his lady and her cousin Rosalind; he manifests, on more than one occasion, tokens of good and right perception of what is just in principle; and he holds his own well, with a certain manliness of tone quite apart from the privileged freedom of a professional fool, when he has to talk with his superiors in rank. He is at perfect ease in the presence of the Duke Senior and his court of voluntarily exiled gentlemen, entering with an address that puts himself at once on equal and a familiar footing with the assembled company: "Salutation and greeting to you all;" and when the Duke replies to Jaques's recommendation that his grace should "like this fellow," by replying, "I like him very well," Touchstone, with ready and responsive amenity, answers, "God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like." He encounters Jaques at the very outset of

their acquaintance with sententiousness matching his own; as described by Jaques himself, who recounts their first meeting:—

I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!—
As I do live by bread, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms—
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
“Good-morrow, fool,” quoth I. “No, sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.”
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, “It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see,” quoth he, “how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.” When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative;
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial.

Monsieur Jaques may laugh, an he will, at Master Touchstone's moralising on time and its passing; but the motley fool's railing “on lady Fortune in good terms” is not very far removed from the cynical sneerer's own proposal to Orlando: “Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress, the world, and all our misery.” The affectation of accusing fortune, fate, destiny, or the world of what may generally be traced to our own misconduct or mistakes, is an affectation common to many dealers in philosophy, as well as to Touchstone and Jaques. On another occasion our friend Touchstone is quite on level ground with the pretentious Jaques; and even treats him with amusing patronage and condescension of familiarity, on perceiving him:—

Good even', good Master What-ye-call't. How do you, sir? You are very well met. God 'ild you for your last company; I am very glad to see you. Nay, pray be covered.

With the courtier, Le Beau, Touchstone is quite as much on a level of unrestrained intercourse; even rebuking the heartlessness of the fine gentleman for calling the wrestling-match, wherein the poor old man's three sons have been overthrown and left lifeless on the ground, their father weeping over them,—“good sport.”

Touchstone. But what is this *sport*, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

When Touchstone is assuming and lofty in manner, it is evidently more for the joke's sake than from any real overbearingness of disposition. He pretends to plume himself upon his courtier-training and his high-life position before he came into the Arcadian existence of the Forest of Arden, affecting to treat the rural swains he meets there as an inferior race to himself; but he makes himself pleasantly at home among them, and ends by taking the country-wench Audrey for his wife. He begins by calling out authoritatively to Corin: "Hola, you clown!" and when the old shepherd inquires, "Who calls?" replies, "Your betters, sir;" and subsequently he has a long bout of rallying the old rustic upon his shepherd's life and shepherd philosophy (an admirable dialogue, which I have quoted at such length elsewhere that I dare not requote it here); but, through it all, Touchstone shows his own genuine playfulness and pleasant temper. He also makes a show of flouting and mocking at the two pages, whom he meets in the forest; but it is evident that mad waggery and love of jest are at the root of his pretended disparagement:—

1st Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2nd Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

1st Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2nd Page. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

They sing the lovely spring carol of "It was a lover and his lass;" and then Master Touchstone indulges in his impudent vein of banter, by a parting fling:—

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1st Page. You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song—God be wi' you; and God mend your voices!—Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*]

With what enjoyment of the fun does the fellow entertain himself with perplexing and obfuscating the poor gawky country clowns that he encounters in the forest, and with what amusing affectation of superiority does he patronise them!

When William (Audrey's jilted swain) comes dangling after her, Touchstone exclaims:—

It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: By my troth, we that have good —'s have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

And how he overwhelms the poor bemazed rustic with his flourish of grand words and bloated sentences.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend.—Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee be covered. How old are you, friend?

William. Five-and-twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age: is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name: Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. So so, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying: "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: To have, is, to have. For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do consent that "Ipse" is *he*; now, you are not "*ipse*," for I am "*he*."

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon—which is in the vulgar, leave—the society—which in the boorish, is, company—of this female—which, in the common, is—woman, which, together, is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest—or, to thy better understanding, diest;—to wit, I kill thee; make thee away; translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee; or in bastinado, or in steel: I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore, tremble, and depart.

Touchstone's philosophy of quarrelling, with avoidance of the duel—and the degrees in genteel dispute, whereby the arbitrament of the sword may be evaded, is too well known for me to venture upon quoting it; but the little sentence with which it concludes is quint-essential in playful profundity:—"Your 'If' is the only peace-maker;—much virtue in 'If.'"

His axiom upon womanly merit and a plain face is worthy of good report, with its playful wording: "Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster."

Into Touchstone's mouth the poet has put one of those pointed truths that every utterer of actually good things must feel when that which he has announced falls flat owing to the non-comprehension of his hearers. Touchstone says:—"When a man's verses cannot

be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child—understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room."

Shakespeare has admirably, and ludicrously as admirably, exhibited this sort of fogginess of perception at an occult speech, where he makes the disguised Coriolanus's words not only convey no meaning to the servants who stand round him in the hall of Tullus Aufidius's house, but cause them to treat him as a numskull. Obtuseness often takes this shape of instinctive revenge—treating as folly the wisdom it cannot comprehend. When Coriolanus (in a fine strain of poetical wit) answers the serving man's question, as to where he dwells, with the words "In the city of kites and crows," the fellow exclaims: "I' the city of kites and crows? what an ass it is!" not perceiving that it is he himself who lacks the brains—he is the donkey.

The licensed jester's privileges are described in that speech of Jaques, claiming freedom to speak his mind:—

I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galléd with my folly,
They most must laugh: And why, sir, must they so?
The why is plain as way to parish church.
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomis'd
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.

The Duke's words, farther on, also convey a hint of the practice of professed and licensed fool-jesters. He says: "He uses his folly like a stalking-horse; and under presentation of that he shoots his wit."

There is a still more precise definition of the fool-jester's craft contained in Viola's words, when she observes of Feste:—

This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
Not, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit—
But wise men, folly fallen, quite taint their wit.

The custom of keeping a domestic fool, or jester, as one of our

household luxuries, has long since fallen into disuse in merry England. But the habit of maintaining cheerfulness, pleasantry, humorous fancy, and witty discourse by our firesides need not therefore be abandoned. Our homes may be enlivened, our hearths kept genial, by encouraging a plenitude of social wit amongst ourselves, installing as our "household word"—our idol—Shakespeare's own axiom, "Laugh if you are wise." And thus each man may become his own factor—"Merriment made easy, or every man his own fool."

There is a merry old laughing song, which contains this memorable couplet :—

How brave lives he that keeps a fool,
Although the rate be deeper ;
But he that is his own fool, sir,
Does live a great deal cheaper.



CHARLEY SLAP'S HOUNDS.

IT is now near the end of the hunting season, and masters of foxhounds, staghounds, harriers, and beagles have been taking the field in every direction. It is, of course, the ambition of every master of any pretensions to see his home and appointments figuring in the columns of "Tintinnabulum's Life," and to behold the performances of his celebrated pack recorded in that renowned print. Old "Tintin" has been the Sunday reading of many a country squire and squireen for several generations, and it was not in the nature of things that such a man as Charley Slap should not endeavour to afford some instructive mental pabulum for his bucolic neighbours, of whom he boasted a numerous acquaintance, and by whom he is regarded as a very Nimrod of the most approved type. And this is not surprising, for Charley was predicted a great huntsman even while yet an infant in his cradle. His father and grandfather had kept a pack of hounds before him, and the germ of the disease was, as it were, in the family, and he may be said to have sucked in hunting with his mother's milk. His aunts, indeed, who had great expectations of him, and who had negotiated a most advantageous and aristocratic matrimonial alliance for him, would sometimes timidly hint at the great expense incurred by keeping up a hunting establishment. "How many pigs now," they would say for instance, "could be fed upon what is spent on these nasty dogs!" And again, "What a quantity of clothes you must wear out quite unnecessarily in all this work, when it would cost you almost nothing if you were content to be with your sisters!" Poor devil! But these affectionate aunts of Charley's never reminded him of the poor people about him, who might have reaped some trifling advantages if the hounds had been discontinued. They were far too high-flown in their ideas for any such grovelling recommendations as that.

The heir of all the Slaps and innumerable bangs was *par excellence* a gentleman. "Aut Cæsar aut nullus." Charley must keep up the honour of the family or perish.

To do him no more than justice, Charley had lively if not very wise notions of keeping up the honour of his family; and he considered the keeping of a pack of hounds to be not only the only legitimate method of so doing, but as the chief end and aim of existence. Poor fellow! he was as placid and as foolish as a lamb

in the matter of his education and his wife. He walked quietly through a public school without even so much as attempting to distinguish himself, or even to join in the boisterous sports of the playground. Cricket and football, strange to say, were to him matters of as much indifference as Greek or Latin, or translations of Virgil and Horace; he knew nothing about it or them, but as his grandfather had gone to school, why he supposed—or his relations supposed for him—that he must do so too, and the sooner it was over the better. It was the same with regard to his marriage. He had no more to do with the preliminary arrangements than the man in the moon, but left the matter entirely in the hands of the ladies. How he ever contrived to pop the question—for matrimony is never accomplished, it is understood, without going through that interesting ceremony—has remained a mystery among his friends to this day; but as Charley had a respectable purse and considerable expectations, it is not disrespectful to the ladies to say that a difficulty insurmountable to some men was to him a matter of very easy accomplishment.

No country gentleman can expect to hold his head up among his fellows, or to be distinguished from the common herd, unless he contrives to be put into the commission of the peace and qualify as a magistrate. It is of no consequence in the world that you are wholly unacquainted with the law, provided you have looked after the profits—that is to say, provided you have the necessary pecuniary qualification requisite for the satisfaction of the elastic conscience of the Lord Lieutenant. You may be as ignorant as a sheep itself of the penalties inflicted on mankind for the crime of sheep stealing, and you may be totally unversed in the art of committing a miscreant for the outrageous offence of stealing apples from an orchard—though mayhap an adept in that accomplishment, as you thought it, in your schoolboy days—but despair not; your magistrates' clerk, if he is worth the price of his own vellum skins, leaving the stamps out of the question, will do all that for you, and you may take high rank as a pillar of the State and a defender of the palladium of Britain's freedom.

Charley Slap was "convenient" in all these matters, but on the question of giving up the hounds, Shylock himself—though perhaps that is not a good simile, because Charley did not love his hounds as Shylock did his ducats—could not have been more inexorable or more deaf to reason. Charley would have his "dappled darlings" as Kingsley calls them, come what might of the determination. Racks and thumbscrews could not have prevailed to make him give up the cherished "dawgs;" and even if the ladies had been suffi-

ciently powerful to bend him to their sweet wills, the farmers would never have seconded him in his pusillanimity, and he could never have held up his head among them afterwards. No; "Gallipot Hall had allus had a pack of fox dawgs; and t'ould squire would turn in his grave if he thought they was to be gived up." What mortal man who had the reputation of a long train of distinguished ancestors to uphold could hold out against so potent an argument? The Ghost in "Hamlet" was a fool to it, and Hamlet himself was but a vacillating fool in some people's imaginations, for he could never make up "what he was pleased to term his mind," as a facetious and sarcastic ex-Chancellor has it; but Charley Slap was not a fool, but a very considerable man on the subject of hunting, and his mind was fixed and fully bent thereon, and no mistake about it. The magistracy was mighty fine in its way, especially at Quarter Sessions, when the ladies could disport themselves on the judicial bench, and exhibit their blooming persons and magnificent dresses in the streets of the county town; but not on hunting days, thank you. "On any non-hunting day, my dear," Charley is always careful to say when asked to accompany his wife or—*horribile dictu*—his wife's relations—of course he has a mother-in-law who possesses a parrot, and the paraphernalia proper to so important a personage—to any great celebration. Non-hunting days are unfortunately of rare occurrence, because Charley himself hunts regularly three days a week, and he is always ready to join any other hunt when within anything like convenient distance; and so it may be perceived by the acute reader, or by one to whom the joys of domestic and married life are not unfamiliar, that by this means were sown in his family the seeds of interminable little domestic difficulties. But still hunting is made paramount to any other considerations, and the amiable Mrs. Slap in course of time and a few "interesting occasions" gave way to her husband's frailties, and is now rather thankful than otherwise to get him out of the house, more especially on washing days, when he used to be a terrible nuisance indoors, and would be popping his not too captivating phiz into every unlikely corner, and retarding business to a woful extent. Charley needed little pressing to be off to the kennel or somewhere, superintending the boiling of the carrion and the feeding of the hounds, for he is one of those who like to do the thing thoroughly, leaving little to chance and next door to nothing to servants, either in point of duty or of gratuities. He feels now that he has a great reputation to maintain, and not over-much to do it upon. But his is not an expensive establishment, and you would be surprised to learn at how small an expense,

by an exercise of the strictest economy, a pack of hounds may be maintained.

The ladies are somewhat flattered and gratified, after all, at seeing Charley posted up in "Tintin," at the commencement of the season, among the celebrated M. F. H.'s of the county; and as he lives in a remote locality, there is not much fear of "those writing chaps" or of any great personage paying him an unexpected visit, and viewing the nakedness of the land. But it is a great thing for a young wife, when she goes abroad, to be able to say that her husband is a M. F. H., and to point to "Tintin" for confirmation of the fact. There is no gainsaying it; there it is as large as life, and much more unnatural, and Mrs. Slap is not the kind of woman to keep the public in ignorance of her husband's and her own position, nor to refrain from commenting in laudatory terms on its greatness when that husband is not present to hear her—he, poor man, hears a very different description of the concern.

Charley hunts the hounds himself, and his brother, with the aid of a differentiated gipsy, performs the responsible duty of whipper-in. If Charley Slap himself is not a genius, but rather the other thing, what is to be said of his brother, who is not even capable of whipping-in without assistance? In allusion to this office and its unable administrator such a deprecatory remark has been heard as "Well, hang me, if I was whipper-in at all I'd get a situation under the Duke of Beaufort or some such nob as that, and never perform for my own brother, hang me if I would." Of course this is merely a coarse expression of opinion, which is by no means largely participated in, and no doubt this ambitious junior feels that he is upholding the honour of his family quite as much or more so than his elder brother. Charley sports pink himself, but affords Lincoln green only to his satellites. These are not jealous of his superior equipment, for his coat is of the seedy order, and he would suffer it to split, like King Lear's heart, into a thousand flaws or ere he'd buy a new one. Perhaps we had better not inspect the stud, for they will hardly undergo that operation with the credit usual in the establishments of our great masters of foxhounds. Charley breeds his own colts, and breaks them in himself; so of course he is always badly mounted, and possesses the most miserable lot of vicious screws to be seen anywhere. You may imagine, or you may try to imagine—and that is all you can do—what sort of quadrupeds the whippers-in have. If you should pay the hunt a visit, don't let Charley Slap mount you, if you can procure a jackass anywhere else in the neighbourhood; for if you do, you are sure either to get a purl, or to get your legs rasped

against the gate-posts, to burst your girths or to break your reins, to lose a shoe when several miles from a smithy, or to lose your stirrup and break your head.

Charley is always anxious to accommodate his friends with a mount ; that is to say, he is always very liberal with his offers to that end, but he does not always intend you to accede to his very pressing request to ride one of his thoroughbreds. He has done his best to break them in ; but he has such a set of underpaid rips in the stables that the horses have learnt every trick of which equine nature is capable of acquiring a knowledge. It should never be forgotten, or rather it should be known by everybody who has anything to do with the horse, that that animal does not understand a joke, and that all playing, punching of the ribs, and pinching of the back-bones end invariably in confirmed vice. Yet Charley actually paid ten pounds to learn Rarey's trick—his wife was never apprised of the circumstance—and he could perform the coveted operation of "Cruiserising" a horse as well as the great American himself ; but the plan was a complete failure—as far as his stud went, at all events. Satan himself would not have terrified them into respectful obedience to a mortal equestrian. But now for the hounds.

These are of a nondescript kind with a very vengeance, commencing with the great hulking foxhound with rounded ears—rather disgusting specimens always—and descending in a graduating scale to the old badger-pied southern harrier pure and simple. Charley is far too knowing a card to incur much cost in keeping up his breed of hounds, and will accept drafts from any kennel when he can do so gratuitously, or for an infinitesimal tip to a neighbouring huntsman ; but his notions of crossing and intercrossing are of the most original and singular kind, and the consequence is that instead of being able to cover the pack, when they are at work, with the proverbial tablecloth, it is no uncommon thing to see the leading hounds in one parish and the tail ones in another. When some first-flight men join the hunt—which, by the way, is a very rare thing, and always "made a note of," on the plan of the late Captain Cuttle—one or two of the old sort are invariably killed ; so we may hope that in the course of time the dwarf foxhound will have it all his own way ; and we heartily wish Charley Slap better luck next season, and more discretion in the important matter of breeding.

W. F. MARSHALL.

CRISPUS.

A POETIC ROMANCE.

WHAD I within a little of the light
Revealed to Adonais, I might write
To solace other souls ; but it may be
The consolation is alone for me.

On many moon nights and on many days
I thought of Adonais, and his lays,
Laden with love lills and fantastic wings
To fan the face and cool the heart's hot springs :
(It was as though a spirit touched the strings—
Some ancient lyrist who had sung in Greece
Of Jason's labours for the Golden Fleece),
And I have sympathised and marvelled too :
He was a prince of poesy that flew
Before the body's death to heavenly bowers,
And brought the secret in the breath of flowers
Unto the wondering world. The simple swain,
Courting a simple maiden in the lane,
Caught sweet infection ; and old grey-beard men
Felt a new fire and thought of love again ;
But there were wights who worked with pompous brains
To pest the poet for his tender pains,
And laughed though he had soothed with saintly strains.
'Twas pitiful, not strange ; the blighted lad
Was lord of graciousness and they were bad :
Their palates were not tempered to the wine—
He cast before them pearls and they were swine.
He wreathed a charm in panting amorous words,
Learnt from old forest hum and noise of birds,
A garland of celestial whispering,
Full of the summer and the flush of spring,
The smell of shaded lanes that lead the way
To cowslip banks and fields of new-mown hay ;
As prodigal of scent as rosy June,
As mystical as the big rising moon,

Clear as a throstle in a meadow bush,
 Soft as a western wind that comes to hush
 The woodland laughter when the sun is set,
 Full of delightful pleasures and regret.
 Fancy unveiled her face and gave him fire
 Of soul-inflaming love and deep desire,
 Enticing him to faëry isles where grew
 Unfading blossoms, and where breezes blew
 The musk of violets that withered not ;
 And there she sang, whilst he, in ferny plot,
 Drank in the honeyed essence of her lay ;
 Then came he back along the earthly way
 To share the favour with his brother man,
 To teach divinity, and thereby scan
 The goal awaiting all. But he was blest
 Too greatly, and he could not find out rest
 In this poor place of pain when he had been
 I' th' other world of beauty, and had seen
 The lovely welcoming the true and good.
 A melancholy rankled in his blood,
 And death, to others grim, became a boon
 Devoutly craved ; and sickness brought him soon
 Unto the path that leaves behind the night,
 And leads unto the dawning of delight.
 He did not go in fear to Lethe's bourn,
 He did not tremble and he did not mourn ;
 No, he rejoicéd and was glad to go,
 And thanked his Maker that He willed it so.
 And he has gone, yet will his singing give
 The kiss of heaven, and for aye will live
 In tender hearts : unto the mighty race
 Of love he left a lay, and love may trace
 The harvest of a gentle life's endeavour—
 "A thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

 PART I.

FAR in a wood where summer-time had spread
 A roof of green on branches overhead,
 And hung on bushes roses red and white,
 Half covered up in leaves of cool delight,

A wanderer strayed in careless gait and slow,
With countenance perplexed and head hung low,
As one who, having found the world a den
Of difficulty, leaves the haunts of men
To ponder in some solitary dell,
And there consider quietly and well
What he may do and what may leave undone
To keep with honour that with honour won.

He was in torn and humble garments clad,
Yet there was nothing in his face (though sad
And with excess of sickly fretting wan)
Interpreting a timid, humble man,
Or stamped a coward who, being called to stake
His liberty in battle-fields, will quake
At every trumpet's sound. It rather told
Of one well nurtured, gentle, and yet bold.
Though in appearance poor, he was not poor
In brain nor limb; nor did the ring he wore,
Displaying diamonds in a golden floor,
Like glowing lights upon a gilded throne,
Bespeak a youth that lowly men might own.

There was in him an earnestness and pride
Mixed up with melancholy gloomy-eyed,
And doubt, that comes 'twixt youth and manhood's strife
To baffle purpose. This is the time of life
When mortals pause in their careers to sow
Fresh seed, and turn from childish ways to go
Upon a new path, be it ill or well,
Which few desert till heaven comes or hell,
Or rather until death—for who may tell
What cometh after that?

He possessed
Deep passions that will either curse or bless :
Revenge and hate, and reverence and love—
Taints from below and favours from above.

Had you been there and heard his bitter moan,
Or seen him bite his lip, you would have known
Big swollen sorrows, pent up in his breast,
Taunted his heart and kept it in unrest.

From underneath tear-lidded eyes would steal
 Strange brooding glances, seeming to reveal
 Despondency that beckoned him to yield
 Himself to worms, and thereby quit the field
 Of worldly war, where usury and sin
 Rear high their plumes, and comfortably win
 The fat of earth, and prosper and are glad,
 While truth and honour suffer and are sad.

His grief was not a lover's, for, as yet,
 No maiden's comeliness had made him fret,
 Or kindled the pure flame that once afire
 May blaze or smoulder, but will not expire
 Till smothered in the grave.

'Twere hard I wot
 To trace the subtle causes that will blot
 A course of years, making existence lame
 And sour to the core. There's not a name,
 Nor yet a cure, for all the pangs we feel,
 The apothecary hath no drugs to heal
 Sores of the heart and blisters of the brain ;
 When these mysterious organs throb in pain
 Time is the best physician.

Why complain ?

Riches had made him wealthy sevenfold,
 Therefore it could not be he sighed for gold ;
 Nor luxury—'twas servant to his wealth,
 And did not satisfy or quicken health.
 How bitter sad he seemed ! Alack-a-day !
 That man to happiness could find a way !

In mazy thought he walked through pleasant spots,
 By rivers and by thickly-flowered plots ;
 Not heeding azure floods with lilies lined,
 Clear as the pool o'er which Narcissus pined ;
 Not heeding purple plums and apples rare,
 Nor butterflies a-floating in the air ;
 Not heeding insects on the mossy grass,
 In metal mailed of bronze and burnished brass ;
 Not heeding gossamer that kissed his face,
 And fell on him like shreds of faëry lace ;

Not heeding spongy banks, soft as whereon
The blue-eyed Dian wooed Endymion ;
Not heeding cloudlets flushed, of vermeil tinge
All softly hemmed with feathered fleecy fringe ;
Not heeding any posy, rill, or bird,
Not heeding aught he saw or aught he heard.
Why think on them ? They could not tune his voice
To sing, or over malady rejoice ;
Who suffers wrong must grieve though he reside
Where laughter and red jollity abide,
Whereas the wight who knows but little care
And much content is happy anywhere.

He came perchance unto a darkened dell,
Quite overshadowed by the lusty swell
Of clust'ring oaks, that on their long arms wore
Blue sleeves of moss ; and woodbine chains fell o'er
Green globes of shrubbery in curtains thick,
Where bloated bees sucked honey and grew sick,
In greedy feast of sweetness, until they
Became too cumbersome to fly away,
And tumbled among blossoms to the ground.
He stayed : the solemn shadiness around
Suited his humour well, and, weary grown,
Upon a smooth-made slope he sat him down,
Whilst, staring at a singing stream that sped
Before him, in soliloquy he said :—

“ Why, I have wasted a whole summer's morn
In idle reverie of things forlorn,
And silly quarrel 'twixt the ay and nay—
Shall I the city leave or in it stay ?
A danger dogs my doings either way,
And danger is though I move not at all ;
Whatever path I prove I needs must fall
Into a thorny thicket : what a blight
Hath come upon me now ! I may not fight
Against my sire, and would not if I might—
A course unnatural cannot be good ;
It is unwholesome, yet he seeks my blood
Because I braved and slew his foes, and won
More public praise than he himself hath done ;

Like to Pygmalion of old he wears
 A curséd crown of sleepless eyes and fears.
 He reads conspiracy i' th' simplest face,
 And smells a murderer in every place.
 He raves and spumes, and thinks for sure that I
 Am grown his rival and would have him die—
 So I might lord the land myself. O fie !
 Fie on thee, Constantine ! that thou should'st reign
 In regal circumstance thus long to stain
 The purple with injustice, and so win
 Increase of power by dipping into sin !
 'Tis foul to find ingratitude and greed
 In mongrel sons, but it is foul indeed
 When fathers show the hornéd hoofs and tail
 To their begotten. But what doth't avail
 To fret afresh, to think afresh, and rail
 As though there were but one down-trodden elf
 In all the universe, and he—myself?
 But what and why?—the time sails swift away—
 Shall I the city leave or in it stay?"

Scarce had he ended when an answer came
 From some unseen, who spoke in loud acclaim,
 And gave his bold advice, but not his name :
 " If noble natured, in the city stay :
 If crawling coward, from the city stray
 In beggarly disguise, to live alone
 With the uncivilised, and die unknown.
 Bethink ! thou art the son of Constantine,
 A Prince and Cæsar of the Roman line !
 Fight out the fight as thou hast fought before :
 Think ! even now fair Fortune opes the door
 To hand thee out the priceless prizes sought—
 The bright reward for bloody battles fought—
 Whilst thou regardest with indifferent eye
 The very dame thou'st wooed with scalding sigh :
 Turning away like to a peevish boy,
 Who sucks his thumb about a broken toy.
 Return to wisdom, and the court ; and Fame
 Shall carve on marble monuments thy name."

" Who calls me," Crispus asked, " and gives me scorn?
 If thou thyself art noble and wert born

As other men, be not, I beg thee, froward
To show thyself, or I may call thee coward."

He lent his ear, and nigh him in a brake
There was a noise an elephant might make
In brushing through a copse, and lo ! before
One could wink thrice, appeared a man who bore
Marks of Imperial favour. With a show
Of high regard he bent his body low,
Accosting Crispus with respectful bow :
"My lord, forgive my trespass. Do not spend
Your wrath upon me in that I attend
A secret walk unbidden. If 'tis offence
To strive on your behalf with diligence,
I am a sinner. Believe, I cannot tell,
The greatness of my love : wert thou in hell,
And I might follow thee, I would, and crave
Damnation's death if I might be thy slave.
So let my love and loyalty find excuse
For a bold tongue. My lord, your daily use
Hath been of late to turn aside from food,
Neglect your friends to sit alone and brood.
Like Mischief conning over a device
To lay a snare for quarrel, and entice
Its dupes to ruination."

Crispus lies

Upon the grassy pillow, and replies
Without emotion : "Sir, what now you speak
Is not what now you think. I do not seek
For broils—or spies ; nor is't my use
To starve when hungry—or seek abuse.
Therefore be mild in words and short of speech,
'Twill save your lungs, my ears, and better each ;
And I implore thee, Delon, understand,
I have a head, a heart, and a right hand,
Enabling me to think, and feel, and fight
For that which I, not you, believe is right ;
And I will not return to puff the fire,
Or to reveal mine ears or cross my sire :
I am not stubborn neither, but advice
Is over keen when creamed with artifice."

To aid his purpose Delon had to swallow
 The censure, and his own uprising choler :
 " My lord, you do mistake me, but agen
 I'll seek to move your error. Amongst men
 You are a favoured one, a bright one, too——"

" I am no favoured one, nor bright one too ;
 I'm neither first nor second in the State,
 And if I were be sure I should not wait
 Your proclamation ere I thought it true."

" My lord, fair hearing I beseech of you ;
 All Romans love the man who overthrew
 An enemy of mighty form and birth
 With such a proof of zeal and martial worth.
 And they would serve you, care for you, and fight
 For love of you, whether for wrong or right.
 The first test of thy bravery and skill
 Hath placed thee higher in the public will
 Than all the warriors who have held the blade
 Since Constantine an Emperor was made ;
 And even he, grown envious of thy name,
 Looks with disfavour on the shining fame
 That dims and damns his own. Thy good doth gain
 The height meridian ; before it wane
 Be politic : the people's hearts are thine,
 And they forget the name of Constantine
 In praise of thee ; put on the deity
 Whilst they are in the mood to worship thee.
 Come as a god, and they'll believe thee sent
 To succour or inflict a punishment :
 Be calmly resolute, and let thy hand
 Grip well the cause, and then may'st thou command,
 Not for another's good, already grown
 Too great with greatness, but for thine own :
 Thy glory round the empire would be hurled,
 And Rome proclaim thee Master of the World."

Then Crispus answered : " I have no ambition
 To hear you more, or alter my condition
 For kingly power. I have not wings to fly
 From my dear friends on earth unto the sky.

So should I perish ; for your hirelings,
Who beckon smiling, will receive with stings.
No, no ; nor is it policy to take
Into my bosom a seditious snake
For counsellor. Believe what I now say :
Thou art not fit to see the light of day,
Or breathe pure air. Thou art a scab
On Nature's face, and only fit to blab
Rude filthy speeches to a dirty drab !
If any hope of heaven in you dwell,
Then surely mortal never went to hell.
Be patient : I am armed ; and listen, sir,
If you but make attempt to draw or stir,
Or speak, though evil come of it or good,
My sword shall make acquaintance with your blood.
Give one alarm, the point is at your breast,
And in a trice the hilt shall bump your chest.
If you're in search of sport like this, why then
I do entreat of you to call your men—
For well I know that you have men at hand
Who wait t' obey your villainous command :
And all your business well I understand—
Thus : Constantine is jealous of my fame,
And seeks to cut me off ; and he would tame
The public by reporting me as fraught
With dang'rous ambition, as one who sought
To foster a rebellion, and to spill
Even a father's blood, so I might fill
The highest place of all. Should I return
You win me for a surety, and earn
A purse and power. Should I not return
You do not win me, and you do not earn
A purse and pow'r, the which thou hast not won.
I am a subject true—a faithful son.
I know you cannot wish—though you may feign
To have the baited wish—that I should reign.
It is a wish too foolish for an ass ;
For if I ruled, why, it would come to pass
That your fair decorated form would not
Have life in it a day : I'd have you shot
A malefactor ! Why wilt thou infest
A Court already rotten ? Thou art a pest,

Nay, answer not, or, by my faith I vow,
One word suffices. Another spot we'll find
To end our meeting. I will walk behind,
And if you gesture make, or utter word,
Or disobey me, I will use my sword,
And take from men as palpable a knave
As ever cursed in tavern. If you'd save
Your carcase from an uncouth forest grave,
Go on before me without sign or speech
Till your accomplices are out of reach ;
Then you shall be dismissed ; and for the sake
Of that great love you bear me, you shall take
A message back to Court."

(To be continued.)

THE VERDERER OF DEAN FOREST.

THE recent contest in Gloucestershire for the Verderership of the Forest of Dean has been passed over by most of the newspapers as if it were of no more interest than the contests which now and then take place for a Coronership. The *Times* gave the result of the poll in a dozen lines, and its contemporaries contented themselves with the announcement that the appointment had fallen into the hands of Sir Thomas Hyde Crawley-Boevey, Bart. But this contest is not one to be slurred over in this style in the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The office of Verderer of Her Majesty's Forest of Dean is in itself one of the oldest, most interesting, and, perhaps, most picturesque that we possess; and the fact that it is eight hundred and fifty years since the Freeholders of Gloucestershire were called upon to pronounce upon the comparative fitness of a couple of Gloucestershire squires for the appointment ought to be enough to make the contest interesting in the eyes of every Englishman who values these proofs of the historical continuity of the country and of the antiquity of most of our institutions.

The Verderers of the Forest of Dean were originally appointed by Canute the Dane, under the Forest Laws which were passed in the year 1016, and under these laws the Forest of Dean is still to all intents and purposes governed. The only qualification required in these Verderers under the Forest Laws of Canute is that they shall be men of estate; but their appointment then, as now, apparently rested in the hands of the Freeholders, although the Verderers of all the Royal forests were paid out of the Exchequer. Their fees were 200 shillings a year—equivalent, perhaps, to £200 a year to-day—and, in addition to this fee, each Verderer was entitled to two horses, one with a saddle and one without, five lance sticks, and one lance head. The first distinct explanation that we have of the duties of the Verderer is to be found in an old black letter book on the Forest Laws, written by Manwood, and published in 1595; but there is no reason to suppose that the description which Manwood gives of the office of Verderer differed in his day in anything, perhaps, but trifles from the office as it was originally instituted by the Royal Dane. Here is Manwood's account:—

A Verderer how made—his oath and office.

1.—A Verderer is a judicial office of the King's Forest, chosen by the King's writ in the full county of the same shire within which the Forest is, and sworn to

maintain and keep the assize or laws of the Forest, and also to view, receive, and enrol the attachments and presentments of all manner of trespasses of the Forest, of the Vert, and of the Venison.

2.—The officers of the Forest, called Verderers, ought to be esquires, gentlemen of good account, ability, and living, which are wise and discreet, and well learned in the laws of the Forest.

3.—On the death of a Verderer—then upon certificate thereof made unto the King in his High Court of Chancery that one of the Verderers is dead—the King thereupon doth grant out a writ, *de viridario eligendo*, directed to the Sheriff of the same shire within which the Forest is situate whereof a Verderer is to be chosen.

4.—By which writ it appears that a Verderer shall be chosen in the full county in the same manner as a Coroner is, by the Freeholders, so that when the Sheriff hath received the King's writ as aforesaid, for the choosing of another Verderer, and that he, by virtue of the same writ, in his full county, hath caused the Freeholders there to elect a wise, discreet, sufficient, and able man, to serve in the said place of Verderer, and that the same Sheriff hath given unto him an oath according to the tenour of his writ, then the election of a new Verderer, together with his name, must be certified to the Court of Chancery by the same Sheriff in his return made of the same writ, and otherwise than this may no man be made a Verderer of any Forest of the King, as appeareth by the statute called "*Ordinatio Forestarum.*" 34 Edw. I.

What these "Laws of the Forest" were, and what powers the Verderer possessed to punish "trespassers of the Forest, of the Vert, and of the Venison," we are not told; but in the days of Canute the Verderer possessed the power of life and death, or at least the power of stripping a man of his skin, and of nailing it on the door of the court-house as a warning to all whom it might concern. One of the clauses of Canute's Laws empowers the Verderer to impose a fine of 10s.—that is to say, a fine of £10 of our currency—upon any freeman who shall hunt one of the King's deer till he be blown, and a fine of double that amount upon any one who did not happen to possess the privileges of a freeman. The serf was ordered to forfeit his skin for an offence which in the freeman was condoned by the payment of 10s. No records of the Verderer's Court, I believe, now exist; but the Forest of Dean was long one of the haunts of the red deer, which is now only to be found upon Exmoor, and it is only within a very few years that as good sport could be found on the banks of the Severn with the red deer as Mr. Fenwick Bisset now finds for his field on the banks of the Exe. The fame of the forest, however, arose principally for generations from the quality of the Dean oaks. These were supposed to be the best in England for shipbuilding, and there is a tradition that the Spanish Admiral at the head of the Armada had orders to burn the Forest of Dean, and thus, as it was thought, to paralyse the power of the English navy.

Camden, in his "Britannia," tells us that the forest was formerly so thick with trees, so very dark and terrible in its shades and various cross ways, that it rendered the inhabitants barbarous, and emboldened them to commit many outrages; for in the reign of Henry VI. they so infested the banks of the Severn with their robberies, that there was an Act of Parliament made on purpose to curb and restrain them (8 Henry VI.) "But since so many rich veins of iron have been discovered, these thick woods, by degrees, are become much thinner;" and in the time of Charles II. the woods had been so reduced, or were thought to be so reduced, by the miners and the Roundheads in the civil war that an Act was passed to empower the Verderers to enclose great quantities of ground in order to promote the growth of the trees and to preserve the timber. Yet at this time, according to Sir Robert Atkyns, there were only six houses upon the whole of these fifty or sixty thousand acres of forest, and these were the lodges of the keepers! The forest at present covers only about twenty thousand acres, although it covered thirty thousand acres at the accession of the House of Hanover; and about twenty years ago it was disforested. The venison has all disappeared, and the vert only remains. But the Verderers still continue to hold their court in what is called the Speech House in the heart of the forest, and till the venison disappeared the Verderers were paid for the performance of their duty by permission, under the Great Seal, to hunt, harry, and kill the deer of the forest, and to appropriate a buck, or sometimes only half a buck, for themselves. All except these were reserved for the Royal table; and without the King's authority no venison could be killed in the forest. At present the emoluments of the Verderer are *nil*, although it is said that he can, if he think fit, still lay claim to three of the best sticks—that is, three of the best trees—out of every enclosure where there is felling of timber. These claims have been set up by the Verderers within the recollection of the present generation of foresters, but none of the present Board of Verderers, I believe, has ever stood upon his strict rights; and if this privilege ever existed under legal sanction, it has been allowed to drop by non-user.

The duties of the Verderers at present, according to Captain Gould, the rival of Sir Thomas Crawley-Boevey in the recent contest, chiefly consist of a pleasant ride through the forest once a month, the smoking of a cigar under the venerable oaks, a little chit-chat at that ancient hostelry, the Speech House, in the centre of the forest, the fining of a few poor men for cutting turf, and, perhaps, the ordering of some encroachment to be pulled down. While you are

at the house a keeper walks into the room, and says, "So-and-so has put up an encroachment," and you order him to have it pulled down. That is all quite right, of course; the meeting breaks up, you get on your horse, and then go home to dinner. Put in a less picturesque form, the duties of the Verderers consist in seeing that no encroachments are made on the King's forest to the detriment of the rights of the Freeholders; and these duties are now exercised through the Miners' Court—through a court, that is, which has existed in the forest since the days of the Plantagenets, and which till almost recent times kept up the ancient custom of most of the Stannaries Courts of Devon and Cornwall of swearing the miners upon the Bible with "a holy stick," in order that they "might not defile Holy Writ by unclean hands." This custom of course has disappeared with the red deer, and nearly everything else in the forest except its oaks, and one of the principal grounds upon which Sir Thomas Crawley-Boevey asked the miners for their votes was a promise, if elected, to interpret in the freest possible sense a recent Act of Parliament granting facilities for acquiring land on which to build labourers' cottages, and for letting gardens in connection with the collieries. Captain Goold stood as the champion of what are called the forest interests, as the champion, that is, of the miners, on the ground that the colliery proprietors of the Forest of Dean ought to have a representative on the Board of Verderers. But Captain Goold happens to be a new man in Gloucestershire, the grandson, it is said, of a working collier at Park End; whereas Sir Crawley-Boevey is the representative of one of the oldest Gloucestershire houses, the owner of Flaxley Abbey, and the son, grandson, and great-grandson of Verderers. Add to this, that Sir Crawley-Boevey is a Conservative, and Captain Goold a Liberal, that the contest was carried on with the political machinery which is generally brought into play at a county election; that all the influences which are brought to bear upon the election of a knight of the shire were brought into action upon this occasion, and that preparations were made to poll the whole of the 20,000 electors of Gloucestershire, and to poll them, too, in the Shire Hall of the county town; and those who know what contested county elections are may picture to themselves the excitement and expense which this contest for the Verderership of Dean Forest has occasioned on the banks of the Severn. The poll was kept open four days; and in those four days about 1,500 votes were taken; but there is no reason why the poll should not have been kept open forty days—kept open, that is, till the last Freeholder in the county was brought for although the mode of election generally may be said to

resemble that still in use in the case of Coroners, the Act of 1819 limiting the Coroners' poll to ten days does not apply to the office of Verderer. It is still governed by the rules which kept open Parliamentary elections as long as either of the candidates could find a Freeholder to keep the poll alive; and as it may not be 850 years before the next contest for the Verderership takes place, it may perhaps be worth while for the Home Secretary to interpolate a couple of words in the next Election Bill which comes before Parliament, placing Verderers upon the same footing as Coroners in so far as their election is concerned. Captain Goold retired at the end of the third day's poll, rather than put the county to any further expense and trouble; but Sir Thomas Crawley-Boevey had made preparations to poll the whole constituency if necessary, and spent, even as it is, as much to keep this Verderership in the hands of the Cisterian tenants of St.-Mary-le-Dean as many an M.P. spends to win a costly Parliamentary seat.

It is only in England that a contest like this is possible; and it is only in England that public spirit runs so high—that the craving for public offices is so intense—that a couple of country gentlemen living like Sir Crawley-Boevey and Captain Goold almost next door to each other, meeting in the hunting field, sitting together on the Bench at Petty Sessions and at the table of the Board of Guardians, will break through all the ties of friendship and good neighbourhood and spend at a moment's notice £10,000, £20,000, or £30,000 upon a barren honour like this of the Verderership of the Royal Forest of Dean. The contest is interesting as an historical incident, and it is upon this ground mainly that I wish to preserve this note of it in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. But it is only one degree less interesting, even if it be that, as a piquant and characteristic illustration of that intense and healthy flow of English public spirit which makes English public life what it is, and what it is to be hoped it always will be.

CHARLES PEBODY.

CHARLES I.

A LETTER FROM A CITIZEN OF ANOTHER WORLD TO SYLVANUS
URBAN, GENTLEMAN, OF LONDON.



ATTRACTED by the serenity of the weather—a serenity which has been strangely unusual of late—I sauntered forth yesterday evening through some of the public walks of London, gazing, as I went under the lamp-light, at the faces and dresses of the passers-by with that curiosity which was ever my wont when I loitered through the town less lightly than I do now.

Thus, a promenading phantom, noticing but unnoticed, unobserved but observant, I reached a street your wits have named Garrick, after our trusted friend David, and, there encountering a number of chariots drawing up to the two good old theatres of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, I myself was overcome with a desire to visit the play. While still uncertain in my mind which of the two houses to prefer, a notice posted upon a neighbouring wall, setting forth in a spirited argument that Covent Garden had under a new management been restored to its former famous position of the National Theatre of England, and announcing the performance of a play bearing the obviously Chinese title of “Babil and Bijou,” resolved me—I went to Covent Garden. Nor was that play-house so crowded as to render it difficult for me to obtain the best seat in the building. But judge of my surprise when I found that, though several hundred persons in plumage of the rainbow were strutting the stage, singing and reciting somewhat lively songs and words—to the accompaniment of right merry music and right resplendent panoramic views—the actor’s art seemed altogether discountenanced in this play-house, notwithstanding that its exercise might have been naturally regarded as one of the necessities to the existence of a national theatre.

I soon fell a-yawning, and, on discovering from my bill of the play that the ceremonial was to continue for four hours more, stole forth, and gliding across to the Drury Lane Play-house, found that the drama of the “Lady of the Lake,” collaborated by Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Andrew Halliday, was there being played. Here I found an even still more extraordinary performance enacting. For on hearing loud acclamations of delight as I entered, and yet not being

able to see an actor upon the stage, I at length discovered that a set of views of Loch Katrine were being rapturously applauded, and indeed so encored and recalled that I almost expected them to express their satisfaction aloud, or at least to indicate it by means of some mechanically contrived movements of acknowledgment.

Here, doubtless, some slight show of acting was being made, but so admirably subsidarised to the spectacular show was it that its inoffensive display did not in any degree clash with the more obtrusive claims of scene painting and dancing.

Still I own myself to have been again disappointed. After a very few minutes I left this theatre also, and was on the point of returning to the companionship of my comrade ghosts when I encountered the spirit of Charles Lamb, with whom I have contracted a close intimacy in the Shades.

"Where are you going, friend Elia?" I inquired.

"To the theatre," was his reply.

"Then, O lover of the elder drama," said I, "be advised in time by me to visit any other places of enjoyment but these modern theatres."

A dim twinkle shot from Elia's eye as he answered, "So, Oliver, you have been a fellow sufferer with me. You have tried Drury Lane and Covent Garden. I thought so. Well, certes, 'tis ill to hear a good play damned, but infinitely worse to hear a bad one applauded. But, my citizen now of another world, I am natheless going to the theatre—a new one, the Lyceum, which is directed by an American gentleman of talents and cultivation, the father of that very lady whose Leah you so much admired of late. Sheridan Knowles told me he went to this play-house the other night, and was fairly overcome by the writing and acting of the new play. 'Tis the tragedy of 'Charles I.,' by a fellow countryman of yours, Oliver, whose 'Medea' and 'Man o' Airlie' I much commend to your esteem. But come, the farce is just over. Let us enter the house."

"I am with you," I replied; "though after my bitter experiences of to-night, my expectations of 'Charles I.' are somewhat circumscribed."

We were not disconcerted to discover as we entered that the boxes and other fashionable seats in the house were all full, and that there was not even standing room in the pit. Our only apprehension was that the air above the material audience might prove inconveniently crowded by phantom playgoers like ourselves; but it soon appeared from the agreeable vacuity of the atmosphere into which we mounted

that Knowles had reserved his opinion of "Charles I." for such choice spirits as Lamb and myself.

Just as we have occupied the most convenient point of aerial observation the musicians awake a mournful melody most consonant with a tragic theme. The signal for the rise of the curtain is given, and the wild wintry time changes to a mild Michaelmas summer upon the banks of Thames; his sparkling flood, as it nears his banks, softly starred by the last of the season's white water lilies, and ridden beyond by the royal race of swans. The forest trees lave their languid limbs in his temperate tide, or shake their ripe masts and pinecones down upon a softly-shaded gravel path that, graced by an arbour and rustic seats, winds along his opposing shore; while behind him, over the topmost of yon trees, start the proud pinnacles of Hampton Court.

The audience applauded this spectacle; but I was glad to perceive that it was not withdrawn to make way for a Riparian Review of the Rest of the River Thames, to the accompaniment of such orchestral symphonies as had that night conducted across another stage all the lacustrine lovelinesses of the Scottish Katrine.

And now the actors come on; and, first, two courtiers, a lord and lady, acquaint us that the King is still upon the throne. Then entereth the Queen, a right lovely and youthful lady—too young and lovely, some stern critics say, for Henrietta of France; but for my part I never quarrel with youth and beauty in any actress where it is supported by a true knowledge of her art; and this, for one so youthful, she possesses in so rare a degree, Sylvanus, that we look to her for most happy harvesting hereafter.

Then enters the Royal Charles himself with his two children. I started at the actor's marvellous resemblance to the Martyr Monarch. Indeed, all in the house who knew the Vandyke cheered for very surprise. You have seen this piece yourself, Sylvanus; you know well the quiet domestic delights of the first act, where the King is the fond father, the loving husband, and the faithful friend; and how to soft music the royal train glide from our gaze in a mimic barge, across a mimic stream—the Royal Charles with what pathos crying:—

After long care and moil, I thirst for peace;
Aye, as the Psalmist longed for winged escape,
Yea, for doves' wings, to flee and be at rest,
So now this gentle sail shall be our wing;
The air we ride on shall be music sweet.
Breathe softly, music, till the waves shall seem

To move in silent glamour, and the banks
Seem rimmed with rainbow, and the great sky cope
Seem like the haven we are steering for.

A most sweet strain, yet of a strange prophetic sadness withal, in tenderest unison with the melancholy joy of that Indian summer scene; for, O Royal Charles, the wild autumn gales have hushed their loud voices for this little season, only to lift them hereafter with a more mutinous menace!

Well known to you, too, is the duel of words between the King and Cromwell in the ensuing act; each applauded argument for and against the divine right of kings; for, I doubt not, when you visited the theatre as much popular excitement greeted such sentiments as prevailed on the night I beheld the play. So followed the mingled bluntness and craft of Cromwell, as he proffers the conditions of the Commons; the courteous pride of the King; the republican chief's charge of tone as he hints that after all an earldom is not beneath his regard; the royal scorn flashing on him; the Commons' terms indignantly trampled in the dust; the commanding cry, "Uncover before your King!" the troops of Cromwell treacherously called in, yet all falling back at the cry, "Which of you touches your anointed King?" the "That will I!" and advancing insolence of Cromwell; and the curtain's fall as the Queen brings her gallant gentlemen to her husband's rescue with the watchword, "God save the King!"

Another change of scene.

The Battle of Marston Moor—the air loud and red with the thunder and lightning of war. The Queen's agonised expectancy. False Moray whispering Ireton without. The Queen's splendid accusation of the traitor. The cry of, "The King! the King!"—the quick clang of his battle harness as he crosses the scene; the Queen in his arms; the cup of cold water; the feverish perusal of the battle plan; the "All is not lost!" and the cry, "Now, Moray, the troops you promised me!" The traitor's paltering reply; and again and again, "The troops you promised me! the troops you promised me!" The entrance of Cromwell. The King's intercession for his friends, and Huntley's touching:—

There never was a Gordon known
To leave his master in extremity.

The faltering, "But, sir, my wife!" The Queen's supplication to share her husband's fate. Then the King's last memorable words to his betrayer:—

Come nearer, sir, I saw a picture once

By a great master ; 'twas an old man's head.
 Narrow and evil was its wrinkled front ;
 Eyes close and cunning, a dull vulpine smile :
 'Twas called a Judas—wide that artist erred.
 Judas had eyes like thine of candid blue,
 His skin was smooth, his hair of stainless gold :
 Upon his brow shone the white stamp of truth,
 And lips like thine did give the traitor kiss.
 The King, my father, loved thine—at his death
 He gave me solemn charge to cherish thee,
 And I have kept it to my injury.
 It is a score of years since then, my lord—
 Hast waited all this time to pay me thus ?

And kissing his cross-hilted sword, King Charles yields himself a prisoner to Cromwell.

Once more the scene is in the Palace of Whitehall. 'Tis approaching the hour of the Regicides. Cromwell is before us. He has demanded the abdication of his rights, and the surrender of the person of the young prince, as the price of his father's life. It is refused by the King by letter, and when, after going down on her knees to the Cromwell for her husband, he denies him mercy, except on that same condition, 'tis as magnificently rejected by the Queen.

Then comes that bitterest hour of parting. The weeping Queen; Huntley's tearful farewell; the pretty children upon their father's knees, for the last time, though they know it not; their sweet unconsciousness of that sad life-parting more heartrending than their mother's tears. They then passionately kissed by their father, and sent to the window to look at "soldiers and horses and bright morning clouds." Then the saddest farewell of husband and wife; the mute mementoes for others, and that most eloquent of mementoes to her:—

O my loved solace on my thorny road,
 Sweet Clue through all my Labyrinth of sorrow,
 What shall I leave to thee ?
 To thee I do consign my memory :
 O banish not my name from off thy lips
 Because it pains awhile in naming it.
 Harsh grief doth pass in time into far music ;
 Red-eyed Regret that waits upon thy steps
 Shall daily grow a gentle dear companion,
 And hold sweet converse with thee of thy dead.
 . . . So keep my memory's place for ever green,
 All hung with immortelles of thy true love.

That sweet abiding in thine inner thought
I do desire more than the sculptured record
Or grandest pomp among the tombs of kings.

clock ringing out the fatal hour; the last long lovers' embrace; the martyr's gentle freeing of himself from his clinging Queen; the kneeling to the Higher King for her he leaves behind; his eyes bent on sacred prayer; the kissed hand; the holy haunting look; the proud turn to follow his executioners; the miniature pressed to the wall; the last long gaze; the sad, sweet, strange "Remember!" as the curtain falls upon our tears.

"Howles was right," said Elia. "'Tis indeed a most touching play. A poem for its author to be proud of." "But not proud of the acting, Elia?"

"The King played nobly as became a king. For what did my countrymen of the world say once of an actor who did not so behave himself? 'Pity is but a shortlived passion; I hate to hear an actor playing trifles. Neither startings, strainings, nor attitudes affect me, there be cause; after I have been once or twice deceived by unmeaning alarms my heart sleeps in peace, probably unaffected by the principal distress. There should be one great passion aimed at by the actor as well as the poet; all the rest should be subordinate, and only contribute to make that the greater; if the actor, therefore, as upon every occasion in the tones of despair, he attempts to do as he pleases too soon; he anticipates the blow, he ceases to affect, though it may be our applause.'"

"Very words, Elia; and you think this author and this actor would follow my advice?"

"Surely. First the poet exhibits the King as the father of his people—then as the parent of his people. Hence his tenderness for his children, and yearning for a golden age when he might walk among his people and take up the cottager's babe crying, 'Hail to my subject!'—his richest reward the thought that he might thereby do good to him, 'The King loved me.' After, at Marston Moor, he hears of the death of so many brave subjects, remember what he said, 'I grow here by a thousand bleeding roots'—and so about the play until the final parting with his faithful subject, his wife, and his loving wife and children, love and affection, and sympathy for his duteous subjects who have suffered for him, and indignation against his unduteous lieges, these emotions form the great parent passion of the King such as our Mr. Wills has in him. It was, then, for Mr. Irving to exhibit these qualities with a kingly dignity, and—as the play is a sad and

solemn one—with the subdued strength consonant with such a mournful theme.”

“And he did so support his part, Elia, in my thinking, at least.”

“Aye, that he did—sincerely playful with his children; truly loving to his wife; indignant without arrogance against Cromwell and Ireton; grieved at heart for his devoted subjects dead; till, concentrating in that last long loving look at his Queen all the subdued passion of his splendid suffering, he stepped forth to the block with a spirit that was King still over the souls of those that slew him.”

“Then, with me, you think him an actor?”

“A great actor.”

“And the Queen?”

“Full of rich promise. She hath both passion and pathos. Aye! I could not but sob when she spoke to her children of the King's going away for ‘a long, long time,’ and with what a royal scorn she withered Cromwell at the last!”

“And what think you of him?”

“Too much of a foil mayhap; but I hear Mr. B—— is a comic actor, so we must excuse your poet for making his Cromwell look more the fool than he was.”

This much of a dramatic epistle to my good old friend Sylvanus. Adieu!

LOVE AND DEATH.

HAST seen how flow'rets seem to turn
Their sweetness from the questing bee,
Who bursts with gentle force the urn
And sets the prisoned nectar free?
So I compelled her lips to learn
The tribute that they owed to me.

Hast seen the water-lily lay
Her fair face on the river's breast,
And closing in the sun's last ray
Softly subside into her rest?
So in my arms she swooned away
With joy to hear my love confessed.

Hast heard the lark at break of light
When spirit-like from earth he sprung
And from the scarce-disperséd night
An affluence of music flung?
So, in the newness of delight,
Seemed the soft accents of her tongue.

Hast seen how Autumn's jessamine clings
With delicate paleness to her wall,
While every blast that passes brings
Some treasured blossom to its fall?
So, deeply shadowed by death's wings,
Her weakness clung to me through all.

Hast ever fancied what might be
Sweet music's saddest miracle,
That triumph of wild minstrelsy,
The dying swan's melodious spell?
So sad, so sweet, so strange to me
Came the faint tones of her farewell.

Hast seen, where snow-wreaths melt away,
How green appears the turf below?
So, should my sorrow yield one day
To mellowing time as doth the snow,
Her memory's greenness will betray
How deep the drift that made it so.

THE DEAD STRANGER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.
BY THE REV. B. W. SAVILE, M.A.

CHAPTER IV.

THE following evening there was to be the first customary winter party at Herr Bantes' house. "Winter party" was the name given in Herbesheim for what is called in other places soirées, tea-parties, &c. The principal families of the little town took turns to invite every week a small circle of friends, and to spend the long evening cheerfully and merrily, with music, singing, and games of different kinds—but I must *en passant* remark that cards never formed a part of such amusements, although this is so commonly the miserable refuge of people who can find in rational and cheerful conversation no resource against slander or ennui.

But on this evening music and singing and games were out of the question: it was the first time the circle had met for the winter; there was much to talk of, and as it was only three days to Advent Sunday, it may naturally be supposed that the Dead Stranger formed the principal topic of conversation. The young ladies tossed their heads, and pretended great incredulity: several rejoiced at having no lover, when perhaps after Advent they would not have been so scornful; in others, the heart beat quick at the thought perhaps of one to whom that heart belonged. The elder married ladies, after mature consideration, were tolerably well agreed that the story of the Dead Stranger might not be entirely without some foundation. The young men were all without exception sceptical: some wished the Dead Stranger would really come, and try their courage: two elderly gentlemen held up their finger, and warned the young boasters to beware, in which they were joined by one or two of the ladies; and the whole gave rise to many witticisms, much bantering, and much laughter.

"But," cried Herr Bantes, with a droll smile of pretended indignation, "what sort of entertainment for my company is this? Wherever I show my face I hear of nothing but the *Dead Stranger*; right and left, the *Dead Stranger*: is that a fitting amusement for my living

friends? Away, I say. Give me something more lively. No corner gossip, no whispering about the dead."

"I am of the same opinion," said the Commissioner of Excise. "Rather let us have the commonest game of forfeits! If Herbesheim had no more to fear from living strangers than from the centenary visit of this Dead Stranger, we might be pretty sure the heads of our young beauties would never be turned."

"I must say I should like to know how this absurd story first originated," said a young lawyer. "The tradition is as fleshless as a skeleton; no more circumstantial details are known of it than might be collected out of an old song or ballad—for which, by the bye, it is just fitted."

"Quite the contrary," said Waldrich. "The tradition of the Dead Stranger, as it was formerly known, and as I have heard it narrated by an old huntsman in my childhood, is only too long and too wearisome for our days: and that is the reason it has been forgotten, and rightly so."

"How! do you know the story?" was the eager query from several of the company.

"I have an obscure recollection of it," replied Waldrich.

"Oh! you must tell us," cried all the young ladies, and pressed round him with urgent entreaties. "Pray, pray tell us."

Excuses, resistance, were all in vain. The gentlemen seconded the ladies' petition. The chairs were formed into a circle. Waldrich, willingly or unwillingly, was obliged to conform, and give the details of the story, as he had received them from the old huntsman. He put the story together, to afford the party some amusement, in the best manner he could on the spur of the moment, and thus began the tale of

THE DEAD VISITANT OF HERBESHEIM.

It is upwards of two hundred years ago that "The Thirty Years' War" commenced, and that the Elector Palatine Frederick placed on his head the kingly crown of Bohemia. However, the Emperor and the Elector of Bavaria, at the head of all the Catholics in Germany, put themselves in motion to reconquer the crown. The great and decisive battle at the White Mountain, close to Prague, was fought. The Elector Frederick lost both battle and crown. The news flew from mouth to mouth throughout Germany with the rapidity of lightning. All the Roman Catholic States exulted at the overthrow of the unfortunate Frederick, who had been only a few months in possession of his throne, and who for that reason was called in derision "The Winter

King." It was known that he had fled from Prague in disguise, accompanied by a very small suite.

All this was well known to our ancestors in Herbesheim two hundred years ago. They delighted in gossip and newsmongering then just as much as we, their worthy descendants, do now; they were, moreover, I dare not say more religious, but more fanatical and superstitious. Their joy at the defeat and flight of the Winter King was as extravagant and even more uproarious than our rejoicing some years ago over the fall and flight of the Emperor Napoleon.

About that time three fair damsels were sitting together, and talking over the history of the Winter King. They were all three dear friends, and all three had an affianced bridegroom—that is to say, each had her own peculiar lover—otherwise they would not long have been friends. The first was called Veronica, the second Francesca, the third Cecilia.

"This heretic King ought not to be suffered to escape from Germany!" said Veronica; "as long as he lives the monster of Lutheranism will live, and not cease to pour forth ruin and misery."

"Aye, indeed," cried Francesca; "and whoever gives him his death-blow may justly consider himself entitled to a noble reward from the Emperor, the Elector of Bavaria, the Holy Church, and the Pope; nay, more, may deem himself sure of heaven."

"I do wish," suggested Cecilia, "that he would come into our town. Oh! how I wish it! he should surely perish by the hand of my Adolf, who would at least receive an earldom as his recompense."

"It may become a question," said Veronica, "whether your Adolf could ever make you a countess, for he has scarce courage enough for such an heroic deed; but if I did but give him the slightest hint, my Kaspar would take sword in hand and strike the Winter King to the heart. And where would be your earldom then?"

"Let neither of you boast so proudly," said Francesca; "my Ernst is the best man of the three. Has he not already served in the wars as captain? and if I did but order him to cut down the Great Turk on his throne he would make the attempt. Let neither of you set your hearts too much on the title of countess."

While these young girls were thus squabbling for the imaginary title, there was heard a violent tramping of horses, galloping from the gate through the street. All three flew to the window. But the weather without was dreadful, the rain poured down in torrents from every roof and every shoot into the street, a storm of wind was blowing, and driving the floods of rain against the houses and windows.

"May God be gracious to us," cried Cecilia. "Whoever journeys in such weather as this surely does so against his will."

"He must be forced by dire necessity," said Veronica.

"Or pursued by an evil conscience," added Francesca.

At the Dragon Inn, just opposite, thirteen gentlemen stopped their horses, and hastily alighted. Twelve remained standing by their horses; the thirteenth (in a white dress) went into the inn. The landlord and waiters soon came out: the horses were led into the stable, the gentlemen into the inn. Notwithstanding the rain, the people ran into the street to look at the strange horses and their riders. The finest horse of all belonged to the white-clad rider: it was a snow white steed, with splendid accoutrements.

"Suppose this were indeed the Winter King!" cried the three young girls, as they retired from the window, and at the same moment gazed steadfastly and thoughtfully at each other.

There was a sudden noise and bustle on the stairs, and lo! the young ladies' three lovers entered the room.

"Have you heard," cried one of them, "the fugitive Winter King is in our town?"

"He would be a good catch," said a second.

"The face of the tall, pale, haggard man in the white coat betrays intense vexation," cried the third.

The young girls felt a thrill of joy. It seemed as though their eager eyes conversed with each other, and comprehended each other. All at once they joined hands, and said—

"Yes, it's a settled thing; all three together, and not separately."

They then let go their hands, and each one turned towards her lover; and first Veronica spoke, and said—

"If my Kaspar suffers the Winter King to leave the walls of our town alive, then will I rather become the Winter King's mistress than my Kaspar's lawful wife—so help me God and His saints!"

And Francesca turned and said—

"If my Ernst permits the Winter King to survive this night, then will I rather embrace death than my beloved Ernst, who may wait for ever in vain for the bridal day—so help me God and His saints!"

Then Cecilia last said—

"The key of my bridal chamber is now and for ever lost if the chosen of my heart, my own Adolf, fail to bring me to-morrow his good sword reeking with the blood of the Winter King."

The three lovers were horror-struck; but they soon recovered their self-possession while they gazed on the lovely girls (who looked more

bewitching than ever) standing before them and waiting their reply. Neither of them liked to be backward; each one would be foremost in giving evidence of the fervency of his love by an heroic deed. And so they faithfully promised that the Winter King should never see to-morrow's sun.

They then took leave of their intended brides, who now exultingly resumed their seats, and chattered on as before of their lovers' immortal renown, of their courage and affection, and at length of the anticipated rank, and how it could be shared between them. The three young men consulted with each other and went immediately into the Dragon Inn, called for something to drink, made inquiry in the course of conversation concerning the stranger as to who he might be, and where he slept, and if he had a nice room—although they all knew well enough every corner of the house; and thus they continued to carouse till late in the night.

Before daybreak twelve of the strangers set off in all haste, and in the midst of a fearful storm. The thirteenth lay dead in his bed, weltering in his blood—he had received three mortal wounds! Nobody knew who he was, but the landlord protested it was not the King; and he was right, for, as is well known, the Winter King fortunately escaped into Holland, and lived many a year afterwards. The Dead Stranger was buried that same day—not, however, in the churchyard in consecrated ground with the bones of other Catholic Christians, but, out of Christian love, as a presumed heretic, in the carrion pit, without book or bell.

Meanwhile, the three brides-elect anxiously waited their lovers' arrival to bestow sweet reward upon them. But they came not. Search was made for them in every street and every house; but from that midnight hour no one ever saw them more. Even the landlord and his wife, the waiters and maids, could not tell whither they were gone or what was become of them.

Bitterly grieved were the unhappy girls, night and day they wept, and repented of the atrocious order they had given to such handsome and true-hearted men. Most especially did the charming Cecilia secretly bewail, for she had first given utterance before her youthful companions to the venturesome design against the life of the Winter King. Two days had elapsed since that unhappy night, the third was drawing to a close, and neither the betrothed brides nor the distressed parents had heard anything concerning the fate of the young men.

There was a knocking heard at Cecilia's door, and a stranger of distinguished air and mein entered and inquired for the young lady,

who was sitting weeping by the side of her father and mother. The stranger produced a letter he had received on the road from a young man and promised to deliver. Oh! what a joyful surprise for Cecilia. The letter was from her own Adolf.

It was almost dark, and the mother made haste and fetched two burning lamps that she might read the letter and see the stranger better. He was a man of about thirty, tall and very thin, dressed entirely in black; yet, according to the fashion of that period, he wore a large hat, ornamented with a black feather, a black doublet with a broad lace collar falling over his shoulders, black nether garments, and wide boots; by his side was a sword, the hilt of which was inlaid with gold and pearls and precious stones. His fingers glittered with sparkling jewels. His features were regular and noble; yet, notwithstanding the fire of his eye, his face was ashy pale, and the black dress made him look yet more wan. He sat down, and the father read the letter by the light of the lamp. It was as follows: "We have committed an injustice! Therefore, my love, farewell; for I have lost the key of the bridal chamber. I go to the wars in Bohemia, and seek another bride, who will not require from her lover a sword reeking with blood. Be comforted, as I am. Herewith I send back your ring." And the ring indeed fell from the letter.

When Cecilia heard this read she almost fainted away, and she wept and upbraided the inconstant one. The father and mother consoled their unhappy child, and the stranger addressed her with soothing kindness:

"Had I known that the villain was making me the bearer of so much wretchedness, as truly as I am Count von Gräbern I would have bestowed on him with my good sword the blessing of St. John. Dry your lovely eyes, sweet lady; a single one of those pearly drops which bedew your rosy cheeks is enough to quench the flames of your love."

But Cecilia could not restrain her tears, and the Count at length withdrew, having solicited permission to visit once more on the following day the afflicted fair one. He kept his word and came, and when alone with Cecilia, he said:

"I have not been able to sleep all night for thinking of your beauty and tears. You owe me one smile, that my cheeks, now so pale from sleeplessness, may regain some degree of colour.

"How can I smile?" said Cecilia. "Has not the inconstant Adolf sent me back my ring, and ceased to love me?"

The Count took the ring and threw it out of the window.

"Away with the ring!" cried he. "How willingly would I replace it with a costlier!"

And he placed the most splendid diamond hoop from off his own finger on the table before her.

"How willingly present you with all these rings—and each is worth a barony."

Cecilia blushed. She pushed back the splendid ring.

"Be not so cruel," said the Count; "for, now that I have seen you, I can never forget you. Has your lover slighted you? Slight him in return. That is sweet revenge. My heart and my earldom lie at your feet."

In sooth Cecilia did not wish to hear more; and yet she felt in her heart the Count was right as regards the revenge, and that the faithless one must be forgotten. They conversed together of many other things. The Count talked very modestly and very persuasively, but he certainly was not so handsome as the lost lover, and his face, in truth, much too wan and ashy pale. Nevertheless, the colour was quickly forgotten in his tender eloquence, and as there is a time for everything, so Cecilia at length ceased weeping, and even at times could not help smiling at the Count's jests.

The wealthy nobleman's presence in Herbesheim was soon well known to the whole town, for he had many rich-liveried servants, and lived at great expense. Every one heard besides that he had brought Cecilia a letter from the vanished lover, and, accordingly, when Veronica and Francesca heard of it, they hastened to their friend and asked whether the noble Count knew nothing of the other two, and begged her to make inquiry.

Cecilia did so, and thanked him much when he said he would himself wait on her sorrowing friends, that he might judge by their descriptions who their lovers were. She looked on him also with a more favourable eye, for she had during the night, when alone, pondered over many things, and carefully examined the costly ring, and considered within herself: I have nothing to do but to stretch out my hand, and the wished for title of countess is mine, without any participation with Veronica and Francesca—and thus indeed the act of my faithless lover has furthered my wishes. And she showed her father and mother the jewel which the gentleman had left on the table, and informed them also of his honourable proposals, and all she knew of his large estates. The old people were greatly astonished, and for a long time would not give credit to it. When, however, the Count returned, he respectfully begged the parents to be permitted to offer their daughter a trifle for her Sunday's dress, and when he drew out of a costly case a diamond cross attached to a necklace composed of seven rows of pearls, then they believed. And her father and mother consulted together, and at length said:

"This is the son-in-law for us; we must not let him go."

They had now, therefore, many a long talk with their daughter, and frequently left her alone in the room with the Count, and regaled him often with their best fare and choicest wines, keeping him till late at night. He accepted their hospitality with a profusion of thanks, and his handsome presents delighted the old couple. Cecilia rejoiced in heart that she should, as Countess von Gräbern, excite the envy and admiration of the whole town, and yielded more and more to the importunity of her new lover.

But he was a sad deceiver. For when he came to Veronica he thought her still handsomer than the lovely Cecilia, and when at length he saw the fair-haired Francesca the other two seemed to him almost plain. Nevertheless, he told the fair Francesca and the dark-haired Veronica, each one separately, much the selfsame story concerning their lovers. He had met the three young men in an inn by the way, carousing in uproarious merriment with three young girls. They were going to the wars in Bohemia, and these lasses with them. When they heard from him in the course of conversation that he meant to pass through the little town of Herbesheim, one of them wrote the letter to Cecilia, and begged him to be the bearer of it; but the others jested and said, "We have something better to do here with these buxom girls than to write letters, but if you will trouble yourself with a message from us, pray tell them we are going to Bohemia, because at their bidding we have done a foul deed, and in lieu of a letter we send them back their betrothal-ring. They may console themselves with the man whom it fits better than it does us."

To Veronica the Count declared the ring fitted him admirably; to Francesca he protested the ring must have been made expressly for him. And he comforted both with many tender speeches, and asked them whether a lover deserved so many tears who could so contemptuously forsake his lady-love, and throw away both heart and ring in favour of a wanton mistress. And he played his part with both as successfully as he did with Cecilia, and contrived at length to console both; and made presents to both of them. To each he offered his heart and his title, and they both soon became accustomed to his pale but handsome features.

Each of the three friends, however, made a strict secret of her intercourse with the Count, and of her own projects, for each feared the other would cast out her net for the wealthy lover. They ceased to visit each other, and each was much vexed whenever she accidentally heard that the Count continued his acquaintance with the other two. Each jealous of the other, and striving to outvie the rest, they

permitted at first sundry endearments, and at length returned them with a view of more closely enchaining their adorer.

No one more rejoiced in this jealousy than did the malicious Count; for by that means he acquired in brief time still greater advantages over the three fair ones. He protested to each individually, it is true, by all that is holy in heaven, that he thought the other two plain and silly, but yet that he was obliged out of common courtesy to visit them from time to time. At last even this shift was no longer of any use, and when they each separately required as a proof of true love that he should entirely avoid the other two he pretended to be much perplexed, and made a single condition in return—viz., a formal betrothal and exchange of rings in presence of the parents, and afterwards a quiet hour at night, when the lovers, undisturbed by the wedding bustle, the journey, and all the preparations, in the Count's own palace might enjoy a confidential talk.

This was granted by each of the three fair damsels, and the promise sealed with a kiss; and each said, when the kiss was bestowed, "Dear Count, how very pale you look! Leave off that black dress, it only makes you look yet paler."

And he always made the same reply, "I am wearing black in fulfilment of a vow. On the wedding day I shall appear in red and white, like your own cheeks, my fairest love."

Thus the Count was formally betrothed to all three. This took place on the same day, and when it was dark he stole privately into each lady's bedchamber. That, too, occurred the same night. As on the following morning the young girls slept unusually long, the parents went to wake them. There they all lay icy cold in bed, with their necks twisted round, each face turned behind.

From out the three houses was heard a cry of murder through the streets. The people came running in horror. "Murder! murder!" was the cry; and as suspicion fell upon the Count von Gräbern, the crowd collected before the Dragon Inn, and the captain of the City Guard and his halberdiers forced their way in. The landlord was found in great lamentation, for his lodger had disappeared with all his servants, and no one had seen him depart. All his vast quantity of luggage was gone, and yet nobody had carried it away; the many splendid horses had vanished from the well-closed stables, and not a single person in the streets. Not one of the watchmen at the gates had heard the sound of their departure.

How terror-struck was everybody! Whoever passed the houses of the three unfortunate young brides made the sign of the cross and

blessed themselves. Within was the wailing of grief and distress, and it was a thing to be universally remarked that the rich presents, the magnificent wedding clothes which the Count had already given, the pearl necklaces, jewelled rings, and diamond crosses were never more to be found.

There was but a small funeral procession, all dressed in black cloaks, which followed the coffins of the three unhappy girls out of the gate; and when the coffins were placed on the ground in the churchyard of St. Sebaldus' Church, and the funeral service was about to commence, a tall man, whom no one had before observed, was seen to leave the procession; and as they followed him with their eyes every one marvelled that, although he had previously been dressed in black, he became gradually quite white, and on the white doublet appeared three red spots, and blood visibly trickled down over the front of his dress; and the tall pale man went towards the carrion pit.

"Jesus Maria!" cried the landlord of the Dragon, "that is the Dead Stranger whom we buried there one-and-twenty years ago."

Dismay seized on all in the churchyard, and they ran off in utter horror: their feet could not carry them fast enough. A storm of wind, accompanied with snow and rain, blew in violent gusts after them. Three days and three nights did the coffins remain unburied by the side of the open graves.

When the magistrates at length ordered them to be lowered, and the parents offered some stout-hearted men a considerable sum to perform the last charitable office, these last were greatly amazed; for when they lifted the coffins they found them as light as though they were empty, notwithstanding the covers were found still nailed down fast. One man took courage, fetched a chisel and hammer, and another called the priest and his assistant; and when the coffins were opened they were found quite empty—not a single pillow, not a morsel of linen, not a straw was there to be found. And so they buried the empty coffins. And thus ends the first act in the legend of "The Dead Stranger."

Here Waldrich paused; there was a dead silence in the room; the candles were dimly burning, and cast a pale glimmering light on the listening circle; the gentlemen, who were sitting or standing around, looked grave; the younger ladies had unconsciously edged closer to each other in couples, and the elder ones continued listening with folded hands and lengthened faces long after Waldrich had ceased to speak.

"For heaven's sake snuff the candles!" cried Herr Bantes, "and

go on talking, that one may hear a living human voice, else I shall run away. This piece of devilry is enough to make one's blood run cold."

Everybody felt a corresponding feeling. There was a rush to the candles; the whole party stood up; refreshments were handed round, and then the company amused themselves with loud talk and loud laughter and bantering jokes about the terror which each one had remarked in his neighbour, but which no one would acknowledge having felt himself. The legend of the Dead Stranger was called the most absurd goblin story ever hatched in an old nurse's brain, and it was universally agreed that if Mrs. Ratcliffe or Lord Byron had but known it, the world might have anticipated a masterpiece of horror.

After a brief interval, the party renewed their entreaties for the second part of the legend—that is, for the history of the second apparition of the Dead Stranger. The half circle was once more formed around the narrator without waiting for his consent, and every eye was directed towards him with a mixture of curiosity and fear when he resumed his seat. The young girls moved their chairs close together in groups at the very commencement, as did also the elderly ladies, and amid dead silence Waldrich resumed his tale as follows:—

The property now in the possession of Herr Becker, outside the town, formerly belonged, as you know, to the baronial family Von Rosen, who, however, had not resided on it for the last hundred years, and it had always been occupied by tenants until about twenty years ago, when, during that unquiet and warlike period, it became by purchase the property of the late Hofrath Becker. The last Baron, to whom, besides this estate, a great part of the forest land near the town belonged, and who resided here sometimes with his family, was a most lavish spendthrift. In fact, he only retired here when his extravagance in Venice or Paris obliged him to recruit his exhausted finances; but even his economical retirement to his magnificent country seat was for the most part nothing more than a continuation of his customary amusements under a new form.

We can still discern the traces of past grandeur and magnificence in the extensive ruins of the former castle and its contiguous buildings, which, about seventy years ago, became a prey to the flames, and by the side of which the neat, unpretending modern house, built by the late Herr Becker during his lifetime, stands. Where the plough now tills the soil was then a garden.

The last time the Baron came to his country seat it was at a most

unusual time, and with an unusually large party—that is to say, late in autumn, and with fifteen or twenty young men of rank, with their servants. His daughter, Bertha, was then the affianced bride of the Viscount de Vivienne, a rich, good-natured, gay young man, who was visiting the German Courts in the capacity of envoy from Cardinal Dubois. This latter was then the all-powerful Minister of the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, and Vivienne was his especial favourite. It may be easily imagined that the Baron von Rosen neglected nothing to make his guest's visit to the country mansion near the little town as agreeable as possible. The pleasures of the table, the enjoyments of the chase in the adjacent forests, and the amusement of playing for large sums at hazard, were varied by turns with excursions and the representation of some little French dramatic pieces. Count Altenkreuz, a rich, gay, pleasure-loving young man, the son of a distinguished family on the Lower Rhine, was, in spite of his wan, lead-coloured countenance, the first promoter of hilarity among the jovial crew. He was a consummate gambler, knew the ins and outs of all the then existing Courts, and had learnt the valuable art of killing time by every possible variety of pleasure and joviality. His inventive genius in this respect was incomparable. The Baron von Rosen had made his acquaintance shortly before his arrival at Herbesheim, and brought him with him as a real treasure—perhaps, also, for the additional reason that Altenkreuz liked deep play, and was not always a successful gambler; he might, therefore, hope for many a good windfall to replenish his exhausted purse out of the Count's.

It was this pale-faced young profligate who, as Advent season approached, hit upon the expedient of giving a masked ball, and proposed, moreover, that each person should be at liberty to select a fair damsel out of the town or neighbourhood, without regard to birth or station; for, in truth, the fair sex was sadly wanting in this festive party of gentlemen. The young Baroness von Rosen and her few friends were lost in the numerous crowd of men.

“Why, then, when one is in the pursuit of pleasure, look too narrowly into the genealogical tree,” said Altenkreuz. “Beauty belongs to every station—to queens, to those of our own rank, and among the grisette class may be found loveliness which would not shame a Court.”

All applauded, although the noble damsels looked rather scornful. And now tailors and dressmakers were called into requisition, and even engaged from other towns to prepare masquerade dresses of various kinds. The Viscount de Vivienne desired to distinguish himself

above all the rest in the tastefulness of his attire, and Altenkreuz tried on this occasion, as on many others, to outshine the Frenchman. He sought out the most skilful tailor in Herbesheim and the prettiest girl to introduce at the ball; and he found both under the same roof. Master Vogel was the best tailor, who at once comprehended the Count's instructions, and his daughter Henrietta, in the first bloom of her beauty, soon enchanted the Count more than was quite right.

The Count was now seldom out of the tailor's house; he had perpetually some further instructions to give that nothing might go wrong; and, above all, he had fresh hints for the industrious Henrietta, having ordered a couple of expensive dresses for a lady to be got ready for the masquerade—which not only was Henrietta to make, but her father was to fit them to her own figure, because, as the Count affirmed, the young lady from a country seat in the neighbourhood, whom he intended to introduce at the ball, was exactly of the same slight and elegant form as Henrietta. Meanwhile, he was most generous; the little presents which he made equalled at length in value the stipulated payment for the work. That the choicest gifts were for Henrietta may be easily guessed, and that many compliments were paid to her beauty, whenever he chanced to be alone with her—nay, that at length he more than hinted at his love—might, judging from his passion, have been foreseen. Henrietta should not, indeed, have listened to these tender speeches, for she was a respectable girl, and moreover already engaged to one of her father's workmen; but, nevertheless, she did give a willing ear to the flattering words of such a kind and noble gentleman, for a girl can seldom be angry with the man who adores her.

A few days previous to that of the ball—the masquerade dresses were quite finished—Altenkreuz arrived at Master Vogel's house looking gloomy and out of temper. He requested to speak a word to Master Vogel, and they went into another room.

"Vogel," said he, "I am in the greatest perplexity. You alone, if you choose, can help me out of my dilemma; and I will pay you better, if you grant me this favour, than if you were to make ball dresses all the year round."

"I am ever your lordship's most humble servant," replied the tailor, with a low bow and smiling countenance.

"Only fancy, Vogel," continued Altenkreuz, "the young lady whom I was to introduce to the ball is ill, and has put me off. All the other gentlemen have their partners, and, as you know, they are for the most part the young ladies of the town. Now, here I am

without my other half. I might find one among the upper classes or shop-keepers, but then the ball dresses would never fit them. You see, Vogel, I must absolutely beg for your daughter; you have yourself fitted the dresses upon her, and you must ask her for me."

The tailor started at first; he had not anticipated so great an honour. He bowed repeatedly, and could not utter a word.

"Henrietta shall not regret it," continued Altenkreuz; "the dresses in which she dances will be her own property, and I will gladly procure everything necessary for her suitable appearance at a splendid party."

"Your lordship is too good!" cried Master Vogel. "I must tell your lordship, without vanity, the girl dances admirably. You should only have seen her at my neighbour the tinman's wedding. I could not believe my own eyes when I saw her dance in such a way. There is nothing more to be said. If your lordship will only remain here, I will send the girl to you. Propose it to her, and nothing shall be wanting on my part."

"But, Master Vogel," replied Altenkreuz, "perhaps Henrietta's lover may be jealous, for which he has no cause; you must win him over."

"Oh!" cried Master Vogel, "the fellow dares not breathe a word to me."

He went, and in a short time Henrietta came blushing into the room. The Count covered her hand with his kisses; he informed her of his wish, his perplexity, and begged her to procure everything at his expense which she could possibly want, in order to make an appearance equal to that of the most elegantly dressed young lady. She blushed anew, especially when he whispered she would be the belle of the ball, and presented her with a pair of magnificent earrings.

This was too much for a poor, weak, vain girl; Henrietta reflected for a moment on the splendour of the *fête*, on her own appearance, dressed from head to foot as the noblest damsel there, brilliant and admired: but she was perplexed, and stammered something about her father and his consent. Altenkreuz satisfied her on that head: and as she now no longer hesitated gratefully to accept the invitation, he rapturously threw his arms around her, and said:

"Henrietta, I will not deny it! You yourself and none other were from the very first my chosen one. I watched you when your father tried the ball dress on your beautiful figure; it was you one whom I had selected for my partner—and, oh! Henrietta, I could willingly select you for something still more, for indeed I

adore you. You were not made so marvellously lovely to become the wife of a poor, coarse journeyman tailor : you are destined for something higher. Do you understand me?—will you understand me?"

She made no reply, but disengaged herself from his arms, and only promised to be his partner if her father did not object. Both went back to the workroom, where Altenkreuz whispered into the father's ear :

"She consents. Be sure that everything is provided for her appearing properly dressed ; and here—take this to defray the expenses."

He put a rouleau of gold into the old man's hand, and left the house.

But stormy scenes followed in the tailor's house ; for when Christian, Henrietta's lover, heard what was going on he became well nigh frantic ; neither the caresses of the weeping girl, nor the oaths and curses of the father, could bring him to reason. That lasted the whole day : Henrietta passed a sleepless night, for she had a real regard for Christian, but she could not possibly (as he sturdily demanded) sacrifice the opportunity of exciting admiration at a masked ball, among the first gentry of the town and neighbourhood, and in a dress of such elegance as she had never worn in her life. He really did require an impossibility : nay, she could not but think that he did not sincerely love her, as he grudged her such an innocent pleasure.

On the following day Christian was a little more composed—that is to say, he did not storm so fearfully—but nevertheless he continued to repeat his warning and threatening words : "You will not go to this ball ;" to which Henrietta commonly replied in a pettish tone : "Yes, I will :" whereupon the father regularly added : "And she shall go in spite of you ; it is my order."

Dancing shoes, silk stockings, fine pocket-handkerchiefs, lace, &c.—everything was purchased of the most costly kind. When, however, the day of the ball actually arrived, and the matter became serious, Christian tied up his bundle, and entering the room fully prepared for his journey, said : "If you go, I shall go too, and we part now and for ever."

Henrietta turned pale. The old father, who had just before had a violent quarrel with Christian, said : "Off with you, the sooner the better ; I will see which of us is master here ! Henrietta may any day get ten times as good a husband as you."

Henrietta wept ; but just at that moment a servant belonging

to Count Altenkreuz entered with a box, which he delivered in his master's name. It contained, he said, a few more trifling articles for Miss Vogel's dress. There was a costly veil, there were rolls of broad beautiful ribbons, there was a very pretty coral necklace, there were two diamond rings. Henrietta looked askance at the elegant things, which her father took out, and seen through her tears, the diamonds sparkled with increased and more varied lustre. Vanity and love were struggling for the mastery.

"You shall not go," cried Christian. "But I will go," said Henrietta, with proud determination. "You do not deserve that I should so regret you; you do not deserve that I should love you so well. I plainly see now that you grudge me this pleasure and honour, and have never really loved me."

"As far as I am concerned," said Christian, "go then! you are breaking a faithful heart." He dashed to the floor the ring which he had received from her, left the room, and returned no more.

Henrietta sobbed aloud, and would willingly have called him back, but the father comforted her. Evening at length arrived. She dressed herself for the ball, and the new direction given to her thoughts by her finery soon banished from her mind the runaway lover. A carriage rolled up to the door. Altenkreuz was come to fetch her. They drove off. "Ah! Henrietta," said he, when in the carriage, "you are infinitely lovelier than I imagined; you look like a goddess, and were born to grace dress like this, and not for your humble station."

The *fête* was a splendid one. Altenkreuz and Henrietta appeared that evening in black dresses of antique German costume. Both attracted every eye by their magnificence, which exceeded even that of the Viscount de Vivienne and the young Baroness von Rosen, who moved among the motley group in Persian costumes.

"The Black Mask is none other than the Count," said the Viscount to his fair partner. "Why should the fool pretend to mask himself? he cannot shorten his maypole figure, which towers ahead above all the rest; and, to make himself still more easily recognised, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance need not have sported his pet colour, in which he every day exhibits himself, looking like a Parisian abbé, black upon black. However, I am curious to know who his partner is; she really has a charming figure, and dances most gracefully."

"I dare say," said the Baroness, "some common thing from town; any one can see that by her stiff, awkward carriage."

The ball lasted to a late hour in the night, until supper was

announced, during which the masks were of course laid aside. All felt most agreeably surprised at the sight of so many charming new faces. The Viscount could not keep his eyes off the lovely girl in the old-fashioned costume. He sat by her at table, and Altenkreuz by the young Baroness Bertha. The two gentlemen seemed quite to have changed parts. The polite speeches, or indeed something more than polite speeches, which the Viscount lavished on his pleasure-bewildered neighbour, were repaid in kind by Altenkreuz to the Viscount's destined bride, and the love-making continued after supper was at an end.

"On my life," said Vivienne to the Count, "I mean to make a conquest of your fair partner, even at the risk of making you my deadly enemy."

"And I have my revenge in my own hands, my dear Viscount," replied Altenkreuz, "I, too, mean to make a conquest of your charming Baroness."

The Viscount, over-excited by his own passion and by the old wine he had drunk, exclaimed, inconsiderately enough, and without reflecting that Bertha was standing close by and could hear all: "A dozen of my Baronesses for your single Venus in the old-fashioned costume."

"De Vivienne," said the Count sternly, "consider what you are saying. However charming my partner may be, the prize for beauty is due to your bride, who is also the queen of this festival."

"The titular queen! the titular queen! I am for the actual fact," cried the Viscount.

Altenkreuz vainly endeavoured, by looks and nods, to make him comprehend that Bertha was close by, and that he must control himself. At length he spoke in a more decided manner, and ordered De Vivienne to desist from offering any fresh insult to the Baroness, who indignantly withdrew. An altercation ensued. In vain did the Count strive to adjust matters. De Vivienne, inflamed with love, wine, and passion, conducted himself with less and less decorum. A circle was formed round them. Altenkreuz endeavoured by silence to avert further *éclat*; but on the Viscount exclaiming: "Count, I could not have believed that a worn-out rake like you could have energy enough to be jealous; for it is plain that you are actuated solely by mere impotent jealousy"—Altenkreuz could no longer contain himself:—"My lord!" cried he, "I! a rake? Who dares say that?"

"Your own lead-coloured face!" said De Vivienne, with a sneering laugh.

"If you are not a coward, Viscount," said Altenkreuz, "you will answer to me forthwith for this silly impertinence. One of us must quit this house. You are a coxcomb."

The Baron von Rosen had discovered his daughter in tears in an adjoining room, and heard from her an account of the Viscount's rude behaviour: he immediately went to find him, overheard the above last words, and saw all his guests quite indignant at De Vivienne's conduct. The Baron angrily seized hold of his hand, and said: "You have publicly insulted my daughter! Your conduct is infamous, and what we have never deserved at your hands: not to-morrow, but this very moment shall you give me satisfaction." Both instantly left the ball-room, and while the couples were again forming, and the hilarity so unpleasantly disturbed was again being restored, the Baron and his guest retired into an unoccupied but well lit apartment. The Count lost no time in following them. He brought with him two swords, and presenting one to the Viscount, turned to the Baron, and said: "Permit me, my lord, to avenge my honour, and that of the adorable Bertha, on this worthless fellow."

The Viscount de Vivienne, storming with rage, exclaimed: "Come then, draw, you ghastly scarecrow!" and at the same moment he drew his sword, threw away the scabbard, and fell upon his antagonist, who defended himself with great coolness. The duel scarcely lasted three minutes; the Viscount's sword was forcibly flung from his hand, so that the blade glanced aside to a large pier glass, which was shivered to atoms.

"Miserable man," cried the Count, "your life is in my power; but I will not contaminate myself with your despicable blood. Away from this place, and never again appear in my presence." At the same time he struck the Viscount with the flat of his sword, and with gigantic force flung him out of the room. That same night the Viscount de Vivienne, with all his attendants, quitted the castle.

Although the young Bertha had been deeply mortified at her lover's unbecoming demeanour, yet she felt herself fully indemnified by the honour of having had swords drawn on her account. She had, indeed, never been in love with the Viscount, and now she quite hated him; on the other hand, the Count, whom she had hitherto thought downright ugly, now actually appeared rather an agreeable, good-looking man. Such sudden changes are not to be wondered at, for it is well known that love makes us blind; and what is the self-love of vanity but a sort of love?

No sooner had she heard from her father of all that had taken

place, than she went in pretended anxiety in search of the Count, though well aware that the whole affair had passed off without blood on either side.

"But," cried she, "my dear Count, what have you done? You are not wounded, I trust! For heaven's sake, how you have frightened me!"

"Fairest Bertha, how proud should I be had I indeed been wounded in your cause. But do not alarm yourself; a coxcomb like the Viscount could not easily wound me—but if you are disposed to compassionate me you have an opportunity, for wounded in sooth I am, and that in a dangerous place—in my heart—by yourself alone, but for such wounds you have no mercy."

"Deceiver! no one can discover any signs of such wounds in you."

"I suffered in silence, and was satisfied in being one of the many victims to your charms: I was silent, yet happy to avenge your wrongs on that miserable man at the hazard of my life. I shall continue to keep silence, and with joy die for your dear sake."

"Say no more," said the Lady Bertha, smiling, and a gentle pressure of the hand was the reward of his flattering words, "let us rather join the dancers."

And they danced together: both were now on terms of greater intimacy, for he had timidly made the avowal which every lover finds so difficult to utter, and she had listened approvingly; and when she styled him in jest her trusty knight and champion, he in turn demanded, in knightly fashion, the due recompense of love and honour. This was, indeed, refused by the young Baroness, although it implied only permission to imprint a kiss on her glowing cheeks, which it was nevertheless no way disagreeable to her to have taken without consent.

Meanwhile, Henrietta was yet more intoxicated with delight; she found herself the object of universal admiration. Never in her life had so many compliments been paid to her beauty as by the young men of rank at this ball; and when, towards morning, the Count accompanied her in the carriage back to her father's house, and gave her another invitation to the next ball, her delight was of course increased twofold. "Ah! Henrietta," sighed he, "shall I never obtain a slight return of love? You have enjoyed a pleasant evening; would you have a perpetual recurrence of such evenings? It all depends on yourself. As Countess von Altenkreuz, your whole life would be one unceasing round of pleasure." She made no reply. He stole a kiss, while he pressed her to his bosom; she trembled, continued silent, and permitted a second.

On the following day the Count did not fail to make inquiry concerning the health of both his partners, and to prosecute his suit with both. To both he made most splendid presents, and so excited the vanity of both girls that at length they fancied they were actually in love with him. He had also ably contrived to dazzle the minds of the two fathers—viz., the tailor and the Baron. The former began to fancy himself rich enough to give up his trade, and the Baron could not enough extol and flatter Count Altenkreuz, who by advancing very considerable sums had relieved him from much pecuniary embarrassment. It was consequently an easy matter for him to attain his end by formally demanding in marriage both Henrietta and the Lady Bertha von Rosen. Unknown to each other he obtained the consent of both fathers, as he had previously won that of the two lovely girls, and to make the matter worse, this insatiable seducer had played the same game in the house of a person holding an official situation in the town, and by his artifices had estranged the daughter from her lover and installed himself in his place. A formal betrothal took place with all three.

The Baron had a large party and a ball in the evening to celebrate the day of his daughter's engagement. Henrietta was again invited, and Altenkreuz obtained his bride's permission to fetch the tailor's daughter towards evening. The weather on that day was quite dreadful. A storm of mingled rain, snow, and hail, accompanied by thunder and lightning, raged. The tiles rattled down from the roofs of the houses; a number of trees were rent and blown down. But the gay party in the ball-room were unconscious of all this: a hundred wax-lights diffused their bright warm radiance there; and love, wine, and cards reigned undisturbed amid the tempestuous terrors of the outer world. The young Baroness and Henrietta were in a rapture of delight. The Count devoted himself almost exclusively, with redoubled attention, to the former; he danced only now and then with Henrietta, who meanwhile received abundant compensation in the devoted attentions which her other partners vied with each other in offering her. The Lady Bertha, attired with regal splendour, and adorned with the lavish gifts of her lover, danced with exuberant gaiety, and proudly revelled in the admiration and envy of the other young ladies.

She quitted the room towards morning, ere the ball was over, in company with the love-intoxicated Count. One of her maids, whom she found in an ante-chamber, was about to follow her to her sleeping apartment; Bertha, however, leaning on her lover's arm, blushed and told her "She might to-night enjoy herself, she did not want her

services, and would undress herself." She passed through the corridor, and was followed by the Count into her apartment.

When he returned the company were on the point of taking their departure. The carriages were at the door. Altenkreuz led Henrietta into his own, and accompanied her home. Every one there was asleep. She noiselessly opened the door, and strove in vain to prevent his entrance. The Count told the coachman to drive back, and followed Henrietta.

Early on the following morning a horrible rumour was running through the town; the daughter of a respectable householder had been found dead in bed with her neck twisted. A number of persons assembled before the house, doctors and police officers hastened thither. The wailing of grief and horror from the house of mourning resounded in the ears of the curious crowd, who came running from all parts; and many then recalled to mind the circumstance which just a hundred years before had occurred at Herbesheim at the time of Advent. The legend of the "Dead Stranger" was revived, and a thrill of deadly terror was felt in every family.

And Master Vogel, too, heard of all this, and thought with a secret shudder of Henrietta. He had not been alarmed at her prolonged sleep, as she had returned so late from the ball; but when he thought of the Dead Stranger, as the story described him, and then of Count Altenkreuz—of *him*, that tall thin man—of his pale wan face—the black dress which it was his constant habit to wear—then it was that his hair seemed to stand on end. Meanwhile he had never believed in the story, because the whole town had never believed the silly gossip. He reproached himself for his own silly superstition, and went to his little cupboard to take a glass of Madeira to strengthen his heart against these foolish fears. To his amazement the bottles were not to be found, and his consternation increased when he looked into the other cupboards. All was gone that either he himself or his daughter had ever received from the Count's generosity. He shook his head: he felt sick at heart: he had a foreboding of evil. Alone and silently he stole upstairs to Henrietta's little room, that in the event of the very worst there might be no other witness, and that he might not become the talk of the town. He softly opened the door, and advanced to his daughter's bed, but had not courage to look at it: and when at length he ventured to give one passing glance he lost well nigh sight and sense—there she lay dead, her sweet face twisted round behind! He stood stunned as if struck by lightning, but in the midst of his horror he took the pale head of his dead daughter, and placed it in its natural position, and

then, scarce knowing what he did, hastened away to a doctor, and told him of his child's sudden death. The physician examined the beautiful corpse, and shook his head. Master Vogel (who would not for all the world have had the truth known) pretended to be of opinion that her sudden death must have been occasioned by her being overheated at the ball, and returning home in the chill night air; and his lamentation was so loud and violent that his neighbours came in haste and terror to inquire the cause.

The unhappy fate of the two girls was the universal subject of talk in every street and in every house, when a fresh report of the sudden decease of the Baron von Rosen's only daughter added to the consternation. The physicians, indeed, who returned to the town from the Baron's castle, asserted that the young lady was alive in the morning, or that she was still living—a stroke of apoplexy, the result of having caught cold the night before, the consequence of the ball, had destroyed her delicate frame—but who believed that? Every one was fully persuaded the young Baroness had suffered the fate of the others, and that the Baron had not spared money to save his honour and purchase their silence.

Meanwhile the Baron's house was suddenly metamorphosed from a mansion of wild intoxicating pleasure into one of mourning and sorrow; the unhappy father himself was inconsolable: and to complete his terror—if such were wanting—he had yet to make the discovery that all the bank-notes, all the rouleaux of gold, all the necklaces, rings, jewels, &c., which Count Altenkreuz had given either to himself or his daughter had vanished with the life of the young Baroness—nay, even the Count himself, for whom search was made in various places and in every direction, had in the most incomprehensible way made himself invisible. His apartments were as empty, clean, and as neatly arranged as though he had never occupied them: he was gone with all his luggage, servants, horses, and carriages; with everything in short which appertained to him, and never more from that hour could the slightest vestige of him be discovered.

On the self-same day the three bodies of the unfortunate brides were committed to the earth. The coffins with the accompanying mourners met at the same time in the churchyard outside the town. The priest read one funeral service for all—but ere the prayers were finished one of the bearers, wrapped in a long black cloak, separated himself from the procession, and at a distance of a few paces he was seen to assume a different form, and to appear in an old-fashioned and very singular dress, quite white, his hat ornamented with a white feather, and on both back and breast might be discerned, when)

turned round, three dark red spots; and drops of blood were distinctly seen to trickle down over the white doublet and white nether garments. The figure directed his steps towards the carrion pit, and was seen no more.

Horror seized the kneeling assemblage, which followed him with their eyes: and horror seized the bearers when they attempted to lift the coffins to lower them into the vault, for, judging by their lightness, they were quite empty! Filled with indescribable terror, they let down the empty coffins into the graves, and hastily threw some earth over them. A furious tempest of wind and rain drove all before it; all fled in terror and amazement towards the gate of the town, while a cutting, violent wind pursued them.

A few days after these occurrences, the Baron von Rosen left his country seat in most dreadful weather, and never again did any member of his family return hither. The gardens became a wilderness, the castle remained forlorn and uninhabited, until it became, heaven knows how, a prey to the flames.

* * * * *

Here Waldrich concluded his narrative. It was evident that this second part of the story had seized less on the imagination of the hearers than the first, and when they left their seats, they continued their talk with unaffected cheerfulness. Nevertheless, the second part of the legend had left its due impression, for the subject was discussed the whole evening, and by some even seriously, as to the possibility of such an apparition. The boldest of all the scoffers was Herr Bantes; his jests and ridicule, however, produced less effect, because he was known to be a sort of freethinker, and it was notorious that the clergyman had him in his eye when he preached lately on the subject of Arians, Socinians, Neologists, Deists, Atheists, &c., &c.

The proof of the powerful and universal interest which Waldrich's story had excited was the fact of its being on the following day the talk of the whole town, and, of course, richly embellished with manifold additions. At any other time it would have scarce served to beguile a long winter's evening; but now, when the expectation of the centenary return of the Dead Stranger was the order of the day, the curiosity even of the most incredulous and indifferent was certainly excited to trace the connection between it and the dead visitant. It was not till afterwards that Waldrich became aware of the unexpected result of his little tale, for he was obliged to leave Herbesheim for a few weeks on regimental business. This he would fain have declined, not only on account of the wretched wintry

"My child," said she, "I see you are unwell; why do you conceal your ailments from your mother? Have I ceased to be a mother to you; or do I love you less?—or do you love me less since you loved Waldrich? Why do you blush; is it because you feel you have been wrong? I see nothing blameable in your love for him, but I do blame you for not disclosing your inmost heart to me, openly as to God, and as you were wont to do."

Frederica raised herself up, extended her arms, pressed her mother to her heart, and wept.

"Yes, I love him—yes, I am engaged to him, and you know it. I was wrong not to tell my dear mother, but my object simply was to conceal my unhappiness, that I might not before the time be the cause of sorrow to her. Let me delay as long as possible what must come at last, when my father hears that I would far rather never marry than give my hand to the person he has selected. Thus I reflected, and therefore I was silent."

"My child, I am not come to upbraid you; I pardon your mistrust in that maternal heart which has ever been true to you. Be composed therefore; and as to your and Waldrich's mutual regard for each other, I have long feared it—nay, it could not be otherwise; you could not help yourselves—be patient: hope and pray. God will so order it if He wills it. Waldrich is worthy of you, although his circumstances and position are not those your father approves. I will let your father know how matters stand."

"For heaven's sake, not yet—not now, I entreat!"

"Yes, Frederica, now. It were better to have been done sooner. I must acquaint him, for I am his wife; and as such I ought not to keep any important secret from my husband, neither will I; and mind that you never have any concealment from your future husband. The first secret kept from the other, either by husband or wife, even in the happiest marriage, brings destruction of all happiness, introduces variance and mistrust with it. There is always a right and a wrong way of acting: it is best to be sincere on every occasion; the appearance of evil is prevented, and even a fault becomes less faulty."

"But what must I do?" said Frederica.

"You! how, and do you not know? Turn to God in silent prayer: communion with Him, who alike governs the mighty worlds of light above and the minutest atoms here below, will elevate and sanctify your heart and give you peace of mind. You will think and act more soberly, more nobly, and never do amiss; and if you act and speak aright, believe me, nothing ill will ever come of it."

So said Madame Bantes, and then left her to join her husband at the breakfast table.

"What ails the girl?" was his first question.

"She wants confidence in you and me, and yet is this the result of her affection for us both."

"Stupid stuff—and such like, mamma; you have something behind the curtain again. Yesterday she had a headache and to-day she wants confidence."

"She is afraid of giving you pain, that makes her ill."

"Silly nonsense, and such like."

"And she is afraid of your forcing Herr von Hahn upon her whether she likes him or not. She has never yet seen him. She had rather not see him. Her heart has already made its choice: she and Waldrich have a regard for each other; you might have noticed it long ago."

"Stop!" cried Herr Bantes; and he put down his coffee cup, pondered a little, again raised his cup and said, "Go on."

"How go on? I would only add that you should be cautious, and not push on this marriage too hastily, if you do not wish to cause sorrow unnecessarily. It is possible that the commandant may be removed to another garrison, and that time and absence may weaken this first love; then"—

"Right, that is just my own opinion. I shall write to his general, he must go to another garrison. What the deuce! Frederica shall never be a captain's wife. I shall write by the next post. How confoundedly provoking!"

Madame Bantes had now made a beginning: there followed, in truth, rather a lively discussion; Herr Bantes stormed a little, according to custom, and spoke out his will decidedly enough; nevertheless, he acknowledged he must go cautiously to work—not attempt to stem the torrent, nor offer violence to his daughter's affections; Waldrich must by gentle means be removed from Herbesheim; Frederica's regard for him was not to be openly opposed, that she might become more calm, and that thus, by wisely steering his own course, he might, without her being aware of it, gain his own desired object.

"After all, it is an annoying affair," said Herr Bantes in manifest vexation, and he repeated the same when he came to a private understanding with Frederica.

"Now, mark," said he to her, "you are a sensible girl and ought not to let yourself be trifled with, like any silly fool. However, as I said before, I have nothing to say against it; fall in love if you will,

but don't think about marrying. That won't do. You are too young—don't let things go too far ; learn to know something of the world ; every one has his own good points ; consider, therefore, what is fitting for yourself : make Herr von Hahn's acquaintance—if you don't like him, off he shall go. I will not force you to anything only, on the other hand, do not force me.”

Thus was domestic peace restored, and a threatened storm diverted by Madame Bantes's prudence, and changed into a soft genial shower. Former cheerfulness was, as far as could be, restored, and things resumed their ordinary course. Frederica, quite at ease, thanked Heaven that she had so far succeeded, and felt a confident hope of “better things” to come. Herr Bantes, too, anticipated from the future “better things.” He was rejoiced that Frederica had resumed her former gaiety, and put his plan into execution of writing to the general. Madame Bantes, who loved with equal tenderness her husband and her daughter, hoped less, feared less ; she left events to the guidance of Heaven. She regarded Waldrich as an adopted son ; but she also highly valued Herr von Hahn, not only on account of the favourable reports she had received of him, but also on account of her husband's prepossession in his favour. She was only anxious for her daughter's happiness ; to her it was indifferent by means of whom that object was accomplished.

(To be continued.)

L'EMPEREUR EST MORT.

BY THE EARL OF WINCHILSEA AND NOTTINGHAM.



F scourge and thong how sore's the need !
Back, yelping curs of Rochefort's breed !
Back, sons of Communistic greed !
E'en hang the head !
From all your treacheries he's freed--
A great man's dead !

His faults, mayhap, were not a few,
But loyal were his aims and true ;
He failed as most French rulers do—
But he loved France :
While you, ye fickle, noisy crew,
Eyed him askance.

From first to last, from great to small,
Who rightly answered duty's call ?
But Nemesis prepared his fall,
While yours lacked point ;
Small creeping maggots bred in all
Times out of joint.

To him was given perhaps no right
For which a chivalry will fight ;
But he found France in woeful plight
With none to speed—
Long past the cure of words polite—
And did a deed !

He found her outraged and forlorn,
The shuttlecock of every scorn,
The waif of a late schemer born
Of her old kings,
And dared to promise her a dawn
Of better things.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

And had you rallied round him then
 With heart and hand, with will and pen,
 Ye puny sons of better men !
 France had been saved.
 But 'stead of this, the Lord knows when
 Fools worse behaved.

Your Nobles longed for Kings gone by,
 That bruised reed your Bourgeoisie
 For anything that pleased the eye
 Or filled the purse ;
 There was a talk of Liberty—
 That specious curse.

With every principle mislaid,
 With every rule of right gainsaid,
 With every office made a trade,
 The Press a trap,
 The Nation muzzled and betrayed—
 What worse could hap ?

He gave you order—gave you, too,
 A lost prestige built up anew ;
 For, in a word, he governed you
 Wisely and well ;
 And History, if her page speak true,
 Shall one day tell

Of Italy from slavery freed,
 Old foes in amity agreed,
 And Commerce, in her utmost need,
 Relieved from wrong ;
 He could not check official greed—
 That was too strong.

What were his crimes let others say.
 A desp'rate game he had to play ;
 And much he did in his short day
 To curb the pranks
 Of rogues that on fat burghers prey—
 And got small thanks.

Then, sudden as an April shower,
Did Faction paralyse his power,
And rivals rave, and liege-men cower ;
 And one and all
Left him—the scape-goat of an hour,
 Alone to fall.

Embittered end of checquered part !—
Ambition, ta'en for what thou art,
The wreck of feeling, soul, and heart,
 Who would compete
For the best prizes of thy mart
 Laid at his feet ?

But this I'll say of him :—“ Although
He'd plumbed the depths of weal and woe.
He never persecuted foe,
 Or cast off friend !”
Can any of his judges show
 Much less to mend ?

In troubled times his star appeared,
On chaos' self his throne was reared,
And yet for many a day he steered
 Through channels dark,
Till Treachery's sullen rocks were neared :
 They sank his bark.



TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

A MINISTERIAL crisis is an exciting and by no means unpleasant incident, except to the Sovereign and to the defeated Government. There is the long debate with the heavy speeches before dinner, the prosy speeches during the dinner hour, and the excited speeches after dinner. On the last night the House is crammed. The floor is inconveniently crowded, and distinguished strangers fill the galleries. About eleven o'clock the leader of the Opposition rises amidst cheers and talks till past midnight. He is followed by the leader of the House, who, after replying to various arguments, winds up with a rhetorical flourish. The division is called, and strangers withdraw. When the reporters are readmitted the members have returned from the lobbies, and there is a hubbub of conversation. The tellers appear. There is a minute of silence and eager expectation. The paper is put into the hands of the Opposition whip. There is an outburst of cheering such as can be heard nowhere save in the House of Commons. The numbers are declared, and again the Opposition cheers, and enthusiastic members wave their hats. There is a gathering of Ministers in front of the Treasury-Bench. In four or five minutes the leader advances to the table and requests that the House do at its rising adjourn for two or three days. A week of negotiation ensues. In the public-house parlour as well as in the clubs, in the City as well as at the West End, men eagerly discuss the situation. The excitement is not confined to the metropolis. A Ministerial crisis forebodes a general election, and that among other things signifies the expenditure of at least two millions sterling. The crisis of March, 1873, was exceptionally agreeable to the public. Mr. Gladstone has had a long spell of office, and though the English people are averse to constitutional changes, they like a change of Ministry. Moreover, the Gladstone Ministry is not so popular as it was in December, 1868.

The resignation of Mr. Gladstone placed the Opposition in a very awkward predicament. It was impossible for Mr. Disraeli to assume office in the face of a majority of 80 or 85, unless he did so with the avowed purpose of despatching necessary business and then

appealing to the country. But how could Mr. Disraeli insist upon a dissolution as a condition precedent to his taking office, seeing that the Parliament had been elected nominally, if not virtually, under his auspices? Sir Robert Walpole in 1741, and Lord North in 1782, kept office in spite of being in a minority in Parliaments elected under their auspices; but the continuance in office and the assumption of office are widely different matters. If Mr. Gladstone, who was defeated in a House elected while the Conservatives were in office, did not advise a dissolution, how could Mr. Disraeli advise a dissolution because there had been a Conservative victory in a House convened by a Conservative Government?

The Irish University Bill was the measure of the session, and it was an integral part of the programme which was put before the country in 1868. Therefore Mr. Gladstone was right; he acted in strict accord with constitutional precedent in treating the rejection of the Bill as a vote of want of confidence. But ought he to have resigned? When he advised Her Majesty to send for Mr. Disraeli he knew that a Conservative Government would be in a minority of 80 or 85, and could not go on without a dissolution. Why did he not advise a dissolution? The Parliament was not elected under his auspices, and therefore he might have done so without a breach of etiquette—and, in fact, his doing so is the course dictated by constitutional precedents. There is a special reason, too, why Mr. Gladstone should have advised a dissolution. The Parliament is not new, but in the fifth year of its existence, and has been self-condemned by passing the Ballot Bill. Why did the Gladstone Government make the Ballot Bill a Government measure? Not that they thought the Ballot would be a sham, a dead letter. If they were of opinion that the Ballot would not affect the constitution of the House it was a waste of precious public time in making it law, and an inexcusable hypocrisy in urgently asking for its adoption. Why, then, did not the Minister who is officially responsible for the Ballot Act embrace the earliest opportunity of having a Ballot-elected House of Commons? It is said that it would be inconvenient for the Ministry to have gone to the country on the University Bill; but a Ministry cannot shirk the consequences of the measures that it proposes, and especially of a measure which it declares to be a test of confidence.

But a dissolution will probably not be long postponed, and the sooner it takes place the better. In spite of the Liberal majority, the Gladstone Ministry will not be powerful, on account of its loss of prestige. Moreover, members, knowing that a general election

is inevitable in 1874 if not in 1873, will be more anxious to conciliate their constituents than to obey the Government. While the present Parliament continues we shall have a weak Government, which is a serious evil, and this would have been avoided if Mr. Gladstone, instead of resigning, had advised a dissolution, which we contend was the constitutional course.

THE *Law Journal* has taken the trouble to look up the Acts having reference to plays and players. The recent withdrawal of the Lord Chamberlain's licence of "Happy Land" at the Court Theatre makes the question interesting just now. When Milton published his plea for a free press the stage was then so little developed that there was no need to claim freedom for it. Besides, the Puritans hated theatres, and, in consequence of this prejudice, players, even more than authors, were compelled to seek the protection of a patron. In course of time the Sovereign became the only patron, and the actors were "His Majesty's servants:" hence they became subject to the Lord Chamberlain, the chief officer of the Court:—

The 3 Jac. I., c. 21, imposed a penalty upon any person in any play profanely uttering the name of God. This Act has been repealed, not because there is more toleration of profanity, but because the restraint was needless. The 12 Anne, st. 2, c. 28, made all common players rogues and vagabonds. The 10 Geo. II., c. 28, makes letters patent or licence from the Lord Chamberlain necessary to individual players. Then we come to the 6 and 7 Vict., c. 68, which repeals previous Acts and consolidates the law. The most marked and general change is, that whereas the players were licensed the theatres are now licensed. *Any one may now play without a licence, but no one may play in an unlicensed theatre.*

Let not any of my readers for a moment think that the last sentence gives them an opening to evade the statute. If they read it twice they will understand it fully. The Lord Chamberlain has plenary power, and there is no appeal from his decision, which can be enforced under severe penalties.

I HAVE received the following remarks from an esteemed correspondent upon the wayside thoughts to which it occurred to me to give expression last month:—

Dear Sir,—When reading the interesting article on novel writing, by "Sylvanus Urban, Gentleman," in this month's *Gentleman's*, it struck me that Boswell had recorded Dr. Johnson's opinion on the same subject. It may interest your readers to have this recalled to their minds. I therefore send the following extract from "Boswell's Life of Johnson," (Croker), chap. 31.

page 275:—"I was pleased to behold Dr. Johnson rolling about in this old magazine of antiquities" (the Under-Parliament House, Edinburgh). "There was by this time a pretty numerous circle of us attending upon him. Somebody talked of happy moments for composition, and how a man can write at one time and not at another. 'Nay,' said Dr. Johnson, 'a man may write at any time, if he will set himself *doggedly* to it.'" Yours, W. R. W.

I agree in the main with my illustrious contributor; but much depends upon the nature of the work to be done. A man cannot always command the reins of fancy, however *doggedly* he may set himself to do it. There are times when ideas crowd into the mind as if they were propelled by a rush of inspiration; sometimes the mind is a blank, and no effort of the will can fill it. Clearly the author of romance or fiction cannot write well in this latter mood. He might at all times be equal to a political article, or to the compilation of a biography, but he would certainly fall short of poetry in prose or verse.

SOME twenty or five-and-twenty years ago an outcry arose in literature against what was called "abnegation." I like to watch the history of the coming and going of those fancy ideas which grow into fashion for a time, are bandied about exclusively among intellectual men and women, and then disappear, and are perhaps heard of no more. Mr. Thornton Hunt, if I am not mistaken, spoke as an oracle in those days on abnegation. The idea was, in the first instance, perhaps, Rousseau's, but it came to us through the alembic of the brains of Carlyle and Emerson, and had a good deal of influence on the young intelligence of the time. It helped, I think, to make us a little more real than we had been, and to cause individual character to labour under fewer shackles. Life is more interesting, more picturesque, more worth living for, by such conditions. Mr. John Morley has awakened us to a reconsideration of the peculiar influences which affect human character by his new book on Rousseau; but Rousseau is not the prophet of the developments of these days. The originality and simplicity to which we aspire are those of more advanced civilisation; Rousseau's simplicity and originality were of a pseudo-savage type.

SIR JOHN ELLESMERE, in the new work of "Friends in Council," tells a capital story. Some girls at a school examination were asked the meaning of scandal. The reply of an eager pupil, whose family had evidently suffered from the bitter tongue of envy, hatred, and malice, was—"Nobody does nothing, and everybody goes on telling of it everywhere."

THIS same book contains many clever sayings, which bring to mind all the charms of the original volumes. Here are some examples, taken almost at random :—

Dismal people are the only people sedulously to be avoided, unless they have transcendent notions of cookery.

One of the errors of the age is deification of work for the mere sake of working.

Show me the man who enjoys his leisure well, and I will tell you who will go to heaven.

I am thankful that I am not a philosopher. If I were, I should be ashamed of the sayings of a great many of my brother philosophers.

The last observation was made on the statement of Aristotle that "man alone presents the phenomenon of heart-beating, because he alone is moved by hope and expectation of what is coming." Aristotle could never have had a bird in his hand, as Milverton very properly remarks.

THE social condition of Africa is one of the most astounding facts of these days. That stupendous lump of fertile earth, teeming with almost ungathered riches, never did lie out of arms' reach of the civilised or civilising races, early or late. Never in traditional or written history was it a country out of sight of men or exceptionally difficult of access. It did not wait, like America, for Columbus and Cortez, Vespucci and Pizarro; it was not concealed by five thousand miles of ocean like Australia. It lay stretched out during all the ages of history under the eyes of Arabians and Syrians, of Greeks and Romans, but discoverers and adventurers did little more than nibble at the fringes of it and pass on, or pitch their dwellings on its shores and hug the waters of the Mediterranean. The masters of the world, whose home was the insignificant strip of soil which darts into the sea from the southern shore of Europe, harassed the continent whereof their country formed so very small a part, spending their best energies and treasures in moving northward, away from under the rays of the sun; but they gave no heed to the interior of the, to them, immeasurable and unknown world of Africa. That neglect of a fair field of conquest a couple of thousand years ago is not very easy to be accounted for, but how much forwarder are we than the early civilisers and first masters of the world? When we glance at the unlettered map of Africa, and remember the unexplored wastes of Australia and the wide uncultivated lands of America, the conviction rushes upon us that after all the human race is only just beginning to set up in business for itself. Let us sit at the feet of Livingstone when he comes back to us after having for seven years seen none of

this mere inchoate civilisation of ours; let us watch the footsteps of Sir Bartle Frere, seeking to prevent our brethren on that continent from preying on one another like beasts of the forest. From them we may learn that the task of civilising the world is nearly all before us.

THOMAS BEWICK.

THE following correspondence will interest the admirers of Bewick, and at the same time will most completely serve the purpose of the writers:—

TO JOSEPH HATTON, ESQ., EDITOR OF THE "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE."

Dear Sir,—I take the liberty of enclosing for your perusal some notes from the daughter of Bewick the wood engraver, to see if you can in any way aid in contradicting the false assertions made in your magazine in the first instance, then in the *Times*, and from thence copied into various other papers and booksellers' catalogues, a cutting from which I enclose. I thought from your position as editor, and also being well acquainted with press matters, you would be the most likely person to aid in such an undertaking, and also on account of your connection with our county. I myself am anxious that the nation should possess the whole of Thomas Bewick's woodcuts for the purpose of publishing a national edition of his works for the use of our schools of art here and in every English-speaking country. If we are as a people to develop an art peculiarly our own it can only take place by the promotion of a knowledge of the principles of the founders of it more widely amongst our students of art: and according to what I have read Bewick is one of them.

Yours respectfully,

15, Sunderland Street, Sunderland, March 16, 1873. THOMAS DIXON.

TO THOMAS DIXON, ESQ.

Sir,—I thank you for the trouble you have taken in regard to the utterly false and annoying statements so persistently placed before the public that the late William Bewick, of Darlington, was a "nephew," a "cousin," and now a "son" of Thomas Bewick, wood engraver, my revered father. All the connections of this person are, of course, perfectly aware that he was not in the remotest degree related to my father. My brother, Robert Elliot Bewick, the only son of my father, Thomas Bewick, died unmarried, and was interred in the family burying place at Ovingham, August, 1849.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,

Gateshead, December 31, 1872.

J. BEWICK.

The paragraph in the *Gentleman's Magazine* stated that William Bewick, the historical painter, of Haughton House, near Darlington, was the son of Bewick. This information was no doubt given to me on excellent authority, erroneous as it undoubtedly turns out to be. The statement in the *Times* to which my correspondent refers is quoted as follows in the book catalogue of Reeves and Turner:—

Bewick's (W., artist) Life and Letters, edited by Thomas Landseer, A.R.A., portrait, 2 vols., post 8vo, 1871.—William Bewick was a son of the celebrated

Thomas Bewick, the wood engraver. He became a pupil of Haydn, in whose diary his name frequently occurs. "Mr. Landseer seems to have had a pious pleasure in editing this biography and these letters of his old friend. We should be wanting in our duty were we not to thank him for furnishing us with such interesting memorials of a man who did good work in his generation, but about whom little is known."—*Times*.

The circumstance altogether is a striking illustration of the persistency with which a matter once put forth as history lives and grows.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

MAY, 1873.

CLYTIE.

A NOVEL OF MODERN LIFE.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN ALLIANCE AGAINST FATE.

"**H**OW do you do, Mr. Waller?" said Tom, putting out his hand in a tired and languid way. "I am sorry you have been waiting so long."

"Don't mention it," said the old man. "You did not expect me, so you cannot help my having to wait, sir."

"Be seated, Mr. Waller," said Tom.

But Mr. Waller went to the door and shut it.

"Would you mind my closing the window?"

"No, certainly not," said Tom, almost too tired to feel or to express any surprise at the singular conduct and manner of his visitor.

"I have something important to say to you, Mr. Mayfield—something that I don't wish anybody else to hear."

Tom intimated acquiescence by laying down his gown, taking a seat, and preparing to listen.

"First let us have a light, Mr. Waller—eh?"

"As you please, sir; it is getting dark."

Tom rang the bell, and a servant brought in his lamp ready trimmed and lighted. The first gleam of it fell upon Clytie.

The old man pointed to the bust with a trembling finger.

"You were at the Observatory this morning?"

"Yes."

"You found my girl gathering flowers?"

"Yes."

"You proposed to her, as a gentleman would, and with the intention of asking my consent to your marriage?"

"I did."

"What did she say?"

"She looked more than she said," replied Tom; "she does not care for me; it would be cowardly for me to press myself upon her even with your aid, my dear sir; even at your wish."

"Well, well," said the old man, "you would save her, you would do anything in the world to contribute to her happiness."

"Try me, prove me," said Tom.

"This man Ransford, he has infatuated her; he has told her of the glories of London life, he has fired her with the ambition of her mother, he has set her against Dunelm, he has dared to propose that he should take her to London."

"Has she told you this?"

"Yes, yes; on her knees; I made her tell me all. She dared to say she had not done wrong. She dared to tell me that she had made up for her folly by flinging those damning things into the river, that Ransford had done nothing improper that she could see. Men would fall in love, and she could not help it; she thought Dunelm very dull; and last of all, she vowed I did not love her. Oh, Mr. Mayfield, if she could only read this poor broken heart of mine! Oh, my God, what shall I do if anything should happen to part us, to separate us in the way I fear?"

The old man buried his face in his hands. He had flung the jewel case all ragged and damp upon the table. Tom gathered up the necklet and restored it to the case.

"I fear you have been hard upon your granddaughter, Mr. Waller; she is but a girl, and all Dunelm is in love with her. I really do not think she has done anything so very outrageous. These jewels irritate you; let me keep them for you. We must ask Ransford for an explanation, not Miss Waller. Go home and comfort her. You have been hasty with her, because you love her; but that is not the way."

Luke Waller got up and shuffled across the room for his hat. He was utterly broken down. He tottered as he walked, and looked appealingly to Tom for help, physical and moral.

"I will walk with you as far as the Hermitage," said Tom; "you will be better soon; affairs are not half so bad as you think they are."

"You did not know her mother, sir," said Luke, allowing himself to be led to the door; "she is the very image of her poor dead mother. So beautiful, so wilful, so unfortunate at the last."

Then with sudden energy the old man stood alone, and exclaiming "We must save her!" walked out into the hall, followed by Tom.

"How did she receive the letters?" Tom asked when they were walking together down the Bailey.

"That is the only thing she declines to tell me, because it might compromise a person who is in no way to blame," said the old man. "She says she ought not to have allowed this person to give her the letters, and she insists upon taking all the discredit of the matter upon herself."

"Generous girl!" exclaimed Tom. "And what is it you fear from Phil Ransford?"

"Have you so little understood me," said the old man, "that you ask such a question?"

"I should like to know all you think."

"Do you remember that girl of the verger's going away, and how the poor old fellow died through it?"

"Yes."

"And do you remember how Ransford was associated in that affair?"

"Yes; but he explained the matter, and Dunelm accepted his explanation."

"I know, I know," said the old man, impatiently. "This Ransford is a black scoundrel; it is written in his face, in deep lines that I can read as a book. I know the class of man. He is a villain, and, what is worse, a rich villain."

They were at the door of the Hermitage.

"One word before we part," said Tom. "Did Miss Waller—did she say she loved this fellow?"

"No," said the old man, promptly.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Tom. "There is some hope in that."

"Will you come in?" asked the old man.

"No, no, thank you. Be good to her, be kind, my friend! Good night. I will see you to-morrow."

"God bless you, my son! Good night," said the old man, and Tom stood alone in the street.

"I know who has carried the letters," he said to himself. "I will go to him straight."

CHAPTER IX.

SMOKE.

"CLYTIE, Clytie," said Tom, several hours after we left him at the door of the Hermitage, "you puzzle me."

He was sitting in his little room over the old gateway, and addressing the statuette. It was midnight, and the household was abed. All Dunelm was abed, for that matter, except a few toppers at "The Three Tuns" or "The County," where the Town Council in *mufti* discussed the condition of the streets over frequent glasses of whisky punch. If these genial citizens had only known that they were on the threshold of a new scandal, how soon sanitary science would have given way to moral reflections.

"When I left your grandfather I went straight to Tomkins, who blows the organ. Do you wince? No. The same sadly-sweet smile that possesses me always."

Tom lighted his pipe, put on his slippers, and rocked himself to and fro, looking all the time at Clytie.

"I said 'Tomkins, I have come to ask you on what day you gave that last letter from Mr. Philip Ransford to Miss Waller.' He turned red in the face. I said 'It is no good to deny your office, no good to prevaricate; I know all about it.' 'Then, sir,' he replied, 'it is no good, as you say.' 'Very well,' I said, 'if you will act strictly under my orders, I will keep your secret, and pay you better than Ransford.' 'I know you are a gentleman,' said Tomkins, 'and would not wish me to do anything as was not right, and so I accept your offer.' 'Diplomatic and clever, that,' I said. 'Tomkins, you are a sneak and a scoundrel.' He jumped up and doubled his fist. 'Sit down,' I said, 'or I will have you discharged from your situation, and you will get neither Phil Ransford's money nor mine; as it is, you will have both; is it a bargain?' 'It is,' he said, 'but you must not say I am a scoundrel.' 'Very well,' I said, 'I don't want to repeat the epithet. Now to business.'"

"I think I must turn your face away during this conversation," he said, taking up the bust gently, and reversing it. "Oh, Clytie, Clytie, if I had only met you before you had seen this Ransford, and been fortunate enough to have won your heart!"

Tom smoked and sighed.

"'Now to business,' I said. 'You were at the Hermitage to-day?' This was a random shot. 'I was,' he said. 'Well?' I replied. 'I see you know everything,' he said, 'and it's no good deceiving you.'

'You are right there, Tomkins,' I said. 'Well, Miss Waller gave me this letter.' You could have knocked me down with a feather, as Mrs. Wilding would say, but I kept my countenance. 'Yes,' I said, 'for Mr. Ransford! let me see it.' There it was, Clytie, in your own dear hand evidently. Oh, the rage of jealousy and love that filled my heart! I could have fallen upon Ransford's messenger and strangled him on the spot! For a moment I thought I would open your letter. Only for a moment; but Love kept me pure from the baseness which Jealousy suggested. 'Yes,' I said as calmly as I could, 'why have you not delivered this?' 'He was out, and it's a long way to the Hill, so I thought I'd go up in the morning.' 'Very good,' I said; 'you will bring his reply to me.' 'Yes, sir,' he said; 'and about the remuneration, and'— He went stammering on. I stopped him. 'Here are two sovereigns for you,' I said, 'and you may rely on my keeping your secret.' 'As I said before, you are a gentleman, sir, and I trust you;' and so we parted; the infernal rascal to go to church and stand there with that sublime music in his ear, and yet to sell his master's daughter, and all his peace and happiness, for gold! Tomkins, thou hast no music in thy soul; thou art simply a vulgar blackguard; but Ransford, I am on thy track! By the Lord, big as thou art, thou shalt find a match in Tom Mayfield!"

The young student laid down his pipe, and paced up and down the room. Then turning to the statuette, he said:—

"There, Clytie, no more boasting! If he meant you well, if it was for your own happiness that he should be the accepted suitor, and he married you, why, Tom Mayfield would simply say 'Yes,' and bear it. But if your grandfather's suspicions are justified, you must be protected against this wolf, whose sheep's clothing has deceived your unpractised eye. As for me I am lost. I feel that you do not care for me at all; love is out of the question, and I am too proud to take you without it; but oh, if there is anything I could do to win your love, then I should be the happiest of all men. Yet mine is not heroic love—it is nuptial love; the love which old Burton describes as warm and sincere, the steady affection of a virtuous heart, seeking its happiness in that high and honourable union which was appointed by God in Paradise."

Tom sat and smoked and gazed at the figure. He felt somehow that his suit was hopeless. What was the good of old Waller's word? The old man could not give away his child; and he could not make her love him if her heart was not in it. Yet the fascination of the girl was upon him as strong as fate. He sat and smoked and gazed, and in a vague way seemed to be meeting his destiny and

going forth with it. The chimes of midnight awakened the solitary echoes of the city, and still he sat there thinking of himself and Clytie, and of grave father Waller and Phil Ransford. Once it came into his mind that it had been well for him if he had never seen any of them, and his memory wandered back to the days of his boyhood. He saw himself happy and free, and contented, and heard his mother's soft voice. If he had not been a strong-minded fellow apart from this question of love, he would probably have taken to his bed and had an attack of brain fever. But he was too strong for that. He smoked until it was nearly daylight, and then went to bed and slept from sheer exhaustion.

CHAPTER X.

FIRE.

THE next day was Tuesday. Tomkins brought Tom Mayfield the letter which Phil Ransford had given him to carry to Miss Waller. He read it, sealed it up again, and gave it to the traitorous messenger for delivery. It ran as follows :—

“MY DEAREST,—Your letter pained me much, on account of my feeling that I had been the cause of your trouble and distress. But you must not drive me from you, or I will follow the necklace which you so cruelly flung into the river, though how could you be so careless as not to have done it at night instead of when it was day and people about? No, you must not tell me not to come any more, and especially when you are so miserable and unhappy; for your grandfather is sure now to treat you with the greatest severity, locking you up, and watching you. Break the humble and degrading chain that binds you, and come with me to the great city, where your beauty and your genius will be acknowledged, and where you can satisfy your ambition. I can give you introductions to the leading managers of the London theatres, and get you an engagement at once, and you would soon be a great star, and then your grandfather and everybody would forgive you, and I should worship you more than even I do now. Take back your cruel words. You do not mean what you say, or, if so, you will kill me. I love you so very deeply, and would marry you in Dunelm to-morrow if my father would consent; but at present he is firm against it, though if we went to London and were married, and you became a great actress, I know he would forgive me, as your grandfather would you, and all would be happy. Now, here is a plan. I have arranged everything to carry it out if you consent. To-morrow,

Tuesday night, at twelve o'clock I will have a carriage at the North Road, ready to drive to Hinckley, where we can catch the mail train for London. When you get there you can go to your own hotel, where I have taken rooms for you, and I will go to mine, as, of course, it would not do to stay in the same house together until we had arranged for the marriage; or if you would not consent to that, thinking you are still too young, then I could take you to the managers I spoke of, and you could get your engagement and astonish Dunelm by your success. But all this I leave to you, my own dear, dear girl, only do take this opportunity of getting out of this dull stupid place, where life is misery to one of your beauty and talents and generous heart, my own dear Mary. If you consent, put a pot of your favourite flowers out at the front room window at about ten o'clock, just before bedtime, and I will be on the watch for the dear signal, and then at a quarter to twelve I will be outside the house waiting to conduct you to the carriage. You need not bring anything with you, only your dear good self, for you can easily send for your things after, and there are lots of splendid shops in London where you can get all you want; and money, you know, dear, is no object to one who loves you as dearly as I do. Some lovers are troubled because they have not money; our only bother will be that we have so much. So do not think of bringing anything, only come with your own lovely eyes and sweet lips, and believe me that I will always be true to you and love you.

"I remain your fond and devoted

"PHIL.

"P.S.—For fear it should be found, burn this letter as you have all my others; though I cannot find it in my heart to commit to the flames that first dear token which you sent me."

"Oh, the hollow, self-condemned scoundrel!" exclaimed Tom, when the messenger had departed. "My dear Clytie, I would not for worlds have opened another person's letter; but a plot like this justifies all kinds of counter-plotting. The police lay plans for seizing the correspondence of thieves and murderers, that they may take them in the toils. I simply lie in wait that I may save you, my poor deluded one. Your grandfather was right in his suspicions. O my Clytie, is it possible that you can care for this hulking villain? Is it possible that you will not discover the serpent lurking beneath those very artificial flowers in his bungling and ill written letter? Can it be that you will not detect in the advances of this *would-be Apollo* the ruffian strides of Amyntor? I will never believe

that he has warrant for writing to you thus. You had evidently written telling him not to pester you further ; telling him that you had flung his trash into the river ; that you did not wish to see him again. By all that is good and holy, if it is not so, I am the most wretched of mortals !”

Tom was in a feverish state of excitement all day. He did little or no work in College ; in his own rooms he did nothing but walk to and fro and talk to Clytie, until Mrs. Wilding thought he must have gone off his head. In the evening he met Luke Waller, but he told him nothing. He would not compromise the girl if he could help it, but he would save her. Had it not been for a selfish desire to test her, he would have seen her and warned her ; but he wanted to know if she was sufficiently indifferent to him, after what had occurred, to consider, much more to accept, the daring and dastardly overtures of Phil Ransford. Would she spurn the scoundrel, or was it possible that he would be successful ? Tom resolved to wait and watch for the signal. He could think of nothing else, and his plans went no farther. If it were possible that the proposed assignation should be kept, he would prevent the final catastrophe ; but beyond that his thoughts did not go. Mr. Waller was not communicative. He said Mary had solemnly given him her word that she would not distress him again ; that she had assured him on her knees, by the memory of her mother, of her faith, and love, and duty.

“ And, by my soul, I believe her ! ” exclaimed Tom Mayfield ; “ if the truth is not in that dear face, then all the world is false.”

“ Yes, yes,” said the old man ; “ give me your hand, Mr. Mayfield. If it is not so, I would rather see her dead at my feet than living ever so lovely a lie. Sometimes I think my head is turned about her. When I have discovered her in a piece of deception—ah, I have, sir, I have—I feel as if all the furies possessed me. I could kill her, I could wipe her out of my thoughts, blot her out of my life for ever.”

“ My dear Mr. Waller ! ” exclaimed Tom, taking him by the arm, “ you must not give way to these fits of passion.”

“ I know, I know,” said the old man ; “ if it were not for that old organ, my only true sympathetic friend, God bless it, I think I should go mad. Let us go in, let us go in.”

They were on the threshold of St. Bride's. The old man opened the church door. Tom followed him mechanically. It was twilight. The white tablets and sculptured busts on the walls seemed to retreat into a misty darkness. Rays of coloured light fell here and there. The old man's footsteps made a hollow echoing sound as he ended the organ loft. Tom crept after him.

"An empty church is something like an empty theatre, only cleaner, cleaner," said the old man, fumbling with his key in the organ lock.

"Is it?" said Tom. "I should have thought that the comparison did not hold at all."

Voices all over the church seemed to repeat Tom's words.

"There are no echoes; the scenery keeps echo down; and as I said, cleaner, cleaner in every sense."

"Yes?" said Tom, inquiringly.

"Hell traps, painted glories, temples of the devil! But oh! how my soul wanders back to the theatre, with its dirty daylight, and its glorious warmth of life and colour at night. And my love, my child, I see her poor dear face, and"—

The old man's hands wandered over the keyboard. Tom went silently to the blower and started the organist's reverie. The player was inspired by past memories and future hopes. There was joy, love, revenge, passion, hate, defiance, tears, despair, in the weeping, wailing, threatening, soft, loud, rushing harmonies which followed the old man's fingers. Tom Mayfield saw Clytie through all the cadences of the harmonious maze, and was racked with doubt, buoyed up with hope, and crushed with despair, just as the music seemed to fit his varied moods.

Phil Ransford passed the church while the organ was pealing. He stood for a moment to listen, and then passed on, the evil genius of the hour.

Did some electrical shock of antipathy touch the wrought up sensibility of the old man? He rose suddenly as Phil went on his way.

"I must go now," he said. "Thank you, Mr. Mayfield, I must go to her; she is alone. We will save her, my dear sir, will we not?"

"May God help us!" said Tom, solemnly, following the organist down the sounding aisle, where the shadows had fallen thick and sombre.

"Good night," said Luke Waller, hurriedly, locking the church door. "Good night," and the next moment he was hurrying over the road to the Hermitage, which the sun had left in a cold twilight solitude.

Tom walked in the Banks, up to the Observatory, through the Cathedral meadows, and back again. His thoughts were in a strange whirl. He tried to walk ahead of them. Presently the Cathedral bell that had rung the curfew of old pealed out the ancient message to the new people. It was nine o'clock, and almost dark. Tom stood on the Prebend's Bridge, almost on the very spot where Clytie had halted in the sunshine to fling Phil Ransford's

present into the river. While he stood there he saw a figure pass along the Banks on the other side. Tom followed it, keeping in the shadow of the trees. He saw presently that his suspicions were correct: it was Phil Ransford. Tom pulled up suddenly and held a council of war with himself. The result was that he went straight to his rooms, laid aside his college gown and cap, put on a hat, took up a heavy stick, and came forth again. It had occurred to him that Phil Ransford was a big, heavy fellow, and that it required a stick to make the odds even, despite the old maxim that he is thrice armed who has his quarrel just. He strode out for the North Road, his teeth clenched, his mind in a tempest of rage. In less than a quarter of an hour he was on the highway. He lingered for a few minutes beyond the toll-gate, and a carriage passed him while he stood there. He did not wait to satisfy himself, but concluded that this was Ransford's vehicle, though it was not; for Phil had planted his carriage in a by-lane, out of the general view. Clytie's daring admirer was fully prepared to act upon his letter, in the event of the signal being given, and he had made up his mind that Clytie would not hesitate when the time came.

At a quarter to ten Phil Ransford was calmly watching the Hermitage window. He was stationed within the gateway of St. Bride's Churchyard. Tom held him in surveillance, and saw the window too from the darker portal of the church porch itself. The minutes went hurrying on, but the beating of Tom's heart was faster than the clock. It was a supreme moment in his life when the dreaded hour quivered in the steeple, and the warning chimes began. He felt that he would pledge his very soul if such a sacrifice would ensure Ransford's disappointment. He clutched his stick, and held his breath, and watched the window. At last Time brought up the fatal moment—big with fate, but calm and quiet, as if nothing depended upon it. The faithful clock struck the first note, and the window was immovable; the Venetian blind remained closed, the subdued light was unchanged.

One, two, three, four, the clock went on, and Phil thanked God between his teeth; and his breath came hot and thick with hope and fear and thankfulness.

Phil Ransford stood calmly in the deepening shadow of the gateway.

Five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten! The dreaded hour had come and gone. Tom Mayfield breathed freely. He shook himself like a dog after a bath, and felt that he was a coward that he had doubted Clytie for a moment.

But Ransford still stood there in the shadow, watching and waiting.

"I will go and tax him with his infamy," Tom said to himself, and he was on the point of acting upon the thought when the window blind moved. Phil's head was bent forward with sudden expectation. The blind was drawn slightly, just sufficient to admit of the window being lifted. Tom Mayfield's heart stood still. The window was raised. A jar of flowers was placed outside. Tom grasped the hard porch to support himself. A second pot of flowers followed, a jar crowded with blossoms, which for a moment gleamed in the light, and then window and curtains were closed.

Phil Ransford quietly disappeared, and Tom stood listening to the sound of his footsteps, as his cruel rival walked along the Bailey, probably to put some final touches to his diabolical scheme before midnight. Tom was stupefied. The shock which he had suffered was all the more intense coming at last so unexpectedly, when all danger seemed to be over. Nearly half an hour had passed before he left his hiding-place.

What should he do? He sauntered home to the old College Gateway. His lamp was lighted. Its warm rays fell upon the white figure. Tom shuddered, and taking it by the neck flung it under the grate. It had only lain there a few minutes, chipped and bruised, when he picked it up and wiped the dust from it with his handkerchief, and replaced it on the mantelshelf. Then he sighed as if his heart were broken.

"O Clytie," he said in a whisper, "Clytie, Clytie, you have killed me."

The tears welled into his eyes. He laid his head upon the table and sobbed.

"There! it is over," he said presently. "I am not the first fool who has been trampled down and ruined by a woman. Ruined! Yes, my life is over!"

The face of the student was a picture of despair and resignation; half passionate, half scornful. The clear grey eyes were wet with tears. It was a noble face, full of a calm intellectual beauty. A firm, well-shaped mouth, a delicate nose, lacking strength, perhaps, but not sensibility, a well-cut chin, with a light brown pointed beard. It was the sort of face that would have done for a study of Faust in the first bud of his renewed youth, and with the sorrow of his crime come too early into his eyes.

"I must warn the old man," he said; "but how? Better let him make his own discovery. Shall I lie in wait for the thief, and warn him? No, that would be folly. O Clytie! Thou art indeed a cruel, heartless, miserable creature! Poor old Waller. My God, what a sorrow is coming upon us all! And how to avert it? There is no

way ; for who can change a woman's heart, who alter her fancy, who say to her 'Go this way' when she has set her mind upon another? I wonder that I do not wish to kill this man now. I seemed to thirst for his life when I saw him there. Now I care no more about him. She loves him ; let her have him. O my God, that I can say so ! The end has indeed come."

Then all suddenly Tom's disappointment entered another phase. He strode about the room, muttering and threatening.

"What a tame, cowardly ass I am !" he exclaimed, standing in front of the soiled figure. "So, my lady, thou perjured traitress, thou wilt deceive thy poor old grandfather ! Miserable woman. No, no, I will have a hand in this. I will snatch thee from his arms, and spurn thee in his presence. He shall not carry thee off to-night, at all events. That crime shall have postponement, come what come may."

He buttoned his coat ; then took up his stick, and laid it down again contemptuously.

"No, Tom, you want no stick, your cause is bludgeon enough in itself, and hate will give you strength."

He turned out his lamp and left the house, which was all quiet ; the Dunelmities went to bed early. It was half-past eleven when he found himself standing opposite to the Hermitage. He heard the watchman's footsteps half a mile away, and knew that this portion of the nightly beat would not be traversed again for an hour.

There was not only a light in the first floor window of the Hermitage, but a candle was burning in the room above. While he was wondering what this meant, the lights disappeared one after the other, and Phil Ransford's shadow fell upon the pavement. The truth is the Wallers were up later than usual. Clytie had complained of faintness during the evening, and had been low-spirited and dull. Old Waller had suffered some remorse on account of his treatment of his grandchild, and had kept her up talking of old days, and painting pleasant pictures of a holiday he intended for her in the autumn. At length they had said good-night to each other, and the old man was just going to bed, when Tom saw the lights put out, and Phil Ransford come creeping along the Bailey with the cringing gait of a vulgar thief.

Phil looked up and down the street. The moon gave him a long dark shadow for a companion, but he saw no other moving thing about. Tom had crouched behind the church gates, trembling with rage and hatred ; he had almost bitten his lip through in trying to keep himself still, and his hands were clutched with a fierce resolution.

The midnight robber hovered about the Hermitage, and then

stealthily listened at the door. Tom crept over the road crouching like a tiger, until he had reached the kerb-stone, and then he sprang upon Ransford with a shriek of hate.

"You infernal villain!" he yelled, leaping at his throat and hanging there for a moment. Then tightening his hold with the left hand, he released his right and dashed his fist in Phil's face—once, twice, thrice, with the rapidity of a pugilist.

"Damn you!" he screamed again and again. Phil staggered against the door, all too surprised and stunned to offer any defence, while Tom rained blows and curses upon him with the ferocity of a fiend.

In the midst of the struggle the Hermitage door opened, and Phil Ransford fell into the passage, bleeding and insensible, in presence of the terrified household.

CHAPTER XI.

ASHES.

FIVE o'clock in the morning. Bright, dewy, glowing summer. The smell of newly-mown hay comes from the fields outside Dunelm. Everything is fresh and beautiful. The birds are singing everywhere. Up in the Cathedral tower the rooks are calling to each other. In the Hermitage garden blackbirds are hopping about among the old-fashioned flowers. The showy jay darts hither and thither. Broods of young birds are flying about in the meadows. June is just merging, green and radiant, into July, the loveliest month of all the year in this northern land. Arcadia might borrow the tints and sunshine of this summer-time of Dunelm. That wood where Tom Mayfield proposed to Clytie, it was a paradise at five o'clock in the morning.

How still it is! How supremely beautiful! As if last night's brawl had never occurred. As if Tom Mayfield had not lain down for ever all purpose and ambition in life. As if Mr. Philip Ransford were not lying at the Hill bruised and cut and chagrined beyond repair. As if old Waller were not lying asleep, worn out with abusing the girl who is standing by his side pale and wild with fear, remorse, and indignation. As if there were no possibility of that sad look of hers, as she bends over the old man, being her last. As if she had not resolved to leave the Hermitage for ever!

Oh the cruel sun, to come streaming in upon that scene of desolation!

"You will cast me forth to-day," said the girl, looking at the unconscious old man; "I am cruel, faithless, a curse upon you, a

blight ; I am to be driven out, and Dunelm shall point at me with scorn ! I do not think you meant all you said, but I am sick of it all—sick—weary. I must go, and I will go, Heaven help me !”

The old man was lying on the sofa in the room which was dining and drawing-room and library all in one at the Hermitage. It was the snuggest and prettiest of rooms. Papered with a light sea-green paper, it was furnished in walnut, and carpeted with a dark crimson piece of Brussels. The door was oak, the skirting board round the room was oak, the mantel-piece was black marble ; the window was draped with lace curtains, and a basket of flowers stood in the recess of the window. At one end of the room was a well-filled bookcase ; at the other, Clytie's piano and work-table. A couple of easy chairs, a loo table, a handsome chimney glass that reflected a couple of fine bronze statuettes, made up the catalogue of the furniture. Clytie took in all the happy, comfortable picture at a glance, and her heart almost failed her. The sun poured a flood of light into the room. Clytie laid her hand upon the piano affectionately as if it were a thing she loved. She kissed the flowers in the window—took up the vases and jars separately and kissed them.

“ Oh, let me go quickly,” she said to herself, “ before I repent, or before the day comes and they thrust me forth, and the women of the city point at me and jeer, and call me the names you called me, O cruel grandfather !”

She opened her work-table, took out a purse, and then sat down and wrote :—

“ My dear grandfather,—I am gone. I could not endure it any longer. Your cruel words, dear, you did not mean them, but I could not bear them any longer, and I am so wretched and sad, and it would have killed me to be thrust out into the streets and have all Dunelm pointing at me. O my dear grandfather, you should not have said that, and never, never should you have called me names, and in their presence, and before all. Oh forgive me, dear ! Be happy without me. I am not what you think me. I am not guilty. I am an unfortunate girl—unhappy and unfortunate. O my dear grandfather, don't fear for me ; I can work, and when you love me again, and can think of me as you used to do, I will come back to you. It is better that I should go, and save you the pain of sending me forth and disgracing and humiliating me before the people of this cruel, hateful, lying and slanderous city. Good bye ; don't follow me ; soon I will tell you where I am. Pray for me, forgive me, and try and think of me as I was. On my soul and by the

memory of my mother I say it! I have not deserved the cruel, dreadful things you said, nor the punishment I have to undergo. I kiss you while you sleep, my dear grandfather, and am gone."

She kissed the old man and laid the note by his side; and ten minutes afterwards she had put on her bonnet and shawl, and slipped out into the fresh morning air. The birds continued to sing, and the sun went on dancing upon the river as if the organist's granddaughter were going on a happy visit to the flowers that lay waiting for her in the wood. The trees spread out their arms over her as she hurried through the Banks, and the perfume of the hay from the Cathedral meadows fell about her; the little waterfall by the North Road sparkled and chattered to her; the blue-bells in the hedges nodded at her, and the air was full of the humming music of bees. She hurried on, her pretty feet presently pattering along the road towards the little village station at Helswick, where Phil Ransford hoped to have carried her in his carriage.

It was nearly two miles to the station, and she knew there was a train at half-past six going south, because she had seen it pass the train in which she went to Newcastle when her grandfather long ago gave her permission to visit some friends there for a whole day, and she had started very early in the morning.

The stationmaster looked curiously at the pretty girl when she asked him if there would not soon be a train for the south. But he was too much occupied with the shunting of a coal train to say more than "Yes;" and almost at the moment the train was signalled. Clytie took a ticket for York. She did this with a vague notion that she would avoid discovery by staying a few hours at York, and then rebooking for London, where she had resolved to fight her own battle. The train came panting up to the little wayside platform as she left the ticket-office, and the next minute Clytie, crouched in the farthest corner of an otherwise empty carriage, her face buried in her hands, was on her way to the great hard-hearted city of London.

When old Waller awoke the Cathedral bells were chiming for morning service. He read his grandchild's letter, and was frantic. His first thought was to hurry to Tom Mayfield's rooms. Mrs. Wilding received him there.

"Aye, come in, come in, by all means," said Mrs. Wilding. "You're just in time."

The old man followed the landlady into Tom's room.

"A nice affair this is. Why in Heaven's name didn't ye send your lass away with her die-away eyes, as you threatened long ago?"

exclaimed Mrs. Wilding, with a sweep of her arm that comprehended a general indication of the scene before them.

"Good heavens, woman, don't talk to me in that strain. What is the meaning of this? I am a broken-hearted man."

"Oh, yes, I know all that, and I'm sorry for you; but you should have brought her up different, poor lass; she'd no mother, or she'd not 'a done it. Don't make faces at me; I know all about it,—know what happened last night; all Dunelm knows."

"My poor child!" exclaimed Luke. "Do you know where she has gone?"

"Gone! how? I thought you stopped her, and Mr. Mayfield half killed him."

"She has left me," said the old man; "gone away—fled, woman, before my cruel threats. Where is Mr. Mayfield?"

"He's gone too," said Mrs. Wilding, "don't you see?"

She swept her arm round the room, pointing out generally a bust smashed in a hundred pieces, books scattered about, letters torn up, and a general disorder.

"Left me fifty pounds, and instructions to send his luggage by train, to be left at York station till called for, and all through that girl of yours. He was the best lodger I ever had, and I loved him as a son."

"Gone! He gone too?" said the old man, with a sad, puzzled look; "am I awake, or is it all a dream?"

"You're waken enough, I reckon," said Mrs. Wilding; "it's a pity your eyes weren't open before, that's the bother."

"Has he gone with her?" said the old man, in a stupid, inquiring tone.

"Not him!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilding. "Dostn't see that plaster thing; that's her; he's smashed her all to bits. No, depend on it he's done with her; and he didn't care to stop here and hang for her—as they say that Ransford is half dead."

"Curse him!" said the old man.

"With all my heart," Mrs. Wilding replied.

"Both gone," said the old man, sitting in Tom Mayfield's chair among the ruins of the statuette. "I want air; open the window. Thank you. I only want to think a little. I am a stronger minded man than you fancy. I shall pull myself together soon. Pardon my intrusion," he said. "And you don't think he knew that my poor girl was going away?"

"If he had known, he'd have gone in another direction, depend on it."

"You think so? You are a woman, and can judge better. You think he's gone on account of Ransford's hurt?"

"Disappointment; the folly of setting his heart on a pretty, empty head."

"No words against my child!" exclaimed the old man, suddenly rising to his feet.

"Well, then, don't ask me questions," said Mrs. Wilding.

"I will not, I will not; I will question the past—question my own heart, my own experience," said the old man, with touching pathos.

"Have you a daughter?"

"Thank goodness, no," said Mrs. Wilding.

"Then you could not understand what I was about to say. Good morning, Mrs. Wilding. I am sorry to have troubled you."

And Mrs. Wilding, stood alone contemplating the wreck of Tom Mayfield's room, and wondering what old Waller would have said to her if she had had a daughter.

(To be continued.)



THE WIND-UP OF HUNTING IN THE WEST.

IVYBRIDGE is one of the most picturesque villages in all the picturesque county of Devon. A beautiful sequestered village, it is situated in a wooded vale through which meanders a good trout stream affording plenty of sport to the angler in the summer months. The railway station is close to the village—a great desideratum—and there is a splendid viaduct

High peering o'er the eccentric stream,

and which the aboriginal inhabitants at first regarded with singular or perhaps characteristic disfavour, but which they now consider, and rightly, as a source of increased attraction and beauty to their native home. And yet Ivybridge, where

Birds sing, streams flow, and gales breathe soft,

is close upon the confines of the moor. You have but to walk up stream as far as Harford Bridge, a distance of two or three miles, and there you are out on the open, and there is nothing to prevent your ranging right over Dartmoor if you care to do so. For

Dartmoor rears

In the dim distance his majestic brow,
With granite girdle sweeping nearly round
The varied map, until he plants his foot
In austral vales where rolls the rapid Erme,
And near, high blooming in a happier clime,
Exulting Yealm displays her shelter'd fields.

It would be hardly possible to imagine a more thoroughly comfortable place for a fox-hunting dinner than Ivybridge, and Mr. Charles Trelawny does well in fixing upon it for the virtual wind-up of the season. "The Ivybridge week" has for many years been one of the chief fox-hunting institutions of Devonshire, and every man with a grain of the "rough and ready" element in his nature who has once enjoyed the pleasures of the renowned and time-honoured week strains every nerve to be present at its celebration and to do honour to the hunt and to himself.

One would hardly think while wandering about the village, or sitting down to dine at Mallet's London Hotel, that he was within

so short a distance of the savage wilds of Dartmoor. Yet such is the fact. The place seems to be specially provided by Nature as a rendezvous of sportsmen after the fatigues of the chase, and it is equally admirable as a refuge after hunting, and as a convenient starting point for the next day.

Devonshire men admire Charles Kingsley, and well they may, for he was educated and has spent most of his time among them. His "Hunting Song" would seem specially adapted to Ivybridge and its surrounding neighbourhood:—

Forward! Hark forward's the cry!
One more fence and we're out on the open,
So to us at once, if you want to live near us!
Hark to them, ride to them, beauties! as on they go,
Leaping and sweeping away in the vale below!
Cowards and bunglers, whose heart or whose eye is slow,
Find themselves staring alone.

General Sir Charles Staveley has already matured the plan of procedure for the forthcoming operations in the Autumn Manœuvres, which are this year to take place on Dartmoor; and during the third week of the manœuvres the Prince of Wales will place himself at the head of the Hussars with the view and purpose of giving *éclat* to the proceedings. His Royal Highness will make Exeter his head-quarters during his military sojourn in the West, and great will be the preparations for the Prince's reception in that far-famed and loyal old cathedral city. The Prince has had plenty of hunting in his time, and during the past season he has especially distinguished himself in the hunting field. But, still, his experience of fox-hunting has been of a comparatively limited nature, and he has not yet enjoyed the pleasure and excitement of riding to hounds over the wilds of Dartmoor, and of being in at the death of a real old Dartmoor dog fox. And that is a thing to be regretted, for it is just possible that His Royal Highness might, from an experience thus gained, have learnt to avoid the "custard puddings" which everywhere abound on the moor, and which may now, in spite of the most careful precautions, bring him to grief in a headlong charge against an imaginary foe. Daring horsemanship over such a country, except it be exhibited by an experienced native, or at least by a man who has encountered similar obstacles before, is not only not of much avail, but is likely to end in utter and premature discomfiture. It is true that royalty is better provided against "moving accidents by flood and field," but the Prince may come to grief for all that in this peculiar country, and fare no better than the humblest soldier in the ranks. The Prince of

Wales is also Duke of Cornwall, and much of Dartmoor is Duchy property, so it is but fair that His Royal Highness should do us the honour of showing us that he can follow a pack of foxhounds over one of the grandest and yet most difficult countries in England.

Mr. Trelawny makes it his custom to invite neighbouring masters of foxhounds to join him during the Ivybridge week in order that his party may have an entire week of hunting, and this year the invitation was extended to Mr. G. Williams, the master of the Four Burrow Hunt in Cornwall, and to the Messrs. Leamon, the veteran twin brothers—who are over seventy-three years of age—who hunt with their own pack what is known as the Tavistock country.

The sport throughout the week was excellent, and the three packs gave ample satisfaction to their masters and the visitors who partook of the sport. To describe any or all of the runs would be uninteresting to all but men acquainted with the country, and it will be sufficient, therefore, to say that they consisted mainly of some fine gallops over a strictly moorland country, the chief meet in which was Harford Bridge, just upon the verge or confines of Dartmoor. A record of the event of the Ivybridge week is, however, well worthy of notice in the pages of this magazine, as showing to the rest of England what rare old fox-hunters there are in Devonshire, and how they pull together in the pursuit of the chief pleasure of their existence.

Upwards of sixty sat down to dinner on the Friday evening of the "week," and these comprised nearly all the sportsmen of the neighbourhood, from Mr. Trelawny himself to the dealer in horses, and among them many officers in garrison at Plymouth, and even gentlemen from London.

Mr. W. D. Horndon, of Callington, himself an ex-master of foxhounds, presided, and the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were duly responded to by Captain Farquharson, of the 42nd, Admiral Parker, and Major Boyd of the 17th Regiment. These gentlemen severally thanked Mr. Trelawny and the members of the hunt for the great kindness which they had always shown, and the exceeding hospitality which they had extended on all occasions to the officers of the garrison and to strangers generally. Major Boyd said, on behalf of his regiment, that wherever they happened to be stationed, whether at home or abroad, the name of Trelawny would ever be remembered by them with pleasure and gratitude.

Mr. Horndon then proposed the toast of the evening, "Success to Fox-hunting." The proposal of such a toast from such a staunch

supporter of the foremost of English field sports was received with thunders of applause, and the speech by which it was accompanied was a fine specimen of the "rough and ready" style of eloquence so characteristic of such effusions, and so well calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of a mixed but thoroughly sporting audience.

As nearly as can be remembered Mr. Horndon said that fox-hunting appeared to him to be peculiarly an English sport—and in making that expression of opinion he certainly was not far wrong, for other countries can hardly compete with England in the prosecution of this sport, however often they may run away with our Queen's Plates on the racecourse—and that, in fact, the advantages of fox-hunting were so numerous and so great that it was almost a matter of impossibility to describe the whole of them, but there were many passages and features connected with it that were most agreeable and delightful. It enabled them to form friendships and acquaintances that otherwise would have been unknown to them, and in the next place the hunting-field had the effect of improving the breed both of horses and of foxhounds. With this toast he begged to couple the name of Mr. Charles Trelawny—at the mention of whose name there were of course loud cheers—for it was through that gentleman's means alone they were enabled to enjoy such excellent sport from time to time. Mr. Trelawny had been hunting that country for between twenty and thirty years, and he was quite sure that there was not a gentleman present who did not feel a rising gratitude in his heart when he remembered all the excellent sport that Mr. Trelawny had provided for them. There were many pictures that required an elaborate framing to set them off, but he was convinced that Mr. Trelawny's picture would long reign in their hearts. Peculiar, perhaps, this, but the meaning and good feeling are both clear enough to the fox-hunting mind; and need no other ornamentation than a grateful recollection of all the kindness which he had shown towards them.

But if this speech of Mr. Horndon's was a fine specimen of post-prandial fox-hunting eloquence, what shall be said of that of the master himself, who immediately—that is to say immediately after the tremendous cheering that of necessity followed had subsided—rose to return thanks?

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now; or, more correctly, if you have a love of fox-hunting and can appreciate the speech of a veteran master, who has hunted one of the most difficult countries in England, at his own expense, for nearly thirty years, listen to what follows.

Mr. Trelawny, who spoke with much feeling, said : " The way in which you have received this toast cannot but be a source of pleasure to me. At my time of life I cannot be expected to take quite so great an interest in being close to the hounds as in days gone by ; but at the same time I am bound to admit that I am fully compensated at finding how many persons I am enabled to give pleasure to. That, to me, is really and truly an immense source of gratification, and I cannot help feeling that it is very creditable to us west-countrymen to be able to muster such excellent fields on wild, rough Dartmoor, as we did both on Tuesday and to-day. Where in the country will you find a more brilliant field than we had to-day ? Not only as regards numbers ; but I think you will go far before you will find a field that can show eight, or ten, or a dozen ladies, who are not only charming in themselves, but are also brilliant horsewomen. For myself, I think it would be difficult to match them. Then there is another source of pleasure to me. I would ask, whence comes our field ? They have come not only from our own neighbourhood, but we have had them from London to the Land's End ; and I must confess that I have been delighted to see such fields. I hope it is a pride which you will all excuse, and that you will even consider that it is natural. I must say one word with regard to my own field. I fear that on every occasion they almost spoil me. They make an emperor of me. I never open my mouth but my wish is immediately attended to, and I really cannot forget all this, because you treat me as if you liked me." Mr. Trelawny then said he had a toast to propose which he knew would be very cordially received, because he was sure they all desired to thank Mr. Williams for his great kindness in coming among them, and for the expense and trouble to which he had been put in order to bring up from Cornwall his really fine and noble pack of hounds. He had, therefore, great pleasure in proposing Mr. Williams's health.

Mr. G. Williams, in responding, said it was always a matter of great gratification to him to be able to come into Devonshire to meet his old and excellent friend Mr. Trelawny, who he trusted would long live to hunt the country with as much zeal and energy as he had done for so many years past.

" The Owners of the Covers," " The Health of the Chairman," and other toasts followed, including that of the farmers who allowed the sportsmen to ride over their land.

It may well be imagined that these speeches were plentifully interrupted during their delivery by the cheers and applause of the audience ; and if these were recorded as often as they occurred they

would occupy a space almost as long as the speeches themselves. It remains only to be mentioned that Mr. J. R. Newcombe, the lessee of the theatre at Plymouth, himself as straight and good a horseman as any in the hunt, enlivened the proceedings with some good songs, in which acceptable service he was ably assisted by some other gentlemen present. A more thoroughly satisfactory wind-up—for it must of necessity virtually be so, the “humble violets” being well out now—it would be hardly possible to conceive; and it augurs well for the continued popularity of the noble sport of fox-hunting in the west, and is a model of what a wind-up to a successful season should be.

W. F. MARSHALL.

SHAKESPEARE'S PHILOSOPHERS AND JESTERS.

BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

III.—SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN ; CONSIDERED AS PHILOSOPHERS AND JESTERS.

SHAKESPEARE'S women convey some of the finest and profoundest of philosophic truths ; but he never drew a professed philosophress—a female philosopher. Shakespeare's women never sit down to philosophise — are never pragmatistical philosophers ; but from their lips flow sentiments of loving wisdom, out of the depths of their own sweet natures, and as the mere necessary effects of their own purity and rectitude. They are wise, because they are good ; they are clear-seeing, because they are high-minded : their judgment is a part of their right heart. Womanly generosity gives them noble views ; womanly delicacy gives them refined ideas. We see in nature many instances of gentle disposition supplying tact and understanding. There are some people with such sweet-natured hearts that these put fine inspirations into their minds, and produce ideas which seem the growth of a noble intellect.

Shakespeare's women—like the best of nature's women (of which, in fact, they are transcripts)—offer rather subjects for philosophic reflection, in their attributes and qualities, than are themselves philosophers. They each afford a fine thesis in philosophy, instead of verbally philosophising. The philosophy in Shakespeare's women lies in themselves and their own characters, more than in what they say. They do not so much utter philosophy, as that they contain philosophy. Their actions, their behaviour, their whole course of conduct are philosophy, rather than their words. They do not make philosophic speeches, enunciate aphorisms, or declaim set phrases and sentences of morality ; but their own several individualities are so many immortal studies in moral wisdom and moral beauty.

Yet, although Shakespeare's women convey philosophy more than they promulgate it, they are nevertheless fully competent to its expression ; and do give utterance, in noblest diction, to the noble dictates

of their own fine natures. They possess all that constitutes nobleness: they have nobility of soul, clear intellect, enlarged mind, and upright heart. They are endowed with faculty and with principle; and their native excellence shines conspicuous through the grace and ability resulting from both.

Helena, in the play of "All's Well," daughter to the Narbonne physician, and brought up in her orphanhood by the Countess of Rousillon, is philosophical by nature and by circumstance. She inherits a remedial and reliant character; and she is taught patient endurance together with strength of endeavour by the environments amid which she is bred. These united component points combine to form her into the sensible and sweet-hearted woman that the dramatist has delineated. Born of a man who has acquired for himself professional skill and achieved for himself professional renown, she is bred up in a noble family, where its lady-mistress treats her with kindness amounting to motherly affection, and where she herself conceives an apparently hopeless affection for its lordly heir. Thus she possesses both native mental power and nurtured force of feeling. There is in Helena finest moral courage, a most elastic spirit of trust and hope, a cheerful alacrity and energy, a disposition thoroughly self-helpful and ready to make avail of every resource presented to her by her own sagacity or by opportunity. Her spirits rise with occasion: and she is ever alert and ready, on prospect of a period offering for exertion and attempt. On her first conception of the project for curing the King's malady by means of her father's bequeathed prescription, she exclaims with animation:—

The King's disease,—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.

And she answers the Countess's suggested difficulties in her plan with firm though modest confidence:—

There's something in't,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven, and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day, and hour.

With equal firmness and modestly expressed confidence she pleads with the King to make trial of her proposed remedy and promised cure; pledging her own life on the success of her experiment:—

If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die.

True to her courageous self, and to her resolved attempt, also, in the very moment of her thus staking life upon the issue, she adds :—

Not helping, death's my fee ;
But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

And when the King bids her make her demand, she promptly states the reward that she has had in view all along, and through which she hopes to obtain the object of her secretly cherished love. Her philosophy of trust and cheerfulness sustains her through all trials where her own endeavours may avail to aid her and to promote her desired ends ; and she is indefatigable in everything that depends upon her personal exertion. No fatigue daunts her, no disappointment damps her fortitude. She sets forth with spirit :—

We must away ;
Our waggon is prepar'd and time revives us :
All's well that ends well : still the fine's the crown ;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

She pursues her way with diligence and perseverance ; letting no untoward accident deter her from an appointed course. When she arrives at Marseilles, and finds the King gone on to Rousillon, she alertly proposes to proceed after him at once, with unabated cheer of heart :—

All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit . . .
. We must to horse again.

She is considerate of those she travels with, while sparing herself no jot ; for she thus thoughtfully and gratefully acknowledges the necessary weariness of Diana and her mother, who are accompanying her in her hurried journey :—

But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low ; we cannot help it :
But, since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you.

There is nothing either passive or desponding about Helena's nature ; yet she is gifted with a sweet tempered resignation in moments when she finds all her attempts fail. Whenever convinced of this, she gives way gently, submissively, with a quiet dignity worthy of a truly philosophic woman. When the King at first peremptorily refuses to entertain her proposal, she meekly replies :—

My duty, then, shall pay me for my pains :
I will no more enforce mine office on you ;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one to bear me back again.

When she finds herself openly rejected by Bertram, who bluntly tells the King :—

I cannot love her ; nor will strive to do't—

she releases her royal patient from his promise with the nobly simple words :—

That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am glad :
Let the rest go.

When, after reluctant marriage, her ungracious husband bids her "hie home" to Rousillon, giving her to understand "Twill be two days ere" he follows her thither, she, faithful to her spirit of leaving nothing untried that may win her wish, makes one attempt to soften his heart towards her and draw that token of kindly leave-taking from him for which her own heart yearns, and which may last her till she sees him again ; but, upon his impatient repulse of her timidly fond appeal, with the words :—

I pray stay not, but in haste to horse,
she merely replies :—

I shall not break your bidding, my lord.

And obeys by instantly leaving him.

Lastly, when she discovers, by his harsh letter sent after her to Rousillon, instead of his following her thither, as he had implied he should, that he never means to be a husband to her, although as the King's feudal ward and vassal he has gone through the ceremony of marriage with her, she accepts this cruel disappointment of her hope without a murmur of reproach or complaint. She patiently reads the letter through, gets its every pitiless phrase by heart, while her only uttered comments—dropped forth at intervals from her lips, as she gazes upon its written severity—are : "This is a dreadful sentence." "Tis bitter." And then, when left alone with her grief, she recapitulates the "bitter" words that have so deeply stabbed her :—

Till I have no wife I have nothing in France.

But still utters no syllable of resentment. On the contrary, she rebukes herself as the cause of his leaving his native home and country, and resolves, herself, to forsake them both, that he may be free to return. Helena's is the true philosophy of a generous-natured, warm-hearted, ardent-charactered woman ; finely persevering and indefatigable where self-exertion may avail, but mild and uncomplaining where defeat comes. Her remedial philosophy is epitomised in those four lines of hers :—

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven : the fated sky

Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.

While her philosophy of self-abnegation is epitomised in these :—

No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all: I will be gone;
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To console thine ear.

Well may the King be overcome by her eager belief, and yield it his conviction, saying :

Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak,
His powerful sound within an organ weak.

Yes, the spirit of courageous endeavour through the lips of a gentle but trustful woman.

The Countess of Rousillon—in the same play—is an example of the philosophic composure and philosophic forbearance which are the growth of age and experience. Her calmness upon any sudden shock is thus accounted for by herself :—

I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief,
That the first face of neither on the start,
Can woman me unto't.

Years have taught her tolerance for youthful error, tender compassion for youthful strength of feeling. When she hears of Helena's secret passion for her son, Bertram, she thus blandly reasons :—

Even so it was with me, when I was young.
If we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong:
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born:
It is the show and seal of nature's truth;
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrance of days foregone,
Such were our faults,—or then we thought them none.

If our elders in the community thought and reasoned upon the principle of the amiable Countess of Rousillon, there would be far more and far juster leniency extended towards youthful faults and follies. These would not then be magnified into wickedness, and would not become actually, and in consequence, hardened and converted into it by harshness and overbearing authority.

But though the Countess of Rousillon is greatly lenient towards Helena's affection for Bertram, she is justly indignant at his treatment of the woman who loves him. She has a high idea of the nobility of honour which should peculiarly belong to nobility of birth, and she desires that her son should do credit to his ancestry by his own righteous conduct. She gives him loftiest and purest counsel, in accordance with the spirit of this desire, when she bids him farewell on his departure for the Court; and she is the more deeply hurt at his subsequent conduct, from her very sense of what it should have been, as a scion of the noble house of Rousillon. The message she sends to him through the two gentlemen who bring his letters to Rousillon, and are about to return and join him at the seat of war, is instinct with her strong reprobation of his unworthy behaviour, while it is couched in terms worthy of the noble lady and the grieved mother:—

Welcome, gentlemen.

I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never
Win the honour that he loses.

She keenly feels the blot upon the family honour and true nobility of their house which Bertram's ill courses inflict; yet, true to her philosophy of lenient consideration, she afterwards pleads for him with his Sovereign, in these maternal words:—

'Tis past, my liege;
And I beseech your Majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

The slight sketch of Diana, the young Florentine girl whom Bertram seeks to pervert, is drawn with lustrous ability. At the outset she manifests precisely that amount of interest in Bertram natural to a girl who finds a handsome young nobleman professing violent love for her. She shows that she takes an interest in him. She it is who answers Helena's inquiry as to his name, when he is about to pass by, in all the flush of a recent victorious action, wherein he has won much military credit. But while showing that she takes this kind of interest in him,—that she admires his gallant bearing and attractive person,—she at the same time betokens her thorough appreciation of his moral deficiency; and expresses herself with a quiet firmness of resolve, beneath the openly-expressed admiration for his handsome exterior, that denotes the true feminine purity of her own character. It is, indeed, extraordinary to see how accurately the man-writer (but then, the man who writes is Shakespeare) gives

her the exact diction that a young, fresh, unhackneyed, yet instinctively true-seeing girl would use on such an occasion. As the troop pass by, Helena asks: "Which is the Frenchman?" and Diana replies:—

He;

That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow.
I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honest
He were much goodlier: is't not a handsome gentleman?

Adding, a moment after, "'Tis pity he is not honest;" and when put upon her guard against him by her experienced friendly neighbour, Mariana, she quietly answers: "You shall not need to fear me."

This she proves to be completely the case by her mode of receiving Bertram's advances, when he actually makes them. She meets his specious arguments and defends herself against his illicit suit with a good sense and firmness which are perfectly womanly, while they are full of the best kind of spirit and courage. To Bertram's impetuous exclamation, "How have I sworn?" she quietly replies:—

'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness. Then pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him: therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions; but unseal'd,—
At least, in my opinion.

Diana has a sedate philosophy of chaste self-respect perfectly worthy of her pure name, and perfectly competent to guard her from the depraved solicitations of such a self-seeker as the ignoble Count Bertram of Rousillon.

It was in the clear perception of poetic beauty in redeeming foul things by dwelling upon fair ones, and poetic harmony in contrast of inevitable evil with assured good and innocence, that Shakespeare made Isabella, the heroine of his play of "Measure for Measure," a self-consecrated votaress. A nun, a recluse, dedicated to a life of celibacy, austerity, and holy contemplation, is peculiarly well brought in against the worldly turmoil and soil of most of the other agents in the story. The tumult of the passions, the filth of the stews, demanded some ultra peace and purity as their relief; and in the whiteness and sanctity of the virgin novice we have this perfect rest-point. Very skilfully, too, is her spotlessness made the most powerful

allurement with the immaculately-reputed Angelo ; while it aids in heightening the effect of her horror at his unhallowed suit. But though so clear herself from worldly taint, she is not ignorant that pollution exists ; and her own freedom from vice and temptation leaves her the more able to know and regret the vice and temptation existing in that exterior world from which her vocation holds her apart. She deplores her brother's sin, yet pleads in its extenuation, and seeks to save him from its penalty. Her creed teaches her faith in intercession, and she consents to intercede for him ; however she may shrink from the difficult and even repugnant task of leaving her convent to make personal appeal for his life. The extreme of artistic ingenuity with which the dramatist has depicted this natural repugnance on the part of Isabella has subjected her to the strange imputation of "coldness" from those who have not sufficiently studied her character as drawn by Shakespeare ; but if the circumstances in which she is called upon to act be duly considered, it will be perceived that her reluctance to plead is merely the effect of these, and nowise the effect of her own nature. That is warm, fervent, even enthusiastic. It is her enthusiasm of nature that has led her to devote herself to a vestal life, it is her warmth of fervour that has led her to choose self-consecration to a religious vocation ; as it is her enthusiastic desire for her brother's redemption and her fervour of attachment to him which prompt her to issue from her chosen seclusion and endeavour to obtain his remission from punishment by death. If it be noted with what art the two scenes are managed where Isabella implores Angelo to spare her brother's life, while she avows her brother's fault—to pardon the sinner while denouncing the sin,—to make allowance for youth and passion while reprobating the errors into which youth and passion hurry men,—it will be discerned that Shakespeare has wonderfully preserved the glowing nature of the woman through all the serenity of the nun and the modesty of the maiden. First, conceive the difficulty—nay, almost impossibility—of a young girl in her very novitiate having to throw herself at the feet of a strange judge, and supplicate his pardon for a culprit who has committed an offence that she can scarcely find words to name—and we shall discover the miraculous delicacy as well as power with which Isabella's speech and conduct throughout those two scenes is maintained. The shrinking timidity of her commencement ; the hesitating words in which she endeavours to clothe the subject of her plea ; the desire to make herself understood without need of giving full expression to her meaning ; the innate abhorrence of the vice itself at the very moment of pleading for him who has

been guilty of it; the diffident willingness to retire, at the first repulse; the return to entreaty; the gradual gathering of her courage to urge what arguments she can in favour of mercy towards offenders; the increasing force and personal application of her reasons why the judge should be lenient to the criminal, are all conceived with exquisite fidelity to natural appropriateness in the combined modesty and warmth of feeling characteristic of the speaker:—

Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

This is during the first interview: in the second, where Isabella first discerns Angelo's design towards herself, with inimitable skill are traced her unwillingness to admit the idea, her evasion of it as long as possible, her slow admission of it when unable to misunderstand his drift, her brave remonstrance against his more plainly uttered meaning, her indignant defiance and threat to proclaim him to the world, and her final steady repulse of his infamous proposals. She has supreme indifference to death as an alternative for a "shamed life;" and the most philosophic calmness at the prospect of encountering the one rather than encounter the other. She strives to infuse into her weaker brother her own strength of resolution, and encourages him in his attempted readiness to die if it must be so, exclaiming:—

There spake my brother: there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances.

At the same time showing how cheerfully she would die in his stead, were it possible thus to save him:—

O! were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Isabella is generously devoted to her erring brother in his desire to live and enjoy life, as she is lavishly devoted in her self-dedication to a spiritual and self-denying existence: ready, while he is safe and happy, to leave the world for a cloister; ready, when he is in danger, to leave life that she may save his. Hers is a thoroughly unselfish philosophy, a perfectly pure and disinterested love of what is right and good for its own sake. Like a truly virtuous and high-souled woman, she is scrupulously just and eminently tolerant. She is so

just that she gives weight to every point that may honestly plead in extenuation of wrong-doing, and so tolerant that she can dispassionately make allowance for all. She is so just that she can admit there may be mitigating circumstances in guilt itself, and so tolerant that she can act forbearingly towards her worst injurer. She has the fine wisdom and merciful perception to make strictly equitable distinction between intention and act in crime; and she can afford to be magnanimous even to Angelo himself. When Mariana entreats her to intercede for the lately-made husband, Isabella, ever nobly benign, kneels on his behalf to the Duke, with these words :—

Most bounteous sir,
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd. I partly think
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me : since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died :
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent ;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way : thoughts are no subjects ;
Intents but merely thoughts.

Portia, of Belmont, has been arraigned of being even too well gifted with mental endowment ; unfemininely intellectual ; and has been absolutely stigmatised as a "Pedant !" I have heretofore striven to show the utter inappropriateness of this title ; and, in Portia, so far from the "pedantry" of philosophy, we see the true grace and beauty of a happy philosophy, upon her return home, after her forensic triumph. Her moralising upon the candle-beam streaming from her hall is a most natural emotion ; and as lovely and gentle, that the good deed she has just achieved should tempt her into the little egoism of a moral reflection. This very scene, which has brought upon her the sneer of being a pedant, is perhaps (from the reason just given) the most lovely, the most natural, the most womanly, and—as a climax—the most artistic point in her whole conduct ; seeing that, from its pretty playful simplicity, it comes with felicitous relief to the staid technical routine she has gone through in the law-court. So far, in my mind, is Portia removed from pedantry—a more disagreeable defect in women than in men—as all vices and defects are so, by reason of the contrast to their general moral beauty—so far, I say, is she from a pedant, that I almost incline to think her the most perfect of Shakespeare's women, on account of the combination of moral and intellectual excellence which streams forth as we

contemplate her accomplishments. She is a perfect lady—in nobility of heart, as well as in refined good breeding and exalted station. She is easy in manner, courteous to all, polished in conversation and demeanour. Witty, and thoroughly unaffected; intelligent, and completely modest; gifted with high ability, yet capable of simplest enjoyment; competent to aid her men-friends by her discrimination, sagacity, and good sense, yet playful and sprightly as a child. She has the excellent qualification of knowing when to be sedate and grave, when to be sportive and playful. She is wisely serious when occasion calls for thought; and wisely cheerful when time admits of gaiety. She accepts with philosophical as well as filial decision the conditions of her father's will, which decrees that her future husband shall depend upon the choice of the three caskets, while she indulges her wit and good spirits with amused discussion of the possible issue.

Here is one of her "happy-philosophy" speeches. It is where she is sportively passing in review her several suitors' qualifications, when Nerissa asks her which of them she most favours, and among them mentions the County Palatine. At his name, Portia replies:—

He doth nothing but frown; as who should say:—"An if you will not have me, choose." He hears merry tales, and smiles not. I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth.

But her greatest speech (and which Hazlitt infelicitously pronounced to be "very well!") is undoubtedly the celebrated one upon "Mercy;" and which it were heresy to pass unreported:—

The quality of mercy is not strained:
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heav'n
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed,—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majesty;
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
But mercy is above this sceptr'd sway,—
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly pow'r doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

Spenser has a noble passage on that same theme, quite in his fine earnest way, affording an interesting contrast of style between our

two great Elizabethan poets ; and, as such, I take leave to quote it here :—

Some clerks do doubt, in their deviceful art,
Whether this heavenly thing whereof I treat,
To weeten Mercy, be of justice part,
Or drawn forth from her by divine extract :
This well I wot, that sure she is as great,
And meriteth to have as high a place,
Sith in th'Almighty's everlasting seat
The first was bred, and born of heavenly race ;
From thence pour'd down on men by influence of grace.

Luciana, in the "Comedy of Errors," is a domestic philosopher. She has conned lessons of connubial discretion in an excellent school—the house of her married sister, Adriana. She has learned forbearance from observing the other's intolerance ; she has acquired the art of making allowance, from noting her sister's exacting impatience ; she grows confirmed in smooth acquiescence, from seeing the folly as well as misery of irritable and irritating opposition. She adopts the politic course of submission from being a witness to her sister's ill-advised intemperance of struggle. While Adriana frets and fumes, Luciana gathers composure and a philosophy of obedience. Their first colloquy shows this characteristically : the one all heat and anger, the other all coolness and propriety. Shakespeare, with his wonted consistency and acute knowledge of truth and character (that which goes to the formation of character as well as that which originally constitutes it), has made Luciana, owing to the school in which she has studied her philosophy of wifeness, such a woman as would make one of those wives considered by common-minded men as "model wives ;" that is, obedient and fawning wives. Luciana is calculating, submissive, and shrewdly obedient. She is ultra-passive outwardly, while inwardly maintaining a perfectly self-satisfied independence of opinion. Moreover, like all those women of systematic yieldingness rather than rational yieldingness, Luciana is given to palter with truth. It follows—as night succeeds the day—that a woman who makes to herself a law, a mere calculating law, of blind and prone submission as the best course for her own interest, inevitably becomes, if not a liar, yet an equivocator, a sophisticator, a prevaricator, in some way a deviator from straightforward truth. All the little shifts and evasions ; the paltry tricks and petty artifices : the carrying deceptions ; the amiable falsifyings which women who adopt implicit obedience as their "stock in trade" in wedlock allow themselves, are the necessary growth of the course they pursue. Artful speech

and conduct are sure to proceed from forced and unnatural compliance; and uniform compliance is unnatural. Compliance, right or wrong, rational or irrational, just or unjust, compliance for compliance's sake, and for the sake of what it will bring, infallibly generates meanness and untruth. Alas! for the man who exacts it; and alas! for the woman who yields it, thinking to reap advantage. Yet there is scarcely a more seductive course, at the first blush, than this same habitual compliance. To women it seems so safe, to men so promising. In the very case in point we see how charmed Antipholus of Syracuse is with Luciana; and yet, in her speech to him, there is visible trace of the touch of deception which may be pronounced the sure consequence of systematic submission. Luciana, thinking him to be her brother-in-law—[It must be recollected that the twin Antipholuses are so alike in person as to be undistinguishable the one from the other]—Luciana thus beseeches him to make show of greater affection towards his wife, Adriana, her sister. She says:—

If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
 Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness.
 Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
 Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
 Let not my sister read it in your eye:
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator.
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty:
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:
 Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted:
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint:
 Be secret-false. What need she be acquainted?

Luciana is a specimen of a prudent, judicious girl, who has a calm eye to her own comfortable welfare; who makes the failings and miseries of her friends beacons to herself, for guidance to wisdom and enjoyment; who coolly reasons on her sister's agonies of jealousy and remonstrance, drawing sedate lessons therefrom, and storing up to herself experience for future matrimonial tranquillity; who quietly marks the marital despotisms of her brother-in-law, that she may know how to manage those of a future husband herself; and who, from her collected philosophy of serene observation, will learn to win a lover, to make a good match, and to rule her lord and master—all under the guise of being the meekest, the sweetest, the softest, and the most undesigning of her sex. There are many Lucianas in the world. Heaven forbid that one of them should fall to the lot of any male friend of mine for a wife; or that any male friend of mine should deserve to have one of them, by thinking that

such a characteristic constitutes wifely excellence. If he do, he runs the fairest chance of being charmingly choused, and quietly henpecked, under the idea of having all his own way. Seriously, however, be it added, that while protesting against mere systematic compliance in women, no one more warmly advocates and earnestly admires a rational and sincere compliance, than the inditer of this sermon. It is the outward grace expressive of the gentleness within; and the less an affected gentleness is cultivated the more surely a real gentleness will exist.

Of all Shakespeare's women who best exemplify womanly obedience with womanly rationality, womanly submission with womanly spirit, and a truly feminine gentleness with genuine moral courage and philosophy—is Imogen. She has a heavenly patience, yet no tameness; she has holiest meekness and fortitude, yet no mean subserviency. Her very first speech contains the key to her character: there is in it the philosophy of courage to endure, a religious regard for duty, the purest and warmest fervour of love, and the most hopeful faith.

My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.

That is accurately the philosophy of womanhood: bravery beneath daily infliction, gathered from hope and loving constancy. Imogen, like most natively gentle women, has wonderful moral courage: out of the very tenderness of her heart is bred noblest strength of mind. During her interview with Iachimo, when he gives evidence of being aware of that which deeply injures her, she addresses him in words at once full of personal and mental dignity, worthy of the princess, the lady, and the woman. [And do not omit to observe the calm philosophy couched in the parenthesis in her speech.] She says:—

You seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me. Pray you
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: for certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Imogen's philosophy is as just and true as it is generous. In the midst of her own sharpest grief she observes :—

Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

And her reflections upon comparative blame in erring humanity are marked by large-minded judgment. During her wanderings she says :—

Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way : will poor folks lie
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment or trial ? Yes ; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need ; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.

It is an exquisite point, and as natural a one, in Imogen's character and womanly philosophy—her respect for homely social duties and lawful observances. It is a part of the mild disposition, combined with sound sense. She holds it essential to adhere to daily duty, and not to waive appointed rules for circumstances of casualty. When the hospitable mountaineers offer to stay at home and attend her as she languishes in health, she thus declines their courtesy :—

So please you, leave me ;
Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom
Is breach of all.

This reverence for established rites, and for the power of habit in effecting and confirming moral reform, is (as heretofore observed) a marked feature in Shakespeare's philosophy. He has a strong passage on the force of custom in another play :—

We almost can change the stamp of nature ;
And either curb the Devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency.

But with his usual clear-sighted justice Shakespeare has also pointed out the evils of a too implicit retention of old usages, where he says :—

What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.

Shakespeare was no stiff-necked Tory ; although he was radically a Conservative.

Audrey—many will smile at her being introduced in this company

of philosophers—but Audrey—the rustic simpleton, Audrey—the raw, staring, country gawky, Audrey, even, has a curious philosophy of her own particular kind. It is a queer one; an odd, awkward, glimmering one; but still, it *is* philosophy; for it is downright, and practical, and it is contented; and if “content” be not philosophy, what is it? Audrey does not know how to express her meanings; but she knows what she means, and she is perfectly satisfied with that which she does mean. She admires Touchstone, and she would fain be worthy of him, and seem comely in his eyes, and try to comprehend his flights of humorous fancy: but she finds them beyond her, and she frankly owns it, contenting herself with being “honest” if she be not “poetical;” and consoling herself with the reflection that if she lack good looks, yet that she is no “slut.” She is not afraid to own her wish to become the wife of the man she loves, and honestly shows that she is provoked at having her wedding put off. She does not conceal her vexation at Jaques’s interference in the matter, when he persuades Touchstone that the hedge-parson will not marry them properly; affirming in her straightforward way that “the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman’s saying”: and afterwards, she still more openly avows her opinion. When Touchstone exclaims, gaily: “To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married;” she replies: “I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world”—[in other words, that is, to be a married woman]. Audrey is a good practical philosopher:—she knows her own mind.

In the mouths of some of his least characteristically philosophical women Shakespeare has put some shrewd and pertinent morsels of wisdom. Either the occasion prompts them, or the force of events inspires them, with sentences of moral sentiment and philosophic truth. Here is a piece of simple wisdom uttered by Anne Boleyn; but it is at a period when her better feelings are excited by the cruel reverses of her royal mistress, the magnanimous Queen Katherine:—

Verily I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Moreover, very consistently is this speech made to proceed from the lips of Anne Boleyn—the very woman who afterwards herself accepted the “golden sorrow” of becoming Queen Consort to

Henry VIII. It is consistent with the inconsistency of human nature—particularly, perhaps, of female human nature, which from its sensitive and impressionable character is prone to vacillate in its views of life and life's aims.

Desdemona gives utterance to a piece of tolerant philosophy, instinct with her own meek nature, and full of a just forbearance. Speaking of some harassing anxieties of public life, as being the probable cause of her husband's sudden explosion of wrath, she says :—

In such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so ;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense
Of pain : nay, we must think, men are not gods ;
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal.

This last sentence forms a wise piece of philosophic counsel to her married sisterhood ; and it is one that young wives (if an *old* husband may preach to them) will do well to treasure in mind, when they feel disposed to greet at any fancied change in the *manner* of their husband, since the hours when he was a bridegroom and she was a yearning bride. Men, indeed, are not the less really in love because time has converted their "manner" of lover into that of friend. They have learned to love, more than they show love ; that is all the difference. The author of "Hudibras" has a charming sentiment upon the question we have just considered. He says :—

All love, at first, like generous wine,
Ferments and frets; until 'tis fine ;
But when 'tis settled on the lee,
And from th' impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer still the older,
And proves the pleasanter the colder.

I cannot go the whole question upon this point with Master Butler ; but in that stage both the wine and the love are more surely tested.

Shakespeare has made one of his women-characters pronounce a succinct philosophy of love ; the last line of which is beautifully true of the best order of love. He says :—

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity :—
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind.

Another of his heroines glowingly says :—

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

His women have a fine mode of expressing their firm conviction ; impassioned and earnest, yet with a noble composure of faith and trust. Hermione says :—

If powers divine

Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.

Some of the single lines, or short sentences, which Shakespeare assigns to his female characters, contain concentrations of philosophy. Here are a few examples :—

To the noble mind '
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

And this :—

. . . . Affliction may subdue the cheek
But not take in the mind.

And this :—

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

And this :—

One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

This last reflection comes with double force of subtle impression from its being uttered by Hero in "Much Ado about Nothing," who herself becomes the victim of the slanderous Don John's report.

Here is an observation in natural philosophy which the poet has given to Hermia in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." She says :—

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes ;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence.

And here is the opinion of the sprightly Princess of France and her ladies (in the "Love's Labour's Lost") upon the glare of absurdity in your pompous wise-acres :—

Princess. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool : folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school ;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Rosalind. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Maria. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote ;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

In the same way that Shakespeare never drew set philosophresses, so did he never represent professed women-jesters, female wits, she-humourists ; but he painted genial, natural-mannered, delightful creatures, whose fine spirits, intelligence, and sweet-hearted ease take the shape of vivacity of speech and playful readiness of rejoinder. Beatrice's quick-match imagination and gay sense of power cannot let her hear a keen speech, but they supply her with instant and arch reprisal : while Rosalind's squirrel-like merry fancy takes delight in meeting her lover's regrets with words as full of a hidden sweet meaning and womanly sensitiveness as they glitter with pastime-wit and pranksome humour. Shakespeare's mirthful women always present the idea that their exuberance of gaiety proceeds from goodness of heart, and that they are animated and cheerful because they are affectionate and innocent. They are light-spirited because they are pure-spirited and loving-spirited ; and the consequence is they are most pleasant and most loveable.

Beatrice—certainly the wittiest of Shakespeare's women—has the charm of seeming to exercise her wit for the pure pleasure it gives herself in its lively flow, and no jot from love of display. It is second nature with her to utter ingenuities of fancy ; and moreover she takes special delight in the power they give her to meet the witty Benedick on equal terms. Her preference for him is mainly founded on the brilliancy of wit that distinguishes him, and on the opportunities it affords for her own wit to shine with no inferior light beside his. She likes him for being able to defend himself by wit against her witty assaults, and for giving her the opportunity of attacking him with ever-fresh sharp thrusts. It is a perpetual fencing-bout between them, in which each is never worsted, and each gains a several triumph. The very mode in which they seek each other out to interchange wit-passes and have brain-tilts together proves that they have a mutual liking—they find an antagonist worthy their skill, and one that elicits admiration while provoking fight. They exchange hearts at the same time that they cross wit-weapons, and grow to love each other in course of contention. Beatrice is of so lively a disposition, of so truly blithe a philosophy, that no man less vivacious and spirited than Benedick could have possibly won her regard. All that she utters of her own philosophy in marriage-choice fully demonstrates *this*, and her decided preference for Benedick is constantly peeping

forth from beneath her incessant flings at him. The very pertinacity of her attacks—her pointedly disparaging allusions to him when absent, as well as her saucy rallyings of him when present, serve unmistakably to mark her interest in him, even before there has been any plot laid by their friends to bring them together: for such a woman as Beatrice betrays her liking for a man by wit-recurrence; she does not again and again make the subject of her notice one for whom she cares nothing. Her sprightly philosophic creed on the topic of husband-having is thus animatedly expressed in conversation with her two uncles and her cousin, Hero:—

Leonato. Was not Count John here at supper?

Antonio. I saw him not.

Beatrice. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beatrice. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore talking.

Leonato. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

Beatrice. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leonato. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue. . . .

Beatrice. . . . For the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leonato. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beatrice. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man I am not for him. . . .

Leonato. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatrice. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Beatrice's cheery philosophy is the result of native temperament. The prince, Don Pedro, says to her, "In faith, lady, you have a merry heart;" and she replies, "Yea, my lord, I thank it, poor fool; it keeps on the windy side of care." And when he tells her "To be merry best becomes you, for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour," she gaily answers, "No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born."

Like most women of lively dispositions, Beatrice is extremely warm-hearted and generous-natured. She is glowingly indignant in her cousin's cause when Hero has been maligned; and the mirthful philosophy of her happy hours takes the shape of philosophically witty regret that she cannot be a masculine champion for the wronged maiden:—

O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God! that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Benedick. Hear me, Beatrice—

Beatrice. Talk with a man at a window! a proper saying!

Benedick. Nay, but Beatrice—

Beatrice. Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Benedick. Beat—

Beatrice. Princes and counties! surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, count confect; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Very nearly, if not quite, as witty as Beatrice is Rosalind; and perhaps in the latter's wit there is an even pleasanter ingredient than in that of the former. Rosalind's wit is supremely arch, and exquisitely graceful; then, likewise, it is for the most part exercised in companionship with her beloved friend, cousin, and sister princess, Celia, who is well nigh as arch, as graceful, and as witty as Rosalind herself. It is one of the pre-eminent excellences of our dramatist that he, in his wealth and prodigality of genius, can afford to place two witty charming women thus closely together without diminishing the effect of wit and charm in either. They both shine, without eclipsing each other. There is an enchanting fondness in Celia for her "coz" Rosalind—the kind of sympathy and affectionate deference shown by one more favoured by fortunate circumstance towards one in temporary reverse—that causes her to yield the palm of wit, and leave the chief part in the dialogue to be sustained by her whom she elects her own superior. It is this which gives the two their joint fascination, and which, while showing Celia to be so innately loveable, renders Rosalind so sparklingly bewitching. There is a deep-seated tenderness beneath the arch playfulness of both ladies that makes them the most perfect of princesses while at Court and the most perfect of sylvan beauties when in the Forest of Arden. They are possessed of a heart philosophy of their own that makes them as *delighted and delightful* among the woodland shades as in the palace

gardens of their ducal home ; and we see them equally happy and beaming in the one as in the other. Travel-worn, foot-weary, disguised in shepherd and shepherdess attire, they beguile the way by their pleasant sallies and sweet banter ; living in their "sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees," or wandering through the turfy glades, they ever maintain their grace and charm of refined mirthfulness. Their first scene together opens thus:—

Celia. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Rosalind. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of ; and would you yet I were merrier ? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke, my father—so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine : so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have : and truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir ; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection ; by mine honour, I will ; and when I break that oath let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose,—be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see ; what think you of falling in love ?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal : but love no man in good earnest, nor no farther in sport, either, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then ?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so, for her gifts are mightily misplaced ; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest ; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's : Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in lineaments of Nature.

[Enter TOUCHSTONE.]

Cel. No ; when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not, by fortune, fall into the fire ? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument ?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's, who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone : for, always, the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.

From this specimen of exquisitely pure and sprightly womanhood we may surely conclude that the characters of Rosalind and Celia

are the two most enchanting princesses on dramatic record ; the most fascinating of lady wits, and the most bewitching of pastoral beauties. They are worthy heroines of the most perfect sylvan drama ever penned.

A fitting attendant gentlewoman to the heiress of Belmont is Nerissa. She has a nimble apprehension of wit, to suit her for association with her gifted lady-mistress ; and she is not without a wit of her own, and a philosophy of her own, to render her worthy of being Portia's personal adherent, and of becoming the chirping-charactered Gratiano's chosen wife. She is capable of maintaining airy colloquy with the former, and of keeping up frolicsome talk with the latter. She has shrewdness and quickness, and knows how to confirm Portia with a cheerily philosophical sentence concerning the casket decision imposed upon her by her father's will :—

Your father was ever virtuous ; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations : therefore the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you), will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love.

Nerissa gives a little by-token of her quick perception in the mention she makes of one who has already told his friend Antonio in a previous scene that from Portia's eyes he sometimes "did receive fair speechless messages ;" these "fair speechless messages" having doubtless not escaped the sight of the brisk-seeing waiting gentlewoman ; for she says :—

Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat ?

Portia. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio : as I think, so was he called.

Nerissa. True, madam : he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Portia. I remember him well ; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

But Nerissa's most genuinely philosophical speech is this :—

For aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing ; it is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean ; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs ; but competency lives longer.

Lucetta, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," forms a good companion-picture to Speed ; and is, as a serving-maid, what he is as a serving-man—half-attendant, half joke-jobber ; a sort of household wit, or wag domestic. Lucetta, like Speed, has shrewd observation for love-symptoms, and her flippancies of facetious dialogue bear a strong resemblance to his snip-snap conceits. When she brings the

love letter to her lady mistress, Julia affects to think it some verse addressed to Lucetta, herself, saying :—

Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune ;
Give me a note, your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible :
Best sing it to the tune of " Light o' Love."

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. " Heavy?" Belike it hath some "burden," then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you ?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song. How now, minion ?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out :
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not ?

Luc. No, madam ; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat, and
Mar the concord with too harsh a descant.

In like manner the Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet" forms a kind of fool-jester or she-clown to the play. Her garrulous freedoms have the licence of an old retainer, and she is privileged to utter what pottering jokes she pleases. Lady Capulet tolerates her presence, and indulges her gossiping comments, when announcing to Juliet the County Paris's proposal of marriage : Juliet makes a confidential emissary of her, and consults with her in distressful emergency. Mercutio amuses himself with her flustered dignity ; and Romeo has patience with her old woman bewilderment, her mercenary coyness, and her fussy folly. Madame Nurse is a consummate specimen of her "order"—gross-ideaed and coarse-speeched, jocular and free spoken ; lax in principle, tight in self-interest, conveniently accomodating, and conveniently time-serving ; has an eye to vails and perquisites, and strong in her affection for the *aqua vite* bottle.

Maria, in the delicious play of "Twelfth Night"—that microcosm of elegance, wit, and humour—is the very impersonation of mirthful mischief ; she is a Puck in petticoats ; a gnat, a wasp, a gad-fly to a household—driving them mad with her infectious goadings and worryings. She is a wonderful combination of what, ordinarily, form repulsive characteristics in a woman ; yet, in her—as the poet has drawn this midge of a girl—they form a delightful and whimsical aggregate.

She is a wag, a practical jester, an intriguer, and a punster—each awful, in a general way, as feminine attributes; but in her case they are joined to so much good humour, zest for fun, and arch roguery, blended with ineffable feminine witchery through all, that we cannot help doting on her for her very impudence of drollery. She has a vertigo of mischief, and is absolutely giddy with the excess of her relish for a hoax: and we feel hurried along in sympathy with her panting excitement. For instance, where she darts in, just before the letter scene with Malvolio, bidding her brother-conspirators hide, and watch him:—"Get you all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half-hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting." She also says:—"I can scarcely forbear hurling things at him." What a perfectly womanly speech is that! devilishly impudent; and so unjust. When her plot has succeeded, and her victim is thrown into such a state of befooled exaltation that they are able to get up another flam of his being mad—how she pinks and exasperates him, under pretence of pity and concern for his distemper. She watches him, like a rat-dog; and with true girlish poltroonery from behind the elbows of the others, urging *them* on to stir up his wrath and prompting what she knows to be the most sure to drive him into irritation. Affecting to condole with his lost state, and to devise means for calming him, she says:—"Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray." And when Malvolio turns upon her, with, "My prayers, minx?" she impudently rejoins:—"No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness." Maria is a perfect whirligig of merriment, and is just the fit creature to play the girl-jester in a drama where cheerful-hearted Feste is the clown; Sir Toby being the roysterer, and Sir Andrew the "*fool*" in the piece. With his usual felicity, harmony, and consummate taste, the poet has made Maria a *little* woman, and he constantly keeps that fact fresh and green in the mind of the reader. A woman of Amazonian stature indulging in such pranks would be too horrible an infiction: no one short of Theseus himself—that queller of Amazons—could have fitly coped with her. As she is, Maria is perfection—in her small-sized way.

It required such a creation of a vivacious waiting-woman to harmonise with such a group of humourists as compose the brilliant constellation of the "*Twelfth Night*;" and Shakespeare, in his character of Maria, has supplied precisely the one needed.

And now, in conclusion, it may be conceded, the women enumerated throughout this essay, whether mainly endowed by the dramatist with philosophical mental accomplishment, or with jesting powers, are equally free from proving themselves to be either philosophresses or jesteresses : they are natural-minded and gay-tempered women ; expressing their sensible thoughts or their sportive ideas with sweetness, ease, and grace—thoroughly feminine women—women that one would be glad to meet with in real life, as we meet with and know them in Shakespeare's life-like page.



CRISPUS.

A POETIC ROMANCE.

PART II.

WHEN Delon, baulked,
Whether unwell or wisely, sternly walked,
And Crispus sternly followed with his blade,
Whereon the streaming sunlight fell and made
The weapon glitter as a blazing rod
Of heavenly chastisement held by a god.
Crispus, with vengeful face and angered eyes,
Pursued as though he drove from Paradise
Another Adam, and so moved they on
In silence slowly, and when they had gone
A long league over tangled turning ways
They stopped to part.

And now the solar rays
Blinked even with tree tops, and swelled a sea
Of laughing light, visible melody
For eye and soul in music unexpressed.
There was empurpled pageantry i' th' West,
For Sol had gained the goal, and day was dying.
Then Crispus said: "So finishes your prying,
Now get you back to Court, and say that we
Have walked together 'neath the greenwood tree
Without uncivil words, and also tell
Your master dogs can bark, and likewise smell;
That bats can hear, and that the fish can see,
That he will soon awake and throttle thee.
Assure him, too, we all shall meet again,
And that relief will spring from present pain,
That sweet becomes much sweeter after gall,
That joy sans sorrow is not joy at all.
And so farewell; commend me to your friends,
So ends the day, and so our journey ends.
One word before we part; go yonder way,
And do not turn your ugly trunk, I pray."

Delon contemptuously took the way,
 Departing with a courteous "I obey"
 To strict observance given, but alone
 He made another speech in undertone :
 "The magnificent Cæzar is a fool,
 And I'm a fool to fool it with a fool ;
 The Emperor's legs will falter and be lame
 Until this haughty stripling's spleen is tame,
 And if he wait till I try him again
 'Tis likely he will live to rule and reign.
 I will be gone. Where is my faithful band
 Of followers? I gave them word to stand
 Immovable as stones. If they have been
 Unmoved till now, mayhap each man has grown
 Like Daphne to a branching tree and thrown
 Fingers together. No, it could not be
 They'd change to aught so gentle as a tree
 Possessing virtues ; 'tis like they have become
 Mandrakes, vegetable devils—but I roam
 On dangerous ground ; 'twere better I should go
 While there is any light the way to show."

Crispus, to dull imaginings a prey,
 Pursued his path dark'ned with evening's grey,
 Wondering what next to do and where to go :
 "At least one doubt's removed, for now I know
 That to the city I shall not return
 Till all the damnéd crew in Hades burn."
 A little lucky pathway ! he had got
 Unconsciously unto a spacious grot.
 Though smelling of the earth and black, the floor
 Was strewn with reeds : "This day," said he, "no more
 Will I go stumbling over bare-laid roots,
 Or catch my feet in knitted bramble shoots.
 I'll lay me down to rest, and try to sleep—
 It is as good to slumber as to weep.
 Alack ! when morning comes where may I be ?
 I do not heed, my senses burden me—
 They have been overstrained with too much play.
 Reverses come with ev'ry dawning day,
 And I rehearse my sorrows in my bed,
 Where my hot brain revels in scenes of dread,

And making lying down of little worth,
 Keeps wake my body, giving monstrous birth
 To horrors great enough to crack the mind,
 Or make its only use to raise a kind
 Of devilish grinning phantoms in my head,
 To unseat reason and put up instead
 That ghastly blear-eyed fiend, Insanity.
 Thus sleep is not repose, but mockery,
 And on the morrow morn reality
 Takes up my nightly throes, and so am I
 A sorry actor in a sorry play,
 With none to heed, to sympathise, or stay,
 To try a sad and woeful part with me.
 I do myself enact a tragedy,
 With none behind the curtain, none before,
 And so I stroll demurely cross the floor,
 Amongst the rushes that do softly hide
 The traps that threaten me at every stride."

Even as he spoke the wind brought to his ear
 A rustling noise far off, and cries of fear ;
 And as he looked into the dusky light
 Of evening, something quickly crossed his sight,
 And something followed it by brake and bush.
 A cry that trembled into death ! a rush
 Through underwood urged by the spur of fright ;
 And they were nearer and became to sight
 More palpable ; yet still might they have been
 Two branchless stumps that chaséd o'er the green,
 But for the cry that helped his eyes to place
 Humanity on what he saw, and trace
 Woman and man.

" Now," Crispus said, " I see
 It is a maid attacked by Villainy.
 They come this way ! Ah ! she will pass my cave,
 A lucky pass 'twill be, and one to save
 Her soul and body too."

Another cry,
 Heartbursting, and the maiden hurried by.
 Then Crispus coming forth to hold her place
 Gave out his elbow, and at headlong pace

The comer ran at it, and brought his chace
To sudden ending, shouting "Treachery!
Stand off, you clown, know I am—" "Lechery,
And I do wait for you, whate'er you be.
Ah! What? Divinity, this puzzles me.
Delon, I did not look for thee. Is't good
To walk about at this late hour in the wood?
Well, I can serve you: I will tame your blood.
This time, Sir Virtue, we must try a pass
For wond'rous odds: whether you spoil the lass
Or I spoil you."

"It is not wise
To strangle friends and succour enemies.
I cannot stand more in my master's sight
If I attempt to kill his son in fight.
I may not cross my prince, or lift my steel
To hit mine honour or the country's weal."
And Crispus then: "I prithee stay your prattle,
I do not love unprofitable rattle,
Nor silken twisted words."

"Reflect, my loving lord; there is no need
That I should perish or that you should bleed;
What have I done to thee? Cross not my fate;
Consider Cæzar ere it be too late."

"It does not hurt me that you are a fool—
If you strike not then I can keep me cool,
And you for justice will not have to wait,
For I to somewhere will despatch you straight."
Thereat he ran at him without more words,
And fiercely struck. The noise of clashing swords
Frightened the air, and startled little birds.

E'en while the combatants strove eagerly
In battle hot, there came another cry:
"Lucilla! O my daughter! Pity me;
Give answer, O ye heavens, where is she?
I faint, my throat is parched, I needs must die,
I cannot follow and I cannot cry."
He neared the dale of duel; Delon knew
It was the maiden's father, and he threw
A timely bait to save himself from death.

"This is the rogue!" he cried in bated breath,
 "Ah! ah! we have thee now, incestuous hound!"

The old man drew his blade, and with a bound
 Ran to his revenge! Crispus fell to ground,
 And, gasping, swooned in hot red-running gore.
 Said Delon: "Now go weep for evermore.
 Here is a murder that you cannot mend.
 Is this the way, old man, you use a friend?
 You should have come with gratitude to bless
 The youth who helped your daughter in distress."

The taunter did not tarry for reply,
 But quickly went a-laughing devilishly;
 And the old shaky wight, nigh driven wild
 By so mistaking, quite forgot his child
 In keen remorse and sorrow for the youth
 Who lay a-bleeding on the ground for truth:
 "So blessed natures suffer for the bad,"
 He slowly said. "Why, I am blind and mad!
 Nothing with eyes could have mistaken so,
 Or anything possessing reason go
 So wide the mark of sense. Now I behold
 A mortal cast in a most noble mould.
 The other one was patchwork! O, how cold!
 How clammy cold, or else how hot am I——"

There came a faint half-suffocating moan
 That guided memory back unto his own
 Forgotten daughter, and a second pain.
 The frightened maid had swooned, and she had lain
 Like a plucked rose upon the turf close by;
 Regaining sense and sobbing bitterly.
 Her tearful face kissed the rude cheek of earth,
 And her ripe healthy lips of priceless worth
 Had nought to keep them from the dirty mould
 But sharp-edged grass blades, and a silken fold,
 Like gold upon the green, of draggled hair—
 So near is passing foul to passing fair.

* * * * *

Most glorious were the wonders and the shine
 That clothed the palace halls of Constantine,

When his last rival for the throne at length
Fell broken of his greatness and his strength.
The proud Licinius, a captive borne,
A pledge of triumph, and a thing of scorn,
Had left the foe with double pomp unfurled
Sole Emperor, and ruler of the world,
Humbled to seven hills, beneath a ban
Of homage to a city and a man.
For whoso ruled inside Rome's city walls
Might play with countries as with tennis balls.

The Emperor Constantine the Great, inspired
With deep designs to build up fame, retired
From busy dealings and from public sport
To Nicomedia, where he held his Court ;
The Imperial residence, whose splendour dazed
All eyes that ever looked thereon, was raised
By Diocletian, whom the Christians taught
Who makes a fire may by the blaze be caught.
It was a splendid palace, and did seem
More like the palace in a gorgeous dream
Of fairyland than any earthly spot.
Love's Queen might have forsaken her cool grot,
And deities giv'n up Olympian bliss,
To tarry in a mansion fair as this,
And rate Selene that 'twas brighter far
Than eyes of shepherd, or her sheeny car.
It was a dream of gilded things, a mass
Of polished silver, porphyry, and brass,
And there were many mirrors large revealing
Fresh rosy petals, floating from a ceiling
Of carved ivory profusely gemmed
With sparkling jewels, and all richly hemmed
With golden thread. On every side the smell
Of perfume rising with delicious swell
Added a subtle charm to everything,
As does the odour after rain in spring.
The corridors were lined with warrior cars,
And other trophies of big bloody wars,
With emblems of religious veneration,
And curiosities from ev'ry nation ;
Phidian statues, cut in marble white,

Of gods and men, who struggled in the fight
 Before old Troy ; and poets, too, and sages,
 Who lived above the kings in early ages.

Outside the palace, in the orchard shade,
 Beneath a canopy of green'ry made
 For ease by cool of day, the Emperor
 Held converse with his secret servitor—
 Delon, his friend above all other friends,
 'To whom he said : " It is this care defends
 Our great esteem for you ; we yet shall swim
 Though tempest tear. But Crispus, what of him ?
 We miss his face from Court since yester morn.
 That speaks another ill ; there is a scorn
 For all the goodness and the graciousness,
 And honoured privilege with which we bless
 His youth, spoiling ourselves on his behalf.
 Can you inform me where this molten calf
 Is wandering, and why ? "

" To loosen laws,
 My gracious lord, and curse the sacred cause
 To which you dedicate an earnest life.
 Among the citizens he stirs a strife
 To feed ambition, and the tipplers fling
 Their caps into the air and call him king.
 But I displease : you tremble, and are white.
 What shall I do ? "

" O hell and hellish spite
 O'ertake him quickly ! Heaven hath given me might,
 And I'll not mimic. Did I not tell thee this ?
 Did I not say my work would go amiss
 If life were left him ? If you have eyes
 To seek conspiracy, there is a prize.
 Though magistrate, or minister, or friend,
 Or fav'rite be denouncéd, I will lend
 Mine ears to the charge, and if success
 Attend it, honour and great wealth shall bless
 The accuser, though the accused should be
 My daughter ; such present power give I to thee
 That you may watch the Court. and if you show
 That e'en my wife be tainted she shall go

And to the forest, for the trees will throw
Concealment by the day, until the light
Fading again gives crime again the night.
I overtook and hailed him in his name.
He bade good morrow, asking whence I came,
And wherefore. I said a heavy heart
Had taken sleep away, and made me start
From my uneasy bed before the day.
We walked and talked together ; on the way
He lisped seductive treason, did confess
Conspiracy was bringing the success
Your villainy denied him. This he swore,
And told me all the plot I knew before.
Such was my cue for action ; our debate
Was hot ; I stood defensive for the State,
And challenged him, at which he laughed outright,
Venting his wanton spleen for very spite ;
Called me the mongrel of a drunken sire,
The Court a brothel, and its king a liar.
Said he, ' And for that tinselled woman there,
That Empress of a dunghill foul and fair,
There is no more of womanhood in her
Than virtue in the devil ; so tell her, sir.'
The Prince was even in his words more gross,
He bade me tell you seek another cross,
To marvel at a thing you could not see,
And sanctify a lie on bended knee,
Throw gold dust in your hair with look divine
And walk the city in the noonday shine.
He took his many faults upon his head,
We fought before the sun ; I left him dead.
But I must credit him and you, his maker,
He did not prove a quaker or a shaker."

(To be concluded next month.)

CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE LAW OF CONSPIRACY AND THE RIGHTS OF THE LABOURER.

“**S**UDDEN” is one of the most unphilosophic words in the dictionary. It is a mask for human ignorance and human carelessness. We talk of sudden illness, but if we study the history of human ailments we shall be astonished at the resisting force of health and the slow progress of disease. A man finds himself unable to leave his home, or it may be his bed. The wife will probably say to the doctor, “My husband was pretty well last night, and was seized with illness this morning.” The physician knows that the illness is the growth of months, perhaps of years. So in commerce, when a great firm fails, the catastrophe is a surprise even to the initiated. The trader does not perceive his irretrievable insolvency until the crash comes; but when the affairs are investigated it appears the firm had been insolvent for months, or it may be for years. So in politics, when there is a revolution the catastrophe is ascribed to a recent mishap or mistake, whereas it is the development of a remote cause. “Unforeseen,” not “sudden,” is the right word, but unforeseen involves a confession of shortsightedness or negligence, and therefore human pride prefers the wrong word, sudden.

At present there is great and growing discontent in England; not political, but social; not immediately dangerous, but prospectively dangerous. I refer to the warfare between labour and capital. Competition there always will be. It is the business of the labourer to sell his labour as dearly as he can, and for the capitalist to buy labour as cheaply as he can. But instead of wholesome competition there is now an angry warfare. Some labourers are so misled as to regard capital as an enemy, and others who are better informed think that the labourer is not fairly treated, that he does not have his share of the products of his labour, and that the law is partial and sides with the capitalist. The discontent is just now manifesting itself in a way that enables us to examine it and grapple with it. There are to be grand demonstrations against the laws that control the contract between capital and labour, and also against the law of conspiracy as applied to trade. The subject will be discussed in the House of Commons, and it may be useful to briefly examine the law of

conspiracy and those rights of the labourer that are alleged to be ignored by existing laws.

The main articles of the indictment against the law of conspiracy are :—first, that it punishes a misdemeanour or a civil wrong as a crime, and second, that the law is uncertain in its operation, because so much is left to the discretion of the judges.

The first charge is not true in fact, and implies an utter misconception of the law. I take an illustration that has, I think, been used by Mr. F. Harrison. X bathes in the Serpentine within the prohibited hours, and for the infraction of the rule is liable to be fined. X, Y, and Z agree together that they will bathe in the Serpentine within the prohibited hours, and do so. They are liable to be criminally indicted. What for? Not for bathing in the Serpentine within the prohibited hours, but for agreeing together—*id est*, for conspiring—to violate a lawful rule, the bathing in the Serpentine being merely the overt act, and, it may be, one of the proofs of conspiracy. Take another illustration. Twenty rich men, who are shareholders in the L. s. d. Bank, agree together to ruin the Bullion Bank. In their own and other names they open accounts, and gradually allow their balances to become large. At an agreed hour the conspirators demand their money, they refuse to accept any security for payment next morning, and the Bullion Bank is forced to commit an act of insolvency that materially injures its credit. The persons who tricked the Bullion Bank are liable to be indicted for conspiracy, and if convicted criminally punished. What for? Not for drawing out their money without notice, for that was a lawful act, even if a breach of financial etiquette. The persons are punished for conspiring to injure the Bullion Bank, and the plea that what they did was *per se* lawful, would be no answer to the prosecution. Many other equally pertinent illustrations could be adduced, but the above are sufficient to show the principle of the law of conspiracy. The crime of conspiracy does not depend upon the lawfulness or unlawfulness of what we call the overt act of the conspirators; nor does it primarily depend upon the degree of wrong when the overt act of the conspirators is unlawful. The law says that for persons to concert together to do that which is injurious to the State or to the individual, that which is an injury to property or to person, is a crime. Such is the law of conspiracy, and consequently it is not true that by the law of conspiracy a misdemeanour or a civil wrong becomes a crime. The misdemeanour or the civil injury is the overt act, and the conspirator is not punished by the law of conspiracy for the overt act, but for the crime of conspiring to break the law or to inflict an injury, even, it may be, by acts that are lawful.

The law of conspiracy is not a modern invention or a peculiarly English institution. It is a law that, in various forms and degrees, is to be found in all times and in all societies. The reason thereof is sufficiently manifest. The word "conspire," according to its derivative signification, merely implies a close union for effecting a particular object, either a good or a bad object. The old hymnists exhort people to conspire in praise or prayer. The basis and the strength of society is union, and the sole weapon that a society has cause to dread is union or conspiracy. Nothing is more admirable than men uniting or conspiring for a good object, and nothing can be more reprehensible than men uniting for an evil object. There is no law more ethically justifiable than the law of conspiracy, and, further, it is indisputably expedient for the protection of the State and the protection of the individual. The peace and welfare of the community may be jeopardised by a combination of men, and no individual can easily defend his interests against a combination of foes. Thus it becomes necessary to have a law of conspiracy, that is to say, for the law to treat the act of conspiring to inflict an injury as *per se* a crime.

The nature of the law is a sufficient answer to the second charge. It is a sheer impossibility to draw a hard and fast line. Combination is not in itself unlawful, and there are degrees of conspiracy. The principles of the law are defined and simple. Combination for the purpose of breaking the law, or by any means, lawful or unlawful, inflicting an injury, is a crime. Shall it be declared by statute that all persons concerned in conspiracies, covered by the foregoing definition, are to be punished for conspiring? Or shall we leave to the courts of law the latitude of discretion they now enjoy? It would probably be unwise to render the law of conspiracy more stringent in its application. It would certainly be a fatal error to abrogate the law of conspiracy.

But do those who come forward as the advocates of the rights of labour make out a good case for exemption? They complain that when workmen concert to violate their civil contract they are liable to be criminally punished for so doing. As I have already observed, the assertion is not true, for they are liable to be criminally punished, not for breaking their civil contracts, but for conspiring to inflict an injury, the breaking of the contract being only the overt act of conspiring, and sometimes evidence of conspiracy. However, we will not be content with this reply, but proceed to inquire whether the law of conspiracy is inimical to any right of labour. It is not worth while to notice the allegation that the capitalists are allowed to *conspire against the labourers*. When the cited cases are examined

it is seen that the employers have been careful not to resort to unlawful acts, and that their combinations have not been initiatory but defensive, or at least retaliatory. Further I assert that if any workman can prove that any three employers of labour have combined for the purpose of injuring him he can indict them, obtain a conviction against them, and have them criminally punished.

The labour rights of the free labourer are to sell his labour at what price and on what conditions he chooses. The exercise of that right is controlled by the supreme laws of necessity—of supply and demand. The labourer must needs sell in the dearest market he can find, and the buyer of labour must needs buy in the cheapest market he can find, though the one does not get the terms he expects and the other pays more than he deems to be the value of the labour. Formerly the sellers of labour were not allowed to concert together to raise the price of labour. According to the Common Law such concert was in restraint of trade, and it was expressly forbidden by statute. The Common Law has been amended by statute, and the prohibitory statutes have been repealed. Workmen may now combine for any trade purpose, including the purpose of raising the price of their labour. Some of the rules of trades unions are no doubt in restraint of trade by artificially restricting the productive power of the labourer. Many persons are of opinion that the policy of the trades unions is injurious to the working classes by preventing superior skill and exceptional industry reaping any reward. But whether the liberty be beneficial or prejudicial workmen may lawfully combine for any trade purpose. What more, it will be asked, do they demand? Some of those who profess to represent and speak in the name of workmen are irritated that the law endeavours, very unsuccessfully, to assure to the non-unionist the freedom of contract enjoyed by the unionist. The law says to the unionist, "You may combine with other unionists and refuse to labour except on the terms you demand," and the law says to the non-unionist, "You may labour on any conditions you choose." Hitherto the law has failed to protect the non-unionist in the full enjoyment of his right of the free disposal of his labour, but even the unionists dare not aver that the law should not protect the rights of the non-unionist labourer.

Further, and here I come to the point in dispute, the law forbids a combination—that is, a conspiracy—of workmen to break their contracts. A strike, though the strikers do not violate their contracts, is often a serious injury to the employer. It suspends the use of costly machinery, and the due execution of contracts. Surely it is most unreasonable for workmen to ask for the additional privilege of breaking their contracts with impunity. It is a farce to talk

of the civil remedy of the employer. What would be the use of a manufacturer suing three or four hundred workmen in the County Court for damages? If he could recover damages he would not be compensated for the loss he sustains, and, moreover, the payment of damages by the workmen would not, and ought not, to purge the crime of conspiracy—that is, the combining to inflict an injury. If the capitalists asked for an amendment of the law making it an offence to combine for the purpose of a strike, there would be something to be said for the demand, though it would be wisely rejected. But when workmen ask for the privilege of violating their contracts by concert without being liable to prosecution under the law of conspiracy the demand is altogether unreasonable. The contract is a free contract, and therefore the workman has no pretence to ask for a statutory privilege in respect thereto. Practically, the contracts between the labourer and the employer being for short dates, the violation seldom helps the strike, though in such instances as the gas works, or a railway, or a newspaper, or the police, and other cases, a strike in the midst of a contract—that is, a strike without due notice of leaving work—would involve serious losses and evil consequences.


When the public fairly consider the question—and in the public I include the workmen—I do not think that many will ask for a change in the law so that a conspiracy of workmen to injure their employers by a violation of their contract will no longer be an offence subjecting the conspirators to indictment under the law of conspiracy. We may drive capital out of the country, we may ruin the industry and the trade of the country, but no Act of Parliament will put capital under the control of the trades union leaders. The worst policy that can be adopted is a policy of concession to unjust demands. It will not be a boon but a curse to the workmen. Nor is it wise to let the clamour of agitators be unanswered. Nay, it is a dereliction of duty not to be instant in the defence of what we believe to be the right. If we calmly discuss the dispute between labour and capital, or, rather, between the labourers and the capitalists, I am convinced that we shall check the growing discontent which might in the day of trial bring irremediable disaster on the nation. I respect the rights of labour, whether the labourer is a unionist or a non-unionist, and I submit that the law of conspiracy as applied to industrial contracts is not an infringement of those rights.

JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

THE DEAD STRANGER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.
BY THE REV. B. W. SAVILE, M.A.

CHAPTER V.

“H! poor Waldrich,” said Frederica to her mother after her return home from church on Advent Sunday, and as they were chatting together by the window in a warm, comfortable room, and looking down upon the empty streets, which were running with the torrents of rain then falling, “I trust he is not travelling now; up to this time it has been the finest weather imaginable for a journey, and now that he is gone the very worst possible has set in.”

“A soldier must learn to bear all weathers,” replied Madame Bantes, “and, if you intend to become a soldier’s wife, you must accustom yourself betimes to the thought that your husband belongs more to his King than to you, owes more to honour than to love, and that his home is the camp; and, moreover, that while death awaits ordinary men in only one form, the soldier is exposed to a hundred deaths. For that reason I would never have become a soldier’s wife.”

“But look, mamma, what a fearful storm it is! and how black the sky is! Look, look, besides the rain, what large hailstones!”

Madame Bantes smiled, for a thought struck her, which she at first doubted whether she should communicate or not. At length she said, “Frederica, are you aware to-day is Advent Sunday, when the Dead Stranger may be expected? A storm, it appears, always announces the appearance of this ghastly visitant.”

“I wager, mamma, these floods of rain have dreadfully frightened the good people of Herbesheim; they are already bolting their doors at mid-day to prevent the intrusion of the tall pale-faced man.”

At that moment Herr Bantes hastily entered the room with a loud, and yet rather singular kind of laugh—singular, because one could hardly tell whether it were forced or not.

“Sheer nonsense and such like,” cried he; “go to the kitchen, mamma, and bring your servants to their senses, otherwise they’ll throw

your roast meat into your soup, the soup into the vegetable dishes, and the vegetable dishes into your custards."

"What is the matter, then?" said Madame Bantes, in a tone of surprise.

"Haven't you heard? The whole town affirms that the Dead Stranger has arrived. Two of my workpeople came running to me breathless and wet as water-spaniels, rushed into the counting-house, and repeated to me what they had heard from ten different quarters. I would not listen to a word of their nonsense, passed by the kitchen, heard the servants making a noise within, just looked in to see what was the matter; at the sight of my black wig the silly fools gave a loud scream and ran off, thinking I was the Dead Stranger. 'Are you all gone mad?' cried I. 'Gracious me!' cried Katie; 'I can't deny it, sir, I am dreadfully frightened, and my knees shake under me. I needn't before have been ashamed to confess that I've been keeping company with Max, the chimney sweeper, and promised to marry him; but now things have come to this pass I wish I'd never seen Max in all my life.' That was Katie, and in her hurry to wipe away her tears, down fell the pan of poached eggs out of her hand. Susan sits behind the stove, hides her face in her apron, and cries; and even good old Lena, notwithstanding her age, looks quite bewildered, and cuts her finger with the large kitchen knife which she was wiping."

"Didn't I say so, mamma?" cried Frederica, bursting into a fit of laughter.

"Restore order in the kitchen, mamma," continued Herr Bantes, "or else the first piece of devilry the Dead Stranger plays off in Herbesheim will be our dying of hunger on this blessed day."

Frederica tripped off to the kitchen, still laughing, and cried:—

"He shall not play us such a scurvy trick as that."

She had scarcely left the room, when the book-keeper softly entered.

"It is then really true, Herr Bantes."

"What is true?"

"He has actually arrived, and is lodging at the Black Cross."

"Who is lodging at the Black Cross?"

"The Dead Stranger."

"Nonsense! How can a sensible man like you believe all the old women tell you?"

"But my own eyes are not old women. I went out of curiosity into the Black Cross. The town clerk was, so to speak, my companion; we took a little glass of goldwater, so to say, merely as a pretext; there he sat."

"What!"

"I recognised him instantly. The landlord also seemed to know who he was, for, as he was going out at the door, he turned round sideways to the town clerk, made a wry face, and gave a knowing look, as though he would signify, so to speak, 'The being sitting there brings me no good luck.'"

"Fiddle faddle!"

"And the custom-house officer recognised him even at the gate, and betook himself immediately off to the police; he told us so himself as we were coming out of the Black Cross."

"Then he is a superstitious fool, and ought to be heartily ashamed of himself."

"Well and good; but, allow me to say, if it be not the Dead Stranger, it surely is his twin brother: a deadly pale face—black as a raven from top to toe—six or seven feet high—a gold chain to his watch, passed three times round his neck—sparkling diamond rings on his fingers—a splendid equipage—four horses."

Herr Bantes stared long and earnestly at the book-keeper, with a gaze in which incredulity and amazement seemed to contest the victory; at length he burst into an ungovernable fit of laughter, and exclaimed:—

"Does the Devil, then, really mingle in the dance, that this fellow should make his entry exactly on Advent Sunday?"

"And just exactly after morning service," said the book-keeper; "just as the people were running through the streets, and the storm of wind and rain was, so to speak, at its most frightful height."

"What's the stranger's name?" asked Herr Bantes.

"I know not," answered the book-keeper. "Such a being, however, gives himself what names he pleases. Sometimes he is a Baron von Gräbern, sometimes a Count von Altenkreuz. It seems to me, if I may venture to say so, worthy of notice that he has taken up his quarters at the Black Cross; the name seems to have attracted him."

Herr Bantes was for a little while silent, grave, and thoughtful; at last he passed his hand rapidly over his face, and said:—"It is nothing more than accident, a most singular work of chance. Don't think about the dead man, and such like. Nonsense! But it is a curious coincidence, an odd thing! Exactly on Advent Sunday; in the most dreadful weather; tall, black, pale; his rings, his equipage. I would not believe a word of it, my good friend, if you were not a sensible man. But now, I don't mean to be uncivil: you heard this story about the Dead Stranger, saw a strange man dressed in black;

in a twinkling treacherous fancy played you a trick, and you have unconsciously added what was wanting to the picture."

No more was then said, and Herr Bantes stuck to this opinion.

The conversation at dinner again turned on the Dead Stranger, and they were pleased at the idea of soon hearing more about him, and of obtaining, at all events, certain information concerning the Stranger at the party that evening at the *Bürgermeister's*; if not exactly from the official lips of the chief magistrate himself, yet undoubtedly from his lady, who, unaided by secret police, kept up an uninterrupted, true, and particular daily and nightly chronicle of *Herbesheim*. Madame Bantes and her daughter went off to this lady's immediately after the evening service. Herr Bantes promised to follow them as soon as it grew dark; he had some business to arrange with the people belonging to his manufactory, which he generally despatched on Sunday afternoons; and he was on the point of dismissing the last of these, and of betaking himself to the party, when suddenly was heard the piercing scream of a woman. Herr Bantes and the workman were both greatly frightened; a dead silence followed.

"Just go and see, Paul, what has happened," said Herr Bantes to the man, who immediately left the room. In a few moments he returned with an alarmed look, and was scarce able to stammer out in a trembling voice the words—

"Somebody wishes to see you, sir."

"Let him come in," said Herr Bantes, pettishly.

Paul opened the door, and a strange gentleman slowly entered. He was a tall, pale, haggard-looking man, dressed in black; his features were regular and pleasing, but deadly white; and this extreme paleness was increased and rendered quite ghastly by the thick black silk handkerchief round his throat. The neatness of his dress, the extremely fine linen he wore, the snowy whiteness of which contrasted with the black silk waistcoat, the valuable rings which sparkled on his fingers, the elegance of his whole appearance, betrayed the stranger to be a man of high condition.

Herr Bantes stared at the Unknown: he saw the Dead Stranger before his eyes; he summoned as much resolution as he could, and said to the workman, while he bowed with politeness, not unmixed with terror, to his unexpected visitant:—

"Paul, remain here. I have something more to say to you afterwards."

"I am rejoiced at having an opportunity of making your acquaintance, Herr Bantes," said the stranger slowly and softly. "I would

have waited upon you this morning, had I not needed rest after my journey, and also been afraid to incommode you and your family so soon after my arrival."

"Much obliged, much obliged," replied Herr Bantes in some confusion; "but"—an involuntary shudder came over him; he could scarce believe his own eyes; he offered the stranger a chair, and wished him a hundred miles off.

The stranger slowly bowed, seated himself, and said—

"You do not know me, sir, but without doubt you guess who I am."

Herr Bantes felt as though his hair was beginning to stand on end under his wig; he shook his head courteously, but in grievous perplexity of mind, and said with forced politeness—

"I have not the honour of knowing you."

"I am Hahn, the son of your old friend," said the Dead Stranger in a hollow voice, and he gave the old man a smile which froze his very heart.

"Have you any letter from my old friend?" asked Herr Bantes, and the other opened a very handsome pocket-book and handed him a letter. It contained only a few lines of introduction and a request that the bearer might have every opportunity afforded of obtaining the young lady's affections. The handwriting bore much resemblance to that of the old banker, and yet there seemed something strange and unusual about it.

Herr Bantes read the letter more than once, and that very slowly, merely to gain time for consideration. There was naturally a struggle of contending passions within him. As a man of enlarged mind, he did not like to believe, notwithstanding his involuntary horror, that it was actually the far-famed Dead Stranger who sat before him; but it was still more impossible for him to persuade himself that the son of his old friend should so exactly resemble in exterior and demeanour the well known appearance of the horrible Stranger as described in the story. This was no illusion of fancy—no work of chance. He started up quickly; he begged pardon; he must look for his spectacles; his eyes had become rather dim, and he withdrew to have time for a few minutes' reflection in this dilemma. No sooner had Herr Bantes quitted the room than Paul seized the handle of the door; the Dead Stranger slowly turned his eyes towards him, and with one spring, trembling in every limb, Paul rushed out of the room, and did not come back again till he heard Herr Bantes return from the adjoining apartment.

This latter had indeed pondered in haste over the matter, and in

like haste had come to a desperate resolution. Yet, uncertain who his unknown visitor was, he was determined not to entrust his poor Frederica to so equivocal a personage. Nevertheless his heart beat rapidly as he approached the stranger, and said, with much outward appearance of regret, "I beg you, Herr von Hahn, to believe that I entertain the highest respect for yourself personally, and such like; but meanwhile things have occurred here—most unpleasant things—which I could not foresee. If you had only done us the honour of coming sooner. In the meantime a love affair has been going on between my daughter and the commandant of the garrison here—an engagement, and such like. I was only informed of this a few days ago. This captain is my adopted son—was formerly my ward. What could I do? Willingly or not, I was obliged to give my consent. I had intended to have informed your father by this day's post of this disappointment of our schemes, and to beg him not to give you the trouble of coming. I am much grieved about it. What will my old friend think of me?"

Herr Bantes could say no more; his voice failed him from utter dismay; for the stranger, who sat opposite to him, listened, contrary to all expectation, not merely coldly and quietly, but even his countenance, which was before grave and sombre, manifestly brightened at the words "love affair"—"engagement," as if his object was indeed a girl whose heart had been bestowed on and whose hand had been promised to another. Neither did it escape Herr Bantes's observation that the ghastly visitor, aware of having betrayed his feelings, endeavoured to resume his former gravity, and seemed annoyed with himself.

"Do not trouble yourself about that," said Herr von Hahn, "neither on my father's account nor on mine."

Herr Bantes thought within himself, "I understand ye;" and now was he doubly anxious to keep off for ever from Frederica the well-known horrible seducer, as described in the story. "I ought not," said he, "to suffer you to remain at the inn, but to beg you to become our guest. But this affair between my daughter and the commandant, and such like. You understand what might be said—a second lover in the absence of the first, and such like; and then, you understand, the people in a small country town chatter about things they know nothing of—besides, my daughter"—

"Pray make no apology," said the banker's son; "I am not badly off at the inn; I quite understand. If you would only allow me to wait on Miss Bantes, and to pay my respects to her."

"But, sir, you"—

"For to come to Herbesheim and never once see my destined bride is what I really could not answer to myself."

"Surely, sir, you are very obliging"—

"I cannot but envy the commandant: all that I have been told of Miss Bantes's rare beauty and charming qualities"—

"You are too good."

"I should have deemed it the greatest honour to have been admitted into your excellent family, and to have been called the son of a gentleman of whom my father never speaks but with affectionate regard."

"Your humble servant."

"May I at least beg to be introduced to the young lady?"

"I am sorry, very sorry—she is with my wife this evening at a large party, and it is a rule there that a stranger can on no pretext whatever be admitted."

"This evening, indeed, I should not myself so much wish it. I am much fatigued. Still less should I care to see her in a large party, where more or less restraint is always felt. I would prefer the pleasure of seeing her at home."

Herr Bantes made a low bow, and was silent.

"Still more should I wish, if you would kindly permit me, to see the young lady alone. And if I may venture to make some confidential communications to her, which"—

Herr Bantes was horrified! He thought to himself, "There it is, the fiend goes straight to his object!" He hemmed and hawed. The stranger remained in silent expectation of an answer; but, as none was forthcoming, he continued: "I hope that my communications may induce Miss Bantes to entertain more correct views with regard to me, and perhaps, as I can set her mind at rest on several points, I may obtain her favourable opinion, which, under existing circumstances, is by no means indifferent to me."

Herr Bantes objected many an "if" and "but" with a view to decline the confidential *tête-à-tête* which might be attended with serious consequences. His anxiety and his politeness made his language obscure and confused. The Dead Stranger did not at all comprehend what he meant, or did not choose to do so, and was more and more urgent. The father's situation was most painful; he already thought he saw his lovely child ensnared by the accursed arts of the apparition, and her neck twisted round.

The conversation lasted so long that at length it got dark. As the visitor absolutely would not withdraw, Herr Bantes at length suddenly rose up, and declared that he regretted exceedingly the being

obliged to leave him, as business which he could not postpone called him elsewhere. He thus forced him to retire, and the stranger rather moodily took leave, but requested permission to call again.

Herr Bantes hastened off to the party at the Bürgermeister's, but was unusually silent and absent. Nothing was talked of but "The Dead Stranger." It was affirmed that he had brought with him a heavy chest full of gold; that he had already made himself acquainted with all the engaged young women in Herbesheim; that he was a most agreeable man; but yet that there was a slightly putrid smell perceptible about him. All that was said agreed, for the most part, only too well with the impression made on Herr Bantes by the appearance of the being who had assumed the character of the rich banker; and as soon as he returned home with his wife and daughter he informed them of the Dead Stranger's visit, and that he hoped and believed he had sent him off once and for all. At first both the ladies were greatly amazed, or rather frightened, when they heard the name of the expected bridegroom elect, and they looked at each other in surprise and burst into loud laughter when told that the father had formally declared Frederica to be engaged to the commandant.

"Oh, papa! sweetest papa!" cried Frederica, and threw her arms round his neck, "pray keep your word."

"What the deuce! but I must keep my word."

"Even, dearest papa—even if the Dead Stranger should really, after all, be Herr von Hahn?"

"Do you think I have no eyes? It is not he, but a mere apparition. How should the absurd notion of disguising himself as the Dead Stranger ever have entered into young Hahn's head, when he probably never in his life heard the story?"

The whole affair was in truth somewhat incomprehensible to the ladies, yet they chose rather to believe that the father had, with his lively imagination, added something, or that chance had on this occasion played a curious trick, than to doubt of the newly-arrived Herr von Hahn's identity; and it was precisely this stubborn refusal on the part of the mother and daughter to be better informed on the subject which increased Herr Bantes's anxiety.

"So it must be—just so," cried he angrily, and out of spirits; "he has you both already in his clutches—has robbed you both of your senses. I am not superstitious in sooth, and on this occasion no marvel-loving old woman, but I have seen, I have seen. It is a goblin of hell which might make me mad. Reason cannot comprehend the matter, but there may be many things which reason does not comprehend, and you shall neither of you have anything to do

with this diabolical spirit, and such like, even if I am obliged to lock you both up in the cellar to prevent it."

"Dearest papa," cried Frederica, "you shall have it at a cheaper rate: whether the Dead Stranger be Herr von Hahn or not, I swear I will not love him or ever forget Waldrich; but give me in return your promise that you will not separate me from Waldrich whether my new suitor be Herr von Hahn or the Dead Stranger."

"Truly, I'd rather marry you to the poorest beggar in the streets; he is, after all, a living man—than to this goblin—this devil."

Peaceful and pleasant dreams accompanied Frederica's sleep that night, but the father's rest was most perturbed. The black pale figure, and the deathlike face, which gleamed so fearfully through the black hair and bushy black whiskers, visibly flitted before his closed eyelids. Frederica, on the other hand, entertained grateful thoughts towards the spectral unknown for having so quickly converted her father, and in his distress turned his thoughts towards her dear Waldrich.

On the following morning, immediately after breakfast, Herr Bantes betook himself to the Bürgermeister's—this was the result of his night's cogitation—and entreated him to endeavour, by means of the police, to get the stranger out of the town. He made him honestly acquainted with what had taken place in his house before he joined the evening party, and how his wife and daughter were already more than half mystified; that they actually looked on the Dead Stranger to be what he pretended, viz., Hahn, the banker's son; whereas the young banker would never have chosen the character of the well known spectre to play the part of lover to his daughter, and, moreover, could never have known anything about the story, even had he been capable of playing such a foolish hoax.

The Bürgermeister smiled and shook his head; he knew not what to say to this sudden credulity of the once unbelieving Herr Bantes; he, however, assured him he would set on foot a rigorous investigation, for that the whole town was in a state of perturbation in consequence of this extraordinary apparition.

On Herr Bantes's return home after some hours (for he had been consulting with the head of the police and other friends), he looked accidentally into one of the windows of the ground-floor as he passed by his own house; the window belonged to a prettily fitted-up room, which had formerly been occupied by the commandant, and Herr Bantes doubted whether he could trust his own eyes. He saw the ghastly Dead Stranger in confidential, nay, as it seemed, in animated conversation with Frederica. The girl was smiling in a most friendly

manner, and seemed not to make the slightest objection when he seized her hand and pressed it to his lips. Everything appeared to reel before the old man's eyes, or rather he himself reeled. At first he was on the point of bursting into the commandant's room, interrupting the tender talk, and driving the irresistible seducer out of the house; but then he reflected that such a course might have unpleasant consequences for himself or for Frederica. He bethought himself of the duel between the Count von Altenkreuz and the Viscount a hundred years ago, and hurried off, pale as death, to his wife's apartment, who was quite frightened at his appearance. When informed of the cause of his alarm she endeavoured to pacify him, assured him that the presumed ghost was really the expected lover, a modest, amiable young man, with whom she and Frederica had had a long conversation.

"I doubt it not, mamma, he is modest enough with you at your time of life; but go and see yourself what progress he has already made in so short a time with Frederica. They are kissing each other."

"That can never be, papa."

"Don't tell me I am not to believe my own eyes: he has her in his clutches—she is lost. Why are they alone, and such like? You must have taken leave of your senses, or otherwise you would never have left them alone together."

"My dear, he begged leave to be permitted to explain himself to Frederica; let not your imagination mislead you; how is it possible that you, even you, an enlightened man, scoffing at everything, can suffer your credulity to befooled you thus, and make you all at once the most superstitious of mankind?"

"Befooled! superstitious! No—prudent, cautious, and such like, against this piece of infernal delusion. Let it be what it will, one must not let oneself be bamboozled. I love the girl too well, and, once for all, it is my will that you should break off all intercourse with this so-called Herr von Hahn."

"But what will his father say?"

"Oh, the old man will say nothing, and how should he? He hath neither Death nor the Devil for his son; and, in God's name, let him say what he will! away, I beg, and pack off this seducer!"

Madame Bantes was perplexed. She advanced towards him, laid her hand affectionately on his shoulder, and said softly in a tone of entreaty:—

"My dear husband, consider what you are doing out of mere idle fear; a stranger is not a ghost because he has a pale face and is

dressed in black ; but if you will have it so, and insist upon it, and if it contribute to your peace of mind, I will do what you desire. But think awhile—Frederica and I have already invited him to dinner."

"It is enough to give me a stroke of apoplexy," cried Herr Bantes. "To dinner ! There must be some sort of enchantment in his very breath, and such like, to have bewitched you thus, as an African serpent fascinates the little birds which perforce enters its open jaw. Away, away, away, I will have nothing to do with him."

At that moment Frederica gaily entered the room.

"Where is Herr von Hahn?" asked her mother, a little disconcerted.

"Gone for a moment to his apartments ; he is coming back directly. He is indeed a worthy, excellent man."

"There, again," cried Herr Bantes, "in one quarter of an hour's talk has she already found out that he is a worthy, excellent man. How ! you pretend to love Waldrich. Oh ! that Waldrich were here ! If he—to cut the matter short, I'll hear nothing. Put him off. Tell him a lie—a necessary white lie—that I am ill ; we are very sorry, cannot have the honour of seeing him at dinner, and such like."

Frederica was terrified at her father's vehemence.

"Only hear me, papa ; you shall know all he has said to me ; he is indeed an excellent man, and you will"—

"Stop," cried Herr Bantes, "I'll hear nothing ; I've already heard too much of his excellence. See, my child, let me have my own way. Call it perverseness, call it what you will, but listen to me. Whether the Dead Stranger resemble Herr von Hahn, or Herr von Hahn the Dead Stranger, it's all mere devilry ! I can and will have nothing to do with him. Can you prevail on your noble, excellent friend, and such like, to quit Herbesheim this very day and for ever ? In that case, I give you my word of honour you shall have Waldrich, even if my old friend's son actually arrive. I promise you to write forthwith to his father, to break off all that has been agreed upon between us, as soon as I know this black fellow is gone. There's my hand upon it. Now, tell me, can you prevail upon him to pack up and be off?"

"Well," cried Frederica, her cheeks glowing with delight, "then be sure he will go ; only let me speak to him a few moments again alone."

"There it is again ! No, off, off ! write a few lines to him ! He han't come to dinner ; off with him."

All argument was unavailing ; but the prize offered to Frederica was too precious. She wrote to her new friend the banker, apologised for being obliged to put off the invitation to dinner on account of her father's indisposition, and even entreated him, if he regarded her with friendship and esteem, to leave the town as soon as possible; for that on his absence depended her happiness and the tranquillity of all her family; and she promised to write by the next post, and to explain the reasons for this strange, uncourteous, but yet most pressing request.

CHAPTER VI.

A SERVANT took Frederica's note to the inn, and inquired for the banker Von Hahn. The man went with great alacrity, hoping for an opportunity of having a distant view of the much-talked-of Dead Stranger, but when he opened the door of the apartment which had been pointed out to him as that of the banker he gave a sudden start; for when he saw the black, pale gentleman advance towards him, and heard him ask in a hollow voice, "What do you want?" the figure appeared to him blacker, paler, and taller by far than he had imagined.

"I entreat your pardon," cried the terrified man, while his face wore an expression of mortal agony; "it was not you, sir, I wanted, but Herr von Hahn."

"I am he."

"Your honour's self?" said the poor man, shaking all over; while it seemed to him as though the soles of his feet were becoming glued to the floor. "In the name of God, let me go away again."

"I don't keep you. Who sent you?"

"Miss Bantes."

"For what purpose?"

"This note will"——

He could not finish his speech, for the banker advanced one step towards him, and he threw the note at his feet and sprang out of the room.

Herr von Hahn said, half-aloud to himself, "Are the people in this country one and all gone mad?" He read Frederica's note, knitted his brows, shook his head, and walked, whistling, up and down the room. Meanwhile there was again a gentle knocking at the door, and the landlord timidly and respectfully entered, cap in hand, and with many low bows.

"You are come just in time, landlord. Is dinner ready?" said the black gentleman.

"Your honour will undoubtedly think our dinner not sufficiently good."

"By no means. Everything here is well dressed. I never eat much, but that should not be deemed any mark of disapproval."

"There are better dinners at the Golden Angel."

"I'll have nothing to do with the Angel; I stick to the Cross; but you are the most modest landlord I ever saw. Pray put on your cap."

The landlord's hands fidgetted about his cap, and he seemed greatly perplexed, for there was something on his mind to which he would fain give utterance. The dark stranger did not at first remark it, but continued to walk up and down, absorbed in his own thoughts. As often, however, as he approached too near the landlord, the latter cautiously drew back several steps.

"Is there anything else you want, landlord?" asked the banker at length.

"Why, yes, your honour won't take it amiss?"

"Not in the least—out with what you have to say," cried the Dead Stranger, and stretched out his arm with the intention of giving the landlord a friendly tap on the shoulder; but the latter misunderstood the gesture, and suspected the worst. He chose to fancy he intended to make the same experiment on his head and neck which he had performed on so many young girls a century ago, and again two centuries before; and as quick as lightning the poor credulous man stooped down, turned himself round, gave a spring, and was out of the room in a twinkling. Herr von Hahn could not forbear laughing, notwithstanding his vexation at this behaviour; he had noticed an extraordinary degree of timidity in all the people of the house; it had especially struck him since that morning.

"Do people take me," said he to himself, "for a second Doctor Faust?"

There was now a third knocking at the door, which was this time softly opened a little, and a soldierlike-looking head, with a Roman nose and enormous moustache, peeped in, and asked:—

"Am I right? Is this Herr von Hahn's room?"

"Certainly."

A tall burly man in a police uniform stepped from behind the door into the apartment, and said:

"The Bürgermeister begs your honour to present yourself at his house."

"Present myself! that sounds rather official. Where does he live?"

"At the end of the street, noble sir, in the large corner house with a balcony; I will have the honour of showing you the way."

"But this is not quite necessary, my friend; I am not fond of either military or police escorts."

"It is the Bürgermeister's orders."

"Good; and you must implicitly obey. Have you not been a soldier?"

"Yes, sir: in the 3rd Regiment of Hussars."

"And in what engagement did you get that fine scar on the forehead?"

"How? Why, sir, in an engagement with my comrades about a pretty girl."

"Your wife won't like to see that scar; unless, indeed, she be the pretty girl herself."

"I have no wife."

"Well; it's the same thing—a sweetheart; for no one can bear about him such honourable scars for the fair sex and remain insensible. But I guess your intended gets rather restive, if she now knows all."

The moustachioed hero knitted his brows. His questioner was much amused at reading in his countenance a sort of confirmation of his suspicions, and he continued: "You should not lose courage. Your scar itself is a proof to your sweetheart of what you would venture to do for a glance of her large black eyes; aye, or for a single ringlet of her brown hair."

The policeman changed colour, stared at him, and stammered out: "Does your honour already know the girl?"

"Why not? She's the nicest little girl in the whole town!" added Herr von Hahn, smiling; for it amused him greatly to have so quickly divined the policeman's love affair by his mere accidental and venturesome questioning.

But the queries by no means amused the police officer. On the contrary, the waggish laugh of that ghastly, pale faced man seemed to him something malicious, horrible, devilish!

"Your honour knows her already! How is that possible? You only arrived here yesterday, and since then I had scarce had my eyes off the milliner's door, and if I were a moment absent another person was watching. You were never seen to enter the house."

"My good friend, a pretty girl is easily known, and houses have back doors."

The old soldier was startled and confused, for in truth he did recollect a back door. On the other hand, the policeman's perplexity

increased Herr von Hahn's malicious waggery, and he tried only so much the more to make him a little jealous.

"So she receives your attentions rather coyly?" said he. "I thought so—the scar"——

"No, your honour, not the scar—no offence, I hope—your honour's self."

"What, I? Don't dream of such nonsense. For shame! you are not jealous already? Let us make an agreement with each other—understand me rightly."

"I understand but too well! That won't do this time! God forbid!"

"You shall introduce me to your young milliner, and I will reconcile her to your scar."

The police officer shuddered, as if his blood ran cold at the proposal, and he then drily and formally requested Herr von Hahn to follow him to the *Bürgermeister's*.

"I am coming; but I must desire you not to accompany me through the street."

"Such are my orders."

"And my orders are just the reverse; therefore, go and tell the *Bürgermeister* I am coming. If you make the slightest objection, you may bid adieu to your pretty milliner."

"Noble sir, for the love of God!" said the honest veteran, in the greatest perplexity. "I will obey—but your honour—for the love of God—let the poor innocent girl live!"

"I hope you don't suspect I am going to eat up the girl out of pure love."

"Give me your word of honour, noble sir, you will spare the poor young thing's life, and then I will do whatever you please to command, even were it my own death!"

"Be easy; I give you my word of honour I will let the pretty girl live; but, do tell me, what makes you fear the very worst? Who in the world wants to deprive a nice, pretty girl of life?"

"You have given me your word of honour, noble sir; I am satisfied. And besides, what good can it do you to wring my good little Kate's neck? I am going, and leave you to follow by yourself. Hell itself must keep its promise!"

With these words the poor man left the room. He heard the Dead Stranger laughing loudly behind him, and it thrilled through his whole frame, for it seemed to him like the Devil's own scoffing, malicious laugh. He ran off to the *Bürgermeister*, and, to the latter's great amazement, related the whole story.

Herr von Hahn took his hat and stick, and set off, still laughing at the mortal anxiety of the police officer, whose jealousy he supposed he had excited. Soon, however, he noticed in passing through the streets that he was in a small town where every stranger was stared at like a monster, and where people wore out hats by dozens in greetings and counter greetings. Right and left as he passed on, the way was politely and with a low bow ceded to him, and hat or cap was lowered to the earth in token of profound respect. No king could be more reverentially treated, and on both sides of the streets as he passed along he noticed a number of curious faces staring at him though the panes of glass behind the unopened windows. But the most annoying thing which occurred to him was as he approached the corner house with the balcony. Not far from this house was a square, and in the centre stood a fountain with seven pipes, from which the water gushed into a large stone basin, and around this fountain were a crowd of young girls, with their pails and buckets, in busy chat. Some were scraping fish, others washing salad; some were placing the empty pails under the pipes, and others, having already filled them, were carrying them on their heads. Herr von Hahn, in order to be sure of the Bürgermeister's house, stepped aside, with the intention of questioning one of these busy maidens, who, in the midst of their lively talk, had not noticed him. The instant, however, he opened his mouth, and the assembled group directed their eyes towards him—merciful heaven! what a scream! what confusion! All ran off helter-skelter, in utter terror. One dropped the fish into the reservoir, another strewed the ground with her already washed salad, and the third let the bucket on her head tumble. All, in short, ran off pale and breathless. Only one old woman, whose limbs failed her, remained with her back pressed against the pillar of the fountain—as though her object was to break it down—and began by crossing herself unceasingly, while her lips were wide open, her eyes fixed in utter dismay, and her hair seemed to stand on end. She most resembled a cat worried by a dog; her back arched, her hair bristling, mouth open, following with piercing glance each gesture of her barking foe.

Vexed beyond measure at the people's folly, Herr von Hahn turned away, and went straight into the house with the balcony. It was the right place. The Bürgermeister, a polite, well-bred little man, received him very courteously at the top of the stairs, and led him into a room.

"You have sent for me, sir," said Herr von Hahn, "and in truth I come most readily, for I hope you may be able to explain a

riddle. I arrived in your town only yesterday, and confess I have had more adventures here than in all my former travels."

"I believe it," said the *Bürgermeister*, smiling. "I have heard something of it, and even a little that is incredible. You are Herr von Hahn, the son of the banker in the capital, have connection with the house of Bantes in this town, and came hither because Miss Bantes"—

"All quite correct," interrupted the stranger. "Shall I give you proofs of my identity, Herr *Bürgermeister*?"

And Herr von Hahn proceeded to take some papers out of his pocket-book. The *Bürgermeister* did not refuse to give them a cursory glance, but returned them immediately with the most obliging assurances of his entire satisfaction.

"I have now told you all, Herr *Bürgermeister*, and given you all the information you can desire in reference to myself. On the other hand, I beg for some information concerning sundry peculiarities in your town. Herbesheim is not so far separated from the rest of the world—strangers must sometimes come hither. Now, how is it that people"—

"I know what you would say, Herr von Hahn. You shall hear all, if you will have the goodness to answer me a question or two."

"I am at your service."

"You will meanwhile regard my questions as among the peculiarities of Herbesheim which have so much annoyed you; but afterwards you will easily perceive my reasons for them. Do you generally wear black?"

"I am in mourning for an aunt of mine."

"Have you been in Herbesheim before?"

"Never."

"Have you had any acquaintance with the people of the town, or have you accidentally read or heard anything about the history of this town—I mean, of the old stories, legends, and popular sayings of the inhabitants of Herbesheim?"

"I was not personally acquainted with any one in Herbesheim, and I knew nothing about the town, except that the house of Bantes was here, and that Miss Bantes was an especially charming young lady—a fact which I can now with pleasure confirm."

"And have you, perchance, never read or heard anything relating to the Dead Stranger of Herbesheim?"

"I repeat, the history of Herbesheim, especially that of bygone times—to my shame be it spoken, Herr *Bürgermeister*—is as unknown to me as the history of the kingdoms of Siam and Pegu."

"Well, Herr von Hahn, your adventures here, which I rather guess at than know, proceed in direct line from our old legends."

"What connection can I possibly have with your old legends? I never heard of such a thing in my life. Do tell me."

The Bürgermeister smiled and replied:—

"You are looked upon as the Dead Stranger—as the spectre of one of our popular traditions—and absurd as the ridiculous fancy of our townfolk is, yet I cannot—you will not be offended at my sincerity—I cannot conceal my own astonishment at the very remarkable correspondence between yourself and the hero of our Herbesheim tale of horror; and provided you have not all this while been carrying on a systematic hoax, and really know absolutely nothing of the history of the Dead Stranger, I will give you the particulars as they have been narrated to me from various quarters."

Herr von Hahn expressed in eager terms his curiosity.

The Bürgermeister said:—

"This is indeed the first time that a nursery goblin tale was ever officially reported!" and he forthwith proceeded to tell the story of the Dead Stranger.

"Now I can understand it all," said Herr von Hahn, laughing, as soon as the story was finished, "the fair damsels of Herbesheim are literally afraid of their necks."

"Joking apart, Herr von Hahn, there is much which is yet obscure to me. I can, indeed, believe in the most curious coincidences, but in this case that whimsical deity, Chance, seems to have gone a little too far for me not to entertain some slight suspicion regarding yourself."

"How, Herr Bürgermeister, you are surely not disposed to look upon me as the hero of your legend—visiting Herbesheim only once in a hundred years for the purpose of destroying innocent girls?"

"Not exactly that. But you may have accidentally heard something of this goblin tale, and taken advantage of your exterior to amuse yourself at the expense of our too credulous fair ones. Why, for instance, did you choose exactly Advent Sunday for your arrival, and even the very moment when the storm of wind and rain was at its worst, if you were ignorant of the story?"

"You are right, Herr Bürgermeister, it is remarkable, this coincidence—it surprises myself. Meanwhile, I can assure you that I am so little versed in the calendar that I now, for the first time, have the pleasure to hear that it was on Advent Sunday I arrived. Moreover, I can affirm on oath that I did not bespeak the rain from heaven; on

the contrary, I would willingly have countermanded it, as the storm beat upon me most disagreeably."

"But how, Herr von Hahn, can you explain the attack which you so maliciously made this morning on your landlord's neck? Did you really know nothing of our Dead Stranger and of his far-famed grasp?"

Herr von Hahn burst into loud laughter:—

"Ha, ha! that was the reason the poor devil ducked so nimbly under my arm. The landlord regarded my innocent gesture (for I was only going to tap him on the shoulder) as suspicious."

"Once more, Herr von Hahn, do you know a young girl called Wiesel?"

"Many a weasel, Herr Bürgermeister, but no young girl of that pretty name."

"Yet it is asserted that you are sufficiently acquainted with her to have access to her back door."

"Back door of a girl called Wiesel! Oh! now I understand: by the back door I recognise your policeman's idol. Now I can comprehend the man's talk and entreaties."

"One more question, Herr von Hahn: you will observe that I am informed of all your movements, and that the secret police of Herbesheim is no way inferior to the best in Paris, even in the times of those arch spies, Fouché and Savary. I can if needful very easily explain all that has up to this time occurred, without suspecting you of any desire to frighten the good people here by intentionally playing the part of the Dead Stranger, yet I must ask you one more question: If you really had no wish to act this part, tell me then—and I put this question to you not so much on my own account as on another person's—how was it possible that in a few minutes, within a quarter of an hour, so very suddenly, you could become so familiar with Miss Bantes, whom you did not previously know—that you, —that you and the young lady—I know not what to say"—

"Have you, indeed, then, heard that also?" asked Herr von Hahn, quite perplexed, and a deep blush overspread the pale but animated face, which did not escape the Bürgermeister's keen eye.

"I must again crave pardon for my curiosity," added he, "you know police magistrates and doctors are allowed the privilege of asking indiscreet questions, and you now know that the Dead Stranger is especially famed for bewitching the other sex in an incredibly brief time—a faculty which, in truth, I could easily give you credit for possessing, without looking upon you as a dead

in."

Herr von Hahn was silent for a few moments ; at length he said : " Herr Bürgermeister, I shall soon be more afraid of you than your worthy townsmen can be of my black coat. The very walls must have babbled the matter, for I was but a very short time alone this morning with the charming Miss Bantes, to which you allude by the word 'familiar.' Allow me, however, to be silent on that head ; either your walls have revealed to you the subject of our conversation, and in that case you already know it, or they have not done so, and then it does not become me to withdraw the curtain unless Miss Bantes does so with her own hand."

The Bürgermeister signified, by a slight motion of his head, that he would not press the matter further, but turned the conversation.

"Are you going to remain some time among us, Herr von Hahn?"

"I shall leave to-morrow. My business here is at an end, and it is by no means so agreeable to act perforce the part of hobgoblin. No mortal has been worse treated by chance than myself in being selected to resemble thus to a hair the dead man of your centenary town chronicle."

This declaration of his speedy departure appeared very agreeable to the Bürgermeister. He wasted no more words on the subject, and conversed of other things. Herr von Hahn soon took leave.

The Bürgermeister thought the whole affair a strange one. According to the ordinary course of things, the occurrences were a little too suspicious to be regarded as an accidental amalgamation of circumstances, stamping Herr von Hahn as the Dead Stranger ; and, on the other side, there was no reason to doubt the correctness of the gentleman's own declaration. The Bürgermeister pondered over the matter while looking out of the window into the street. He had placed himself at this window the instant his visitor had quitted the room, in order to amuse himself by observing in what manner the people in the street would behave towards the Dead Stranger. But, to his great amazement, the latter did not leave the house. The Bürgermeister waited for some little time—a quarter of an hour elapsed—he waited in vain. He rang the bell ; a servant answered it, and was questioned by his master. The man protested that he had been standing under the balcony before the front door for the last hour, but had seen no gentleman dressed in black. The servant was told to quit the room.

"This certainly looks rather ghost-like," muttered the Bürgermeister, smiling, but still perplexed, and again he placed himself at the window.

After some time the servant again entered, uncalled, and informed

his master the housemaid was sitting crying, and as pale as death, in the kitchen, and had told him the Dead Stranger was with the Bürgermeister's own daughter. The young lady appeared very friendly with the dreadful apparition; and the unknown had given her a pair of splendid bracelets, and said something in a low voice to her. The housemaid had seen it all, but had not understood what passed. She had been sent out of the room by her young mistress. At first the Bürgermeister laughed; but afterwards, when he was told of the bracelets, of the whispering together, of the dismissal of the housemaid, all inclination to laugh forsook him. He angrily bade the servant withdraw.

"Bracelets! Whispering with Minchen! How can he know her? Jesus Maria! How came the girl to get so soon intimate with this man? In sooth, he loses no opportunity of acting the Dead Stranger!"

This was said to himself; but presently he ran to the door, opened it, and was on the point of going to surprise his daughter and the stranger. Again he felt ashamed of his growing superstitions, and tried to curb his anxiety. Thus passed a quarter of an hour. At length he could bear it no longer. He went to his daughter's room, which was not far from his own. She was sitting at the window alone, looking at the splendid bracelets.

"What have you got there, Minchen?" asked he, in a trembling voice.

Minchen replied, unembarrassed:—

"A present from Herr von Hahn to Rietchen Bantes. He is going away early to-morrow, and has reasons of his own for not again visiting Herr Bantes. I cannot understand it. A lover, and off again already! I am to give them to her."

"But how came you to know him, or he you?"

"This morning, when I was with Rietchen and her mother, I made acquaintance with him. I quite shuddered when I first saw him—the Dead Stranger in person—but he is, notwithstanding, a very amiable man. When he left you, papa, I was coming out of my room; we recognised each other, and he then expressed his wish."

Minchen said all this so frankly that all was clear to the Bürgermeister even in its minutest details. Nevertheless, he immediately ordered the policeman to make inquiry on the following morning as to whether the stranger had actually departed, agreeably to his promise so to do.

CHAPTER VII.

THE Bürgermeister was a man wholly without prejudice or superstition; nevertheless, he passed rather a sleepless night. At night, however, by moon, or starlight, or total darkness, it is not only the outer world which assumes a different aspect, but also the inner world of man. One has more religious impressions, and is more disposed to the belief of things unusual, strange, romantic, and marvellous, whatever more mature reason has to say to the contrary. Reason is as the Sun to the mind—all is bright and clear under his influence; the faith of feeling and fancy as the Moon—all seems confused in her dubious glimmer and magical twilight radiance. The Bürgermeister now took a rapid survey of the old story of the Dead Stranger, of which the town was so full; and he compared the day and the hour in which Herr von Hahn first appeared; his exterior, his pale face, his dress, his speedy familiarity with engaged young girls (for Minchen, too, was on the point of being married); and the story about the young milliner Wiesel had in truth something suspicious about it; at least the whole naturally struck him as such. The girl Wiesel had that evening confessed to the policeman that the black stranger had visited her shop and bought some trifling article; he had, however, only come in the dusk of the evening, and never before; still less would she acknowledge anything about the celebrated back-door.

All this was reported to the Bürgermeister by the policeman, and it caused him sundry serious thoughts. He could not possibly make up his mind to believe that this tall black gentleman was merely playing a hoax: he looked too solemn for that. Moreover, his presents were much too valuable to allow the idea of his carrying on a joke with the good people of Herbesheim. Herr Bantes, once the mortal enemy of all superstition, had, nevertheless, said so much, and complained of such strange things, that the Bürgermeister could scarce help passing a restless night, pondering over the *pros* and *cons*.

On the following morning before the policeman could visit the Black Cross, in pursuance of the Bürgermeister's orders, he was already informed by the people in the street that the Dead Stranger and his servant, bag and baggage, had vanished! no one knew where. He had taken neither carriage nor horses, nor any other conveyance, had gone out of none of the city gates, and yet was nowhere to be found. The account given by the landlord of the Black Cross was only a confirmation of this statement; he took the policeman into the

room which the pretended Herr von Hahn had occupied: everything was in the most perfect order, as though it had never been used; the beds were untouched; the chairs in their places; no trunk, no article of dress, no bit of ribbon, no morsel of paper, nothing left behind, not a single vestige!—only, on the table lay the amount of his bill in solid thalers, which, however, the landlord refused to touch:—

“Let anybody take the devil's coin who likes,” said he, “I know well enough there's no blessing attends it. If I put it into my box, it will turn to worthless dross. I will give it to the poor of the town hospital, for I don't choose to meddle with it:” and he placed the hard cash in the policeman's hands, that he might take it to the hospital treasurer.

The report of the sudden disappearance of the Dead Stranger was, with all its concomitant circumstances, soon noised abroad in Herbesheim. Herr and Madame Bantes were informed of it by their servants as soon as they left their room; presently, too, by the book-keeper and cashier.

“Wonderful!” said Herr Bantes to his wife, “and what do you say to it now? I'm delighted he's gone: you will now believe there was something more than should be in this affair. I tell you that was never the son of my old friend Hahn. Who would ever have believed such an absurd story, such nonsense and such like, if one had not witnessed it with one's own bodily eyes?”

Madame Bantes expressed some prudent doubts regarding the assertions of the book-keeper and servants. The cashier was sent to the Black Cross, but soon came back with a complete confirmation. Madame Bantes smiled in astonishment at the whole affair, and knew not what answer to make; only she continued of opinion the matter would be differently explained, for she would not surrender her plain good sense to this strange story.

All at once Herr Bantes started up in real mortal anxiety, and turned so pale that Madame Bantes began to tremble for him; for a short time he either could not speak or would not. At length he exclaimed in a hollow, faltering voice:—

“Mother, if one be true, the other may be true too.”

“What, then, for God's sake!”

“Do you think Frederica is still asleep? We were lying awake long before we got up; have you heard the slightest sound of her in the next room—a footstep—the moving of a chair?”

“What do you mean? you don't surely suspect the child is”——

“But if one be true, the other may be so too—it would be dreadful I have not courage enough to go and see.”

"How, then! you really believe she"—

"I say yes, *with her neck twisted!*"

With these words the old man rushed off, tortured by the worst forebodings, into Frederica's bedroom. Madame Bantes anxiously followed him—he laid his trembling hand on the back of the door—he softly opened it—he scarce ventured to breathe, and as he heard not a sound he could not trust himself to look at the bed.

"You look, mamma," said he, and was in a state of the greatest agitation.

"She is sweetly asleep," said Madame Bantes.

He directed his eyes towards her; there lay Frederica unhurt in bed, her sweet face, with her eyes closed in morning slumbers, in its customary place.

"But is she living?" asked Herr Bantes, who mistrustfully regarded the heaving of his child's bosom as an ocular deception.

He was only happy when he touched her warm hand, and was still more so when, awakened by it, she opened her eyes, and her first impulse was a smile of affectionate wonder. Her mother explained the visit, and informed her of Herr von Hahn's mysterious disappearance, and the fresh anxiety which it had caused her father. The whole party were merry and happy.

And still merrier and happier were they on the evening of the same day when sitting all together at supper, and a carriage rolled rapidly through the streets, and suddenly stopped before the door. Frederica listened, then sprang up and cried "Waldrich!" It was himself. All hastened to meet him: Herr Bantes welcomed him with a more hearty embrace than ever. A thousand questions had to be asked and answered, and asked again. At length the old father put a stop to the noise and placed the commandant as usual by his side. And then the lively, cheerful talk commenced afresh.

"And only fancy," cried he, "only fancy, my good fellow, my worthy captain! we've had the devil's own self, the Dead Stranger, and such like, here in Herbesheim—nay, bodily in this house. What do you say to that? Aye, what do you say to it? Within scarce four-and-twenty hours he had again fished out his three brides; first of all there was my girl Frederica there, then the Bürgermeister's Minchen, and thirdly a milliner's girl called Wiesel. We were all of us here in the town frightened like little children and such like!"

The commandant laughed aloud and said:—

"For all that I dined with him to-day at the Post-house in Odernberg. You mean Herr von Hahn I suppose, and none other."

Herr Bantes was vexed, though he smiled.

"Herr von Hahn here, Herr von Hahn there! Let him be who he will, it was the Dead Stranger to all intents and purposes, and he shall never have my Frederica even though it were Herr von Hahn. I could never endure to feel a cold shudder come over me as often as I looked at my son-in-law. If he really be my old friend's son, so much the worse for him; for his whole appearance was precisely as you described that of the Dead Stranger."

"Ah!" cried the captain, "of that he is quite innocent. When in the first winter party that evening I was forced to tell the story of the Dead Stranger, and to describe his exterior, I could at the moment think of no original but just our friend Von Hahn. It occurred to me because he happened just then to be doubly distasteful to me. When I was removed with my company this last summer to Herbesheim, and had marched a few miles from the capital, I made a slight deviation from the route: at the *table d'hôte* of the King of Portugal I was particularly struck, among the many travellers who were dining there, with Herr von Hahn's unusually tall figure (which exceeded by a whole head that of ordinary mortals), and at the same time with his black hair, his ashy pale face, and black dress. I was told he was the son of the celebrated banker. He was then personally indifferent to me, but nevertheless I could not forget his exterior, and still less could I forget it when he ceased to be indifferent to me, because he—you will permit me to say so—because I knew that he was Miss Frederica's destined lover."

"By Heaven!" cried Herr Bantes, bursting into loud laughter, and passing his hand across his brow, "a rival's whimsical trick! Nothing else! That it should enter into nobody's head, not even the all-knowing, sagacious Bürgermeister and his police! Ought it not to have struck me the moment I saw Herr von Hahn that our roguish commandant might probably have known him, and carved his Dead Stranger out of him? We old folks remain simple children, and such like, even to our grey hair. But, captain, you've been the cause of a world of mischief. Young Hahn will be awfully enraged, will curse and swear at having been so treated here, will call me an old Johnny Noodle, and such like."

"Nothing of the sort, my good sir," said Waldrich; "on the contrary, he is well satisfied with the turn things have taken. He begged me to give you, Madame Bantes, and your daughter his kindest compliments; he and I became quite friends to-day, for we have mutually confessed to each other all the secrets of our hearts. At first when we sat down together alone at dinner at the Post-house, and ate our soup, we were stiff enough. He was silent and moody, although he

did not know me ; and I was silent and moody, because I did know him, and believed he was going to Herbesheim on a lover's errand. By mere accident, as we exchanged a few civil words across the table, I understood that he came from Herbesheim, and was travelling homewards. I burned with a very pardonable curiosity to know more : of course I could not deny that I was well acquainted with Herbesheim, was the commandant of the town. 'Ha ! ha !' cried he, laughing, and gave me his hand across the table, 'my lucky rival, whom I am bound to congratulate on his good fortune.' After that we became more familiar with each other, and sincerity was the order of the day. Just think, my good sir, he affirmed that Frederica had herself declared she was already engaged to me, and had entreated him not to make us both unhappy—and he, on the other hand, had kissed your daughter's hand, and told her he had indeed implicitly obeyed his father's will in coming to Herbesheim and soliciting her hand, but that it was only half in earnest, and even with the hope of breaking off the proposed union by his own behaviour ; for that he had a secret attachment in the capital to the daughter of one of the professors, who, however, possessed little earthly wealth beyond his mental endowments, all which was a subject of vexation and horror to old Hahn, who had forbidden all thoughts of the poor professor's daughter under pain of disinheritance : but the young Hahn had promised the girl to be true to her, and was nevertheless firmly resolved to marry her after his father's death."

"What !" cried Herr Bantes, in amazement, "and you, Frederica, knew all that from himself? Children, I can't help thinking you've all been trifling with me : how comes it you never told me a word, a syllable of all this?"

Frederica kissed her father's hand, and said : "Recollect, my dear father ; do not upbraid your Frederica. Do you not remember, when I came in so happy after my conversation with Herr von Hahn, and began to praise him, and meant to tell you the whole particulars, how angry you were? Don't you remember how you bid me be silent, and promised, as a reward for my blind obedience, to exchange Herr von Hahn for Waldrich?"

"Hem—did I so? There's nothing in the world like obedience when one has a little advantage to gain by it."

"Wasn't I obliged to obey? didn't you threaten to shut me up, and my dear mother too, in the cellar if"—

"Very well, Miss Chatterbox, don't cast my sins in my face ; but, as you chose to chatter with young Hahn without my knowledge, d'ye see, couldn't you just have told him then what a strange

prejudice existed in the town concerning him? He would surely have been in a position to set us right immediately. At least you should have given him some fitting reason why we behaved to him in such a fashion."

"And so I did. As soon as he heard that my heart and affections were wholly pre-engaged he rejoiced, and told me the same story regarding himself. A more fitting reason for breaking off the marriage could not offer itself. You must remember, mamma and I had invited him to dinner; but"—

"Silence—go on, captain. He was not angry with us then? but what must he think of us good people of Herbesheim? Did he not believe we had one and all become Advent fools, and such like?"

"Something of that sort he really did believe," replied Waldrich; "the behaviour of all the people in Herbesheim must have surprised him, for he described to me most laughable scenes caused by the universal terror; but after the *Bürgermeister* had told him the legend of the Dead Stranger, and informed him at the same time that people did him the unmerited honour of regarding him as a cavalier of the Winter King of blessed memory, who died two centuries ago, everything seemed yet more absurd to him, and he amused himself greatly at the dread and fright which his appearance had so innocently caused."

"And for which you alone, with your wicked descriptions, are to be blamed, Master Waldrich," cried Frederica; "don't forget that—who knew before the first winter party what sort of looking person the Dead Stranger was? On the following morning the very children in the streets were talking about it."

"Well! I was honest enough to confess my sins to Herr von Hahn as soon as I could recover the use of speech after a quarter of an hour's fit of laughter. It was pardonable enough, though very absurd, that his figure should have presented itself to my mind; yet I then dreamt as much that the sky would fall as that my innocent story would have such an effect. Herr von Hahn laughed immoderately, and so did I; and he then informed me, on the other hand, that he had carried on all sorts of jokes to alarm the enlightened Herbesheimers still more, and confirm them in their pious belief. For the purpose of plaguing an enamoured policeman, he had visited the milliner's girl to whom he was attached; and, to complete the fright and amazement of his terrified landlord, he had pretended he should go to bed early and set off on the following day; but in the darkness of the evening he had by means of his servant got his trunk conveyed out of the gate, had walked to the next village by moonlight, and

had there taken a carriage to the next post-station, after having had some sleep. This was enough; and not often in the world have two men so successfully imitated the inextinguishable laughter of Homer's gods at Vulcan's restlessness in Olympus as we both laughed at the bustle into which the Dead Stranger put the good people of Herbesheim. Over a bottle of champagne a bond of friendship was concluded between us, two reconciled rivals, and we parted later from each other than we at first thought we should when we sat down to our soup."

Notwithstanding the old father smiled at Waldrich's circumstantial communications, yet some internal conflict seemed at work within him. Vexation and pleasure appeared strangely mingled on his countenance. Frederica tenderly caressed him, for she understood what was passing in his mind, and kissed away the frowns as they showed themselves on his forehead.

"Children," said he at last, "now you see what a train of follies and absurdities superstition brings with it; and even I, old philosopher as I am, must needs put on the fool's cap and follow the rest. I would fain be ashamed of myself, but yet I think it would be as ridiculous to be ashamed of one's poor human nature. So it is. Let nobody fancy he stands erect, strong, firm on his feet, and such like, but rather let him take heed lest he fall. Mamma, order a bowl of punch that we may be merry with our commandant. I say *me*—that means my own insignificance, for you have won the victory as regards superior discernment, and are pleased withal; and you, Frederica, 'tis easy to be seen, are perfectly at ease regarding Waldrich there opposite, for you have won a complete victory as regards your love."

Madame Bantes gave the commandant her hand with a kind and really maternal smile, and said:—

"Did you rightly understand those last words?"

"No," said the captain, confused and blushing; "but I would fain be bold enough to understand them."

"Mamma, order a bowl of punch to be made, and put end to all this talk and such like; we must wash this confounded story of the Dead Stranger out of our memories in punch. The strongest and most courageous man, who may have had more than a dozen bullets whistling about his head, has at times his moments of weakness; the circumnavigator of the globe who has successfully made his way through foreign seas and countries may sometimes miss his way when taking a walk; the most devout and purest bride of heaven has moments like any other daughter of Eve; and so, also, there are

times when the cleverest man under the sun has less sense than a mere clown."

"Begin, then, dear papa," said Frederica coaxingly, "to talk of something else ; for instance, begin some other subject."

"*Apropos*, commandant," continued Herr Bantes, "do you know that I have sold you ? At the price of being fairly rid of the Dead Stranger, I have sold you to Frederica. Do not take it amiss that I thus, without leave or licence, disposed of you in your absence. As former guardian, I thought I might venture to make so free with you. There, Frederica, go and take him, and be happy together."

Both sprang up and threw their arms around his neck.

"Stop," continued he, "but, Waldrich, off with the uniform."

"It shall be so," said the commandant, and his eyes filled with tears of joy.

"And you must take leave of the army altogether ; for Frederica is to live with her father and mother, and I have bestowed you on her, not her on you."

"To-morrow I will give up my commission."

"Children," cried Herr Bantes, while he strove to free himself from the warm embraces of the young pair, "your joy is rather of a suffocating nature. Mamma, bring us the punch."

THE END.

NUMBER ONE.

A REMINISCENCE OF LAST YEAR'S ACADEMY.



My favourite, you must know,
In the Piccadilly Show,
Is the portrait of a lass
Bravely done.
'Mid the fifteen eighty-three
Works of art that you may see,
There is nothing can surpass—
"Number One :"

Very far above the line
Is this favourite of mine ;
You may see her smiling there,
O'er the crowds.
If you bring a good *lorgnette*,
You may see my dainty pet :
Like the Jungfrau, pink and fair,
Mid the clouds.

Are you constant in your loves ?
Do you change them with your gloves ?
Pray does Worth pervade your train—
Or your heart ?
Are you fickle, are you leal,
Are your sunny tresses real,
Or your roses only vain
Works of art ?

Ah ! no doubt the wizard who
Your delicious picture drew
Is an artist quite as bold
As he's good.
He would sanctify a saint
And the fairest lily paint ;
Or would gild refined gold
If he could.

I sincerely envy him
 Who the fortune had to limn
 Her bewitching hazel eyes
 With his brush :
 Who could study ev'ry grace
 In her winsome little face,
 And the subtle charm that lies
 In her blush.

I am sure it is a shame
 That your pretty face and frame,
 Ruthless hangers out of view
 Seek to hide :
 But perhaps Sir Francis G—
 And his myrmidons agree,
 Peerless angels such as you—
 Should be "skyed" !

Ah ! were I but twenty-two
 I would hinge the knee to you
 And most humbly kiss your glove,
 At your throne :
 Thrice happy he whose sighs
 Draw this sweet Heart Union prize
 In the lottery of Love
 For his own !

If I knew but your papa,
 Could I only "ask mamma,"
 It is clear enough to me
 As the sun
 That all thro' this weary life,
 Mid its pleasure, pain, and strife,
 All my care and love should be
 "Number One."

J. ASHB:-STERRY.

LIFE IN LONDON.

VI.—AT TEMPLE BAR.

THE old gateway is on its last legs. The new Law Courts will assuredly rise up some day and show their fair proportions to the Strand. Despite satirist and burlesque writer, the new buildings are going on. The hoarding of Willing will one day fall before the command of the chief stonemason; and then may Temple Bar look its last upon Fleet Street. All the antiquarians of London, all the dry-as-dust philosophers in the country, will step forth and do battle for the ancient gateway. They will write to *Notes and Queries*; they will invoke the shade of SYLVANUS URBAN; they will move to wrath the committees of their learned societies; but the Corporation of London will come down and carry away the old place, and set it up in some quiet retreat where we can go and look at it and moralise about it, and recall the times when we remember passing under it, with that everlasting crowd, out of which John Bright said six hundred and fifty men might be picked any day as good and capable of government as the gentlemen who occupy the House of Commons.

With every man who has the slightest veneration in his compound of qualities and sensibilities, I shall respect the old gateway; but I shall not regret to find it elsewhere. Let it be taken to the Temple Gardens, or put up in one of the parks; I would rather it did not go to the Crystal Palace; I do not want to see it standing out in the back-yard of South Kensington; but I shall be prepared to sit in its shadow on the grass of Hyde Park, or under the trees of Epping Forest. At present it is out of place altogether. The world has gone past it. Its days are over. The "poor low wretches" who sold cheap newspapers in 1740, and provided Hogarth with the *Farthing Post* for the fourth plate of the "Rake's Progress," are no more; nay, it has become respectable to print and sell halfpenny and penny papers.

We do not punish traitors nowadays, partly because we do not fear them, and further because they only talk nonsense and mean it. They gather "in their thousands," and we stand by and listen to their absurdities; if a general election is at hand great men in office even give them audience; and weaker men let them assist in park

improvements. In the merry days of Charles we should have hanged and quartered them, and decorated Temple Bar with their remains. But even the sternest opponent of Radical leagues would hardly care to see Mr. Bradlaugh contributing such articles to *Temple Bar*. Nor would this ambitious gentleman, I am sure, desire to put Mr. Hopkins to such severe exposure. No, these are not the days for Temple Bar. Let it go. It will never again see so glorious a day as that when Queen Victoria and her royal son last passed beneath its portal, her pathway strewn with violets; while Mr. John Bennett, trying to sit gracefully on a white horse, was curvetting on his way to knight-hood. Moreover, authors are gentlemen now, although they write for penny papers; the overhanging gables that made a brave old-fashioned show are gone; barbers have given over blood-letting, and they brush hair by machinery; German beer and American drinks are sold in Fleet Street; locomotive engines rush over Ludgate Hill; SYLVANUS URBAN has laid aside his buckled shoes and ruffles to take his place with modern men and manners; a French emperor dies in our midst, and we weep tears of sorrow over his bier; we send letters by lightning to all parts of the world, communicating with the antipodes beneath the ocean in a shorter time than it used to take to travel to Oxford; therefore have we done with Temple Bar. Let it be put away in some quiet corner, a relic of the past, and give room for the great human tide of life ebbing to and fro between the shop and the villa, the City and the sweet West-end of town.

At night, on that Thanksgiving Day, which already seems to be years ago—events move so quickly in these electrical days—the cruel Bar pinched and crushed people to death, suffocating them in its narrow ways, jealous perhaps of the people's freedom to come and go. I would have it removed, if for no other reason; as I would have stocks and ducking-stools, stakes and bull-rings, if they existed; for, after all, it represents little else in history but a gibbet. There is not one single glorious association connected with it. Even from an antiquarian point of view it is an impostor. It is only two hundred years old. I will take you to an archway at Lincoln that was built before Christ; and yet we gaze at this crumbling Golgotha that stands in the way of London street progress, and talk of its ancient and historical associations. A hundred years ago John Gwynn, author of "London and Westminster Improved," and of many improvements afterwards carried out on his suggestions, advocated the removal of Temple Bar. He denounced it as the greatest nuisance of all the City gates, and the Bar had a narrow escape at that time. In 1759 the City went so far in their scheme of removal

as to make provision for the lessees to quit possession ; and again in 1789 its doom was almost sealed. In 1868 a newspaper reporter with his perceptive faculties in full operation, discovered a crack in the Bar ; but unhappily it turned out only to be some of the mortar worked out of the stones on the occasion of the decorations in honour of the Sultan of Turkey. The false alarm, however, was made the occasion of a discussion by the Corporation, which ended in the Lord Mayor advising his civic brethren to wait and see what would come out of the new Law Courts scheme. Five years have elapsed, and we are still waiting, but we cannot have much longer to wait.

Meanwhile let us glance for a moment at the most notable associations of Temple Bar ; let us try and see for what reason men cry out " Save this splendid relic of the past, this trophy of London history, this gate of our fathers, this grand piece of antiquity." Its only claim to ancient lineage is derived from its site, on which ground any apple-stall may compete with it ; while its historical character is a story which England might well desire to have blotted out for ever. It is the modern successor of the ancient Traitor's Gate, which flourished and did a good business on London Bridge five hundred years ago. As Mr. T. C. Noble, in his interesting " Memorials of Temple Bar," is careful to mention, " We are indebted to His Majesty of glorious memory, Charles II., for immortalising Temple Bar, by transferring to it the ancient glories of Traitor's Gate." Sir Thomas Armstrong was the first victim who helped to make Temple Bar historical. A Rye-house plotter, he was hanged, drawn, and quartered ; his head was set up over Westminster Hall, between those of Cromwell and Bradshaw, and one of his quarters was spiked on Temple Bar ; two others were put up over Aldgate and Aldersgate ; and the fourth went to Stafford, which town Sir Thomas had represented in Parliament. The gay King, it is reported, presented Judge Jeffries with a bloodstone in memory of this excellent judgment and sentence. Sir William Parkyns and Sir John Freind, leaders in the plot to seize the King while hunting between Brentford and Turnham Green, were the next contributors to the bloody history of Temple Bar. They were hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn in March, 1696, and Evelyn has the following note of the circumstance :—" April 10, 1696. The quarters of Sir William Perkins and Sir John Freind, lately executed in the plot, with Perkins's head, were set up at Temple Bar, a dismal sight which many pitied. I think there never was such a Temple Bar till now, except once, in the time of Charles II., viz., Sir Thomas

Armstrong." In 1715 the remains of Joseph Sullivan ornamented the gateway, his crime being the enlistment of men in the service of the Young Pretender. Near them a year afterwards the head of Henry Oxburg was spiked on the reeking Bar, presently to have a companion horror in the head of the misguided young Templar, Christopher Sayer. This latter was fixed there on the 18th May, 1723, "and here it remained blackened and weather beaten, till it seemed likely to be 'the oldest inhabitant.'" I quote Mr. Noble, who quotes Mr. Wilson and Mr. Nicholls. "Infancy had advanced into mature manhood," writes the former, "and still that head repulsively looked down from the summit of the arch. It seemed part of the arch itself. Soon, however, it had two neighbours; the times were too much out of joint to let Temple Bar have only a single exhibition. For thirty years the head of Counsellor Sayer remained in its place. One stormy night it blew down into the street. Some authorities say it was exhibited in a public-house, and then buried beneath the floor by Mr. John Pearce, a lawyer, who picked it up; but Dr. Rawlinson, the antiquary, bought it, as he believed, and ordered that it should be buried with him in his right hand at St. Giles's Church, Oxford." The heads of Townley and Fletcher, concerned in the rising of 1745, were spiked upon the Bar in 1746, and remained there until 1772. These were the heads to which Horace Walpole referred when he wrote, "I have been this morning at the Tower (August 16, 1746), and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar, where people make trade of letting spy-glasses at a halfpenny a look."

Is it in memory of these things that we are to preserve Temple Bar? Do the gorgeous pageants which have halted here for civic rites make up for these ghastly memories? Fleet Street can treasure up the prouder incidents; but the existence of Temple Bar is needed to keep alive the horrors with which the locality is associated. It was suggested in a "Report on City Traffic" (1866), by Mr. Haywood, that "Fleet Street should be widened on both sides of the way, from Chancery Lane westward. At Temple Bar a circus should be formed, in the centre of which the Bar might be allowed to remain, thus retaining the ancient entrance to the City without its forming a hindrance to the traffic." Better that it were taken away to some quiet retired place, where one may go and visit it silently, and thank God we did not live in what were called "the good old times."

On highdays and holidays one sees living heads at the windows of Temple Bar. This room, as far back as the early history of the gateway,

has been let to Messrs. Child and Co., the bankers, who have access to it from their bank. The firm was established in the reign of Charles I., by Francis Child, a goldsmith, who married his master's daughter, and thus became rich. Nell Gwynne kept her banking account at Messrs. Child's, and Mr. Timbs has seen among the records of the firm the accounts of the partner Alderman Backwell for the sale of Dunkirk to the French. This is the oldest bank in London. It was originally known by the sign of the Marigold, which is still preserved in the bank. The house occupies the site of the "Devil Tavern," where Ben Jonson, no doubt, used to patronise sweet Will Shakespeare. Like this modern Temple Bar, Child's Bank is eclipsed by a previous building far more notable. "The Devil" was the resort of all the wits and poets of Jonson's time; and here in 1710 dined Dean Swift, Garth, and Addison. It was also the scene of Dr. Johnson's celebration of Mrs. Lennox's first literary child, upon which occasion, in honour of her book, he and the Ivy Lane Club crowned her with laurel and ate a magnificent hot apple-pie stuck with bay leaves, and there were pleasant conversation and drinking until daylight.

There are gates and gates, associations and associations. Temple Bar is a gate by itself, with an exceptional history. If it were even respectable, either as a piece of architecture or as a relic of the past, or in its historical memories, the treatment which it receives in the present day would degrade it to the level of a mere theatrical property. Let us go no farther back than Thanksgiving Day. White-washed, bedaubed with paint, its gates plastered with gold leaf or Dutch metal, it presented a sorry sight. Talk of the days of white-washing churchwardens, Temple Bar, if it have any claim to respect or consideration, presents an exhibition of Vandalism quite equal to anything which antiquarian societies can lay to the account of parochial authorities in the last century. Even Charles Dickens, with all his veneration for old things, could only see Temple Bar in the light of a public nuisance. "The raw afternoon is rawest, and the dense fog is densest, and the muddy streets are muddiest, near that leaden-headed old obstruction, appropriate ornament for the threshold of a leaden-headed old Corporation: Temple Bar."

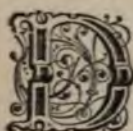
To some of the readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine* it may seem odd that an article against Temple Bar should find a place in these pages. *John Bull*, for example, will probably shake his stupid old head and mumble a dull protest. Last month he objected to the *Gentleman's* because SYLVANUS URBAN does not devote himself to antiquities. Fiction, he thinks, is a desecration to this magazine.

Would he limit the *Gentleman's* circulation to his own small circle? Six years ago, when the *Gentleman's Magazine* was somewhat influenced by opinions such as that of *John Bull*, seven or eight hundred gentlemen bought it, and read it no doubt. When the present editor, acting on the true principles of its founder, adapted it to the spirit of the age, ten thousand ladies and gentlemen subscribed for it, and endorsed the new management. Let *John Bull* take that lesson to heart. No wonder the Conservative party is always out of office, when we remember that *John Bull* is its chief weekly guide, philosopher, and friend. Happily the age still gets on and passes the descendants of Solomon Gills; and it will get beyond *John Bull* and Temple Bar, as it gets beyond the possibility of such an incident as that depicted in the famous picture of "De Foe in the Pillory," with Temple Bar standing by in all its glory, and wondering, no doubt, when the mild face with its firm eloquent mouth would be presented to it pale and bloody, for more permanent exhibition than that afforded by the pillory. Yes, sweep it away, this crumbling impostor, and let the great tide of human progress flow on. Even if the remains of that once famous paper, *John Bull*, be overwhelmed in the flood of modern thought and sentiment, the world will suffer no loss. The political party which my contemporary affects to represent would be gainers by the event.

A VOICE FROM POLAND.

OSTROLENKA.

BY THE EARL OF RAVENSWORTH.



Dark shadows as of coming rain
Obscured the close of day,
When stretched before my view the plain
Of Ostrolenka lay.

Seemed that the light of Poland's star,
Her day of hopes and fears,
That once had flung its radiance far,
Was setting now in tears.

But clear and calm the stream pursued
Its course towards the sea,
Late with the noblest blood imbrued
Of Poland's chivalry.

So time rolls onward still, and bears
Along its ceaseless flow
The annals of revolving years,
Their deeds of crime and woe.

As on I went, a fabric proud,
A pyramid of stone,
Marked where the Scythian's arméd crowd
Stood when the strife was done :

Marked where the soldier with his horse
Slept in a trophied grave,
Fought his last fight, and ran the course
Of each imperial slave.

And thus, I thought, on Shinar's plain
The tower presumptuous rose,
When God dispersed its builders vain,
Denouncing them His foes.

Scattered about o'er mound and fosse,
In perishable wood,
Emblem of faith, the lowly cross,
A frail memorial stood.

As if the Czar's colossal power
Had set his token *here*,
And Poland, in her dying hour,
Had fled for refuge *there*.

For there, they said, the martyred Pole
Fell on his native sod,
And gave for Freedom's sake his soul
A sacrifice to God :

Thought, as his life-blood trickled forth,
Of Sobieski's fame,
When champions of the hardy north
Saved Christendom from shame :

Thought of his own despairing land
When Kosciusko fell,
What time the fierce barbarian's band
Stormed Praga's citadel :

And breathed a thankful prayer that he
Had burst a tyrant's chain,
And fought and died a patriot free
On Ostrolenka's plain.

MY OWN ROOM.

A REVERIE IN TWO PARTS.

BY THE REV. J. GORLE.

PART I.



ONE hundred and fifty years have passed away since the *Spectator* observed that "a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author." "Old times are changed." People in the present age of railroads and telegraphs tarry not to make inquiries about the *res domi* of authors and authorlings. The reader of this will care right little whether I be a blackhaired, ruddy youth, apt to "indite sonnets to my mistress's eyebrow," or a decent burgher with wife and children, "fat, fair, and forty,"* whether I be a dashing officer with "an eye like Mars to threaten and command," or a studious bookworm poring through spectacles on "the lines and the letters black." Be it so; I wish well to my friend, unknowing and unknown.

Be it so. And yet human nature in this, as in a million other instances, is strangely apt to retain a longing for the very thing which it professes to regard with much magnanimous indifference. So does the shy schoolboy refuse a third cheesecake proffered to him by some good-natured old-maiden hostess, when (to use the phrase of a worthy spinster who bestowed many a cheesecake on me), while he says "No, thank you," he wishes "No, thank you" hanged; so does the blushing damsel beg her soft-nonsense-pourer "not to talk so," when yet, were he to cease to talk so, her cheek perchance would redden fully as much from a far different and far less agreeable feeling. So did Cæsar refuse the crown which his fingers itched to grasp; and so, we doubt not, even the bishop-elect, on uttering his *nolo episcopari* (we assume the correctness of the popular belief in the usage of such

* N.B. Apply these epithets in such supposed case to myself, or, at least, to my wife; least of all to my offspring, thereby erroneously taking "forty" to agree (as the grammarians say) with "children" instead of "years."

a formula), would look rather blank were he to be *literally* taken at his word, and sent back mitreless and *crozierless* to the lowlier duties of the presbyteral station. And even so I myself, though so calmly professing to acquiesce in my reader's indifference as to the "what" and "where" and "how" of my personal existence, have a secret wish for his sympathy and good opinion, even independently of the consideration that if I should fail to interest him in my favour he may cease to read on, and may leave the rest of the pages of this article uncut—how greatly to my disparagement and future detriment as regards my relations with the editor, should he chance to discover the fact, it were needless to mention.

Know, then, "O reader, if that thou canst read!" (and be assured that I address to thee this well-known line with reference to thy power of endurance, not thy extent of scholarship), that I am a bachelor. A good-natured friend has obligingly informed me that the young ladies are in the habit of calling me an old bachelor, but by this additional epithet I, as saith the Black Knight in *Ivanhoe* concerning his *soubriquet* of "sluggard," "am no way ambitious to be distinguished." I must, however, acknowledge that I am a great-uncle; still it should be remembered that nieces may be older than their uncles, and that my niece's eldest child is but six years old. And, after all, I think it is a somewhat hard case that one is compelled *volens volens* to take up one's title of uncle or great-uncle. If a man chooses to "achieve greatness" by entering into the holy estate of matrimony, he has of course no right to complain on being made father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and so on, as the case may be, in lineal succession—or supercession, as I ought, perhaps, rather to call it. But for a man to "have greatness thrust upon him" in being called up to the house of elders by the style of uncle, with chance of promotion to that of great-uncle (to say nothing of the possibility of even a further step), without his own consent, without trial either by jury or court-martial, does seem a grievance from which the bachelors of this free and enlightened nation ought to take some measures for obtaining relief. However, "things must be as they must—*pauca verba.*" Be it so, I say once more.

The human mind—start not, dear reader, nothing *transcendental* is coming—is a very odd sort of thing. Without framing one single paragraph of essay on the complexities and perplexities of metaphysics, which I do not understand—(does anybody?*)—I would but observe that it is "wonderful to view" how the said human mind can indulge

* Pshaw! how can a *lody* understand anything?—*Metaphysical Critic.*

in gaiety, nay, even in levity of expression, when it is serious, *yea sad*, to its very core. I have often been much affected at the contrast between two letters of H. Kirke White, dated on the same day, about a fortnight before his death : the one written in a vein of kind-hearted, playful banter on the difference between the matrimonial views of himself and of his correspondent; the other, which doubtless shows the tone of his mind at the time—grave, solemn, mournful—on the state of his spiritual concerns, and his progress in religion. Various reasons in various cases may exist for this discrepancy between the complexion of a man's thoughts and that of his words; the fact, however, is one of familiar occurrence; and no commentator who remembers this need be puzzled to excuse Shakespeare for suffering Hamlet to talk of his father's ghost as "this fellow in the cellarage," while his heart at the same time is full, well-nigh to bursting, of grief and indignation, and revenge. Hamlet, perchance, was wrong, but Shakespeare was right. "But whither am I strayed?" I was only going to say that though I had begun this article in so trifling a strain, I yet am by no means at present a member of the gay crew of Mirth, with

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.

Retired from the active business of life, I cannot help experiencing some of the feeling of melancholy as well as of satisfaction which is apt to come upon him who makes the boast "*Inveni portum : spes et fortuna valet!*" If no longer exposed to the hardships of my earlier days, nor harassed with the trials of my past years of labour and vexation, I yet must needs perceive that I am no longer enlivened with the fairy dreams of buoyant youth, nor nerved with the vigorous resolution of meridian manhood. Still, however, I will be cheerful in this my "peaceful hermitage"—the neat and quiet parsonage of a country parish—where, if not altogether "the world forgetting," yet assuredly "by the world forgot," I sojourn beneath the roof of the scholarly and amiable curate, the husband of my niece, and the son of the college friend of my youth. My old friend, little did I think when we so jocundly rowed on the Cam (for we were rowing though not *rowing* men—I know not how to distinguish the terms in spelling, but the *vivâ voce* difference between "row" that rhymeth to "know" and "*row*" that rhymeth to "now" is familiar to Cantabs', and indeed to most people's ears), or when we so heartily crammed in hall, or so studiously *crammed* (after another sort) for the Senate House—little, indeed, did I think that he and that I should be driven so diversely about "the cold, rude world," so far from academic bowers

and pursuits ; still less, that though we should meet no more in after life, yet was I to find with his son the shelter and solace of my declining days ! Yes, I will still be cheerful, even though my frail bark has lately well-nigh foundered in port—though, to drop metaphor, I am but just recovering from a tedious and dangerous sickness, and but just again enabled to gaze from the window of my sitting-room on the sturdy trunks and verdant foliage of the forest of oaks which clothes yonder opposite slope, and seems to rejoice in its strength and its beauty beneath the beams of the summer sun.

To me

High mountains are a feeling,

says Byron, in phraseology more poetically concise than logically correct ; but what of that ? England is a free country, and the English is a free language, and can allow many liberties without being much the worse for it—I, for my own part, would so speak of deep forests, for to me there is something inexpressibly enchanting in “the umbrageous multitude of leaves,” and the many sights and sounds which delight the observant stroller in the sylvan shades—the sunlight on some open patch of greensward, contrasted with the “brown horror” of the encircling trees—the vista through which you catch a far-off glimpse of the open country—the picturesque hut of green fir-branches which shelters the sawyers during their dinner hour—the little dark and lonely pool environed with an army of rushes and flags and sedges, drawn up I know not how many lines deep—the glancing of the golden-crested wren’s glittering top-knot, as in one of his nimble movements about the trunk of the old oak it encounters a stray sunbeam—the troops of huge ants travelling with an immensity of bustle and luggage to and fro, importing their corn duty-free, as indeed they did even in the days of protection, and exporting no manufactures in return—the scream of that gaily-dressed chatterer, the jay—the “melancholy murmur” of the wood pigeon—the stealthy walk of a fox crossing your path, and perchance suggesting to a poet with his eye in a fine frenzy rolling, or to a bewildered cockney (pardon me such association, “genus irritabile vatum !”) with an eye unaccustomed to draw from the life, the idea of a wolf or a *hoolf* respectively—all these things, and countless things like these, make me a haunter (and my experience touching them might qualify me, if I had but political interest in high quarters, for a Commissioner) of Woods and Forests.

But all these have for some time been to me joys (if in such case they may be called joys) of memory, and perhaps, indeed, of not very sanguine anticipation. Now, however, that I actually see from my

window those old familiar trees, I do almost hear the present rustle of the leaves and song of the birds, do actually think that I shall again visit those verdant alleys which I well-nigh believed I had visited for the last time. And if I be permitted so to do, yet one time must be the last; but why sadden this sunny hour with such sombre thoughts? No, rather let me now taste, in the slow walk in the sheltered garden to which the supporting arm of my kind young friend invites me, the delight which Gray has so exquisitely depicted:—

See the wretch who long has toss'd
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again:
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.

Perhaps, by the bye, many an admirer of these lines may be ignorant of the original of which they are an imitation:—

Sans doute que le Dieu, qui nous rend l'existence,
A l'heureuse convalescence
Pour de nouveaux plaisirs donne de nouveaux sens;
Les plus simples objets, le chant d'une fauvette,
Le matin d'un beau jour, la verdure des bois,
La fraîcheur d'une violette,
Mille spectacles, qu'autrefois
On voyoit avec nonchalance,
Transportent aujourd'hui, présentent des appas
Inconnus à l'indifférence,
Et que la foule ne voit pas.

“Gresset was in early life a Jesuit, and the author of a poem called ‘Vert-Vert,’ which, making a great sensation, was the cause of his quitting the Society. He died 1777. The stanza above quoted is contained in an epistle to his sister, and is acknowledged by Gray himself to have been the foundation of his fragment.”—*British Critic* for July, 1830: review of the “Bishop of London’s Sermons.” Whether one fully agrees or not in the Bishop’s opinion that “the beautiful lines of Gresset are but feebly imitated by Gray,” one cannot help regretting, with the reviewer, that Gray’s stanza loses much in the comparison by the pious thought introduced by the Frenchman at the commencement of his. But the reader, perhaps, thinks that he has had enough of this digression, though I will not be so vain as to suppose he longs to turn from Gray and Gresset in order to hear me “babble of green fields” myself.

Lovely, Oh, how lovely! has been to me the sight of out-of-door nature, and how difficult is it for me to refrain from bestowing all my tediousness of description in gilding refined gold and painting the lily! To behold the whole glorious canopy of heaven spread out in azure circuit, instead of that little parallelogram of sky or cloud which I saw week after week through my window as I lay on my uneasy bed—to see real trees in uncounted and countless variety waving in the breeze, instead of the figured ones depicted on my chintz bed-curtains, with whose every unmoving branch and unchanging leaf my weary eye was but too familiar—but enough: the reader may see skies and trees for himself. Not, however, for himself may he see such “pictured life” as is displayed on those chintz curtains; for my bed, *well-seasoned* in a sense unknown to upholsterers and auctioneers, puts forth far greater pretensions to attract the gaze and employ the fancy than even the rose-coloured and white drapery so highly lauded by the ingenious author of the “Voyage autour de ma chambre.” For on its curtains stand depicted “all seasons and their change”—no, not their change, for they neither “roll” nor “change;” they stand, “quarterly,” as the heralds call it, in a square array of pattern, repeated oft, “another, yet the same.” Not from Thomson’s “Seasons,” nor from Bloomfield’s “Farmer’s Boy,” nor yet from Ovid’s “Stabat ver,” &c., in the description of the Solar Palace, are these seasons taken. Spring displays a pair of lovers seated on a bank with a lamb at their feet. The gentleman is adorning the lady’s hair with flowers with one hand, while with the other he points, using the well-established gesture proper to such colloquy, to the supposed site of that important viscus, “the left-side weight,” or, as we say in plain English, the heart, which he is evidently offering for the acceptance of the coy but not frowning damsel, who listens nothing loth to his “pleaded reason” (or unreason, as the case may be). The pet lamb lies *jauntily* among “his flowery food,” with an archness of attitude, at least an archness of leg, which I never saw in living lamb in these degenerate days; the blue sky gives him no ominous vision of the blue-fröcked butcher; and in happy ignorance of the existence of mint-sauce he gazes with hopeful appetite on the turf, and is at peace with all the herbs of the field. He, indeed, is but attired in a simple garment of fleecy hosiery, differing nought in material or arrangement from the last “spring fashions” for the bleating flock. But the human pair! How quaint a dress for a wooing swain appears that huge and many-buttoned coat, that waistcoat descending far below the waist with its deep pockets and bordered flaps, those breeches—yet surely it had been pity to

have hidden those *two* "manly legs" (we shrewdly suspect, by the bye, that the King of Spades literally "puts his best foot foremost," and that the limb concealed behind his "many-coloured robe" is not a match for the one so ostentatiously "put forth")—it had been pity, I say, to have hidden their goodly calves under the distinction-levelling cover of flowing trousers. And then the lady of his love!—with her hair all drawn back as though she were anxious to display every individual point of her forehead for phrenological examination—with those formidable stays "in linked" tightness "long drawn out" (it is to be hoped they will not squeeze her heart too closely to leave room for love, to say nothing of the more purely physical functions of lungs and liver and "the rest"), with her high-heeled shoes so queerly disguising the feet that "like little mice peep in and out" (to use a simile which has actually been applied to such a subject) at the ample verge of that wide-spreading petticoat! Yet, doubtless, human breasts have been stirred with human passions as strongly beneath such cumbrous baggy waistcoats and such uncouth stay-armour as now beneath the lightest vest or most classical cincture. How easily might I here fall into a long train of reflections on the lapse of time, the mortality of man, the perpetual change of actors in the still proceeding tragi-comedy of human life! And truly the sketcher of this scene seems to have wished to call up such reflections. A rose-bush displays its profusion of vernal buds and blossoms, "all redolent of joy and youth," on one side of the enamoured pair; on the other is a row of funereal cypresses; and full, also, in the lovers' sight, though their sight is otherwise employed, stands a monumental urn, containing, we may fancy, the dust and ashes of a heart that in its day of life throbbed with love and beat high with hope. Did, then, the same thought occur to this obscure and unknown designer which Poussin has so beautifully embodied? I refer to that picture wherein he has with such touching effect "dashed the mirth" of a youthful group of Arcadian swains and damsels by the *memento mori* of a tomb with the simple inscription, "Atque in Arcadia ego": "I, too, in Arcadia"; "I, too, shared in the rural toils and rural sports of this paradise of Pan." But "Up, up!—turn back into life!" withdraw we the lingering eye of saddened fancy from the sepulchral urn

Whence these words their stricken spirits melt,
"I, too, shepherds, in Arcadia dwelt!"

For it is high time for me to "change my hand;" nor must I expatiate thus on the remaining three numbers of this magazine of the seasons. I may but hint at the progress of affairs through

summer, when the lovers are sauntering along in a sort of Gemini-like attitude, each, however, having a hand disengaged, he for the scythe, she for the rake, though they are evidently mere amateurs (in more senses than one), and not earning sixpence a day; and through autumn—when, by way of a “gift for his fair,” he is stripping down a vine of interminable length from the “husband elm,” and half-covering her with the loaded festoons, so minatory of anti-tee-totalism—to winter, when the maiden sits on the trunk of a felled tree (thick and warm be her petticoats!) “like Patience on a monument,” smiling at her devoted swain, who is giving a specimen of his skill and grace in skating, a perfect Dutch Apollo Belvidere; while far away in the distance beyond the icy stage whereon this calisthenic melodrama is being performed, to the evident delight of the sole spectatress, stands a nondescript building, which, if I might, I would fain take for a church, the destined scene of the approaching nuptials; though assuredly the tower, which greatly resembles a gigantic candle tipped with a dumpy extinguisher, savours not much of legitimate ecclesiastical architecture. So, wishing “the single married, and the married happy,” through many a long year, I end my notice of this *Annus Mirabilis*.

PART II.

ANOTHER day. Bulletin: Passed a good night, and feel decidedly better. Now, then, for another saunter, and another inhalation of out-of-door air, that harmless laughing-gas, that “cheers but not inebriates.” But O the rain! the rain! To-day is not Thursday, yet truly is it “dies Jovis,” for “Jupiter Pluvius” has claimed it for his own, and the whole lowering concave of heaven is as one immense colander, bored with millions of holes (never mind the natural philosophy of the thing), and pouring through every individual hole an endless string of watery beads. Let the able-bodied forces, who have the battle of life to fight, arm themselves with their umbrellas, and go forth; but I, who am invalided, will keep my quarters; or, to speak in style more suited to a sick civilian, will be (for to-day at least) an in-patient. But let me be glad that I can use my eyes and hands, and that I am not quite unequal to the delights of a *rummage*, which my kind friend invites me to make among his parish registers, those “short and simple annals,” where—

To be born and die
Of rich and poor makes up the history.

Forgive me, good-natured fair ones! old bachelor that I am, I had forgotten for a moment that important middle, marriage, between the two ends; that other third of the three-twisted yarn of which these parochial records (awkward metaphor!) are spun. Forgive me—I, as greater criminals are wont to say, am more to be pitied than blamed—and come with me into the parson's study, to the opening of the iron chest, wherein are kept the registers of the baptisms, marriages, and burials in the parish of S—, from the year 1552 to this very day. Pithy volumes these, written "with no view to publication," pregnant with hints for how many never-to-be-published biographies! This set is complete, but very far from uniform. Great indeed is the contrast between the old brown-leather-covered thin volume of the sixteenth century and the drawing-room-table-suiting marriage registers of the last pattern, with their green binding and gilt lettering. But the parchment inside of the old book perhaps bids fair for longer duration than the paper ditto of the new ones—aye, even from this date, though the ancient article has had the wear and tear of three centuries. Be that as it may, the new coats of these sprucely-attired volumes will be old enough ere their pages are filled, unless some wondrous change take place in the circumstances of this secluded and not numerously peopled parish. At the present rate they will be filled in about three hundred years—a pleasing prospect this of longevity for the issuer of an official circular which was shown to me by my clerical friend as no bad illustration of the poet's adage, "All men think all men mortal but themselves." In this circular from the Registrar-General, which accompanied, I think, these volumes on their arrival, the clergy were apprised that when the marriage register books were filled timely notice was to be given to *him*, when a further supply would be required. Bethinking himself, however, that "in some parishes it will be very long before any further supply will be required," he requests that this letter may be kept with the register books, in order that it may be consigned with them to the successor of the present officiating minister. Not a hint, however, about *his own* successor; though my friend amused me by remarking that his clerical predecessor had full truly observed, on the receipt of this communication, "My official correspondent has, I opine, right little chance—'whatsoever king shall reign,' or whatsoever Ministry shall be in office—of being the recipient of any application for new marriage register books for the parish of S—, in the year 21—."

Shall I, or shall I not, say any more of these registers? Perhaps I shall only be called an old twaddler for my pains; and yet some

might thank me for a few extracts which might throw a spark of light here and there on the way in which matters were managed in "other days;" at any rate I will charge the reader no fee for making the transcripts.

REGISTER BOOK No. I.

In the yeare of o^r Lorde 1563 I find neither Christeninge, Weddinge, nor buriall, in the olde paper booke for w^{ch} cause I onytt the page followinge.—W.B.

It appears from a statement in Latin^s prefixed to this book (No. 1) that the earlier part of the present parchment volume was transcribed from an older book, which we see was of paper. We moderns have but returned to "the olde paper booke" after all.

Here note that those names which have bene Registered from the yeare of o^r Lorde 1571 unto the fyrste daye of Januarie 1574: the yeare was begone XXVth of Marche and from henceforthe yt is to be [[?] computed] from the fyrste of Januarie. Willm Osborne.

1598. Buried was a poore woman called old nell the XXIth daye of Januarie.

Buried was Sara the maide of Willm Boulde the 23 daye of September, 1604.

Buried was Willm Morrise dyeinge att Matthew Beale's the 7th of October, 1604.

Buried was Margerie Boulde the wyfe of Willm Boulde the 25 daye of October, 1604.

Married were John Adrian and Elizabeth Davies privately: in house as it is reported the 16 daye of Februarie: 1606.

The art of "reporting" has made great strides since 1606, yet "our reporter" would hardly be able nowadays to "put upon the register" a mere "report" of such a "pretty considerably queer" special-licence proceeding as that so obligingly here recorded.

Buried was a poore Cripple woman a stranger the 13 daye of October, 1612.

These are to certifie those yt may make sirc for names, Christenings, Weddinges, or Burialls, Registered in ye yeare of o^r Lord God 1638 cannot be made good by reason of ye late consumeing warres in Englande, whom God p^lserve from the like any more with vs.

Buried was Old Leonard came from C. the 16th of March, 1647.

These are to certifie those y^t may make sirc for names, Christenings, Weddinges, or Burialles, in S. Register Book in ye yeares of o^r Lord God 1651 & 1652, that you find here omitted (for the major parte) by reason of y^e late consumeing inward Warres here in England whome God deliver us from the like for

* Drawn up by the schoolmaster (there were schoolmasters in those days) of an adjoining country parish. He describes the entries as being "Nomina eorum . . . qui . . . aut Baptismatis aqua abluti, aut Matrimonio copulati, aut Ecclesiasticæ Sepulture beneficio affecti fuerunt," &c., and appends at the bottom of the page this notice of himself:—"Gulielmo Billingsleyo Y-ensi Ludimagistro lujus libri Scriptore. Anno Dni. 1599.—W.B. (With a ludicrously-elaborate flourish between the initials.)

ever, Amen. for this reason I omit y^e residue of this page.* Thomas Dunton junior de S.

The Act of Parliament for buryinge in Woollen taketh date the first of August, Anno Domini 1678.

This is the Act (patriotically intended for the encouragement of the woollen trade) which called forth the indignation of the satirist's Narcissa :—

“Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke!”

Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke;

“No; let a charming chintz and Brussels lace

Wrap my pale limbs, and shroud my lifeless face;

One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead;

And, Betty, give this cheek a little red.”

Most of the burial entries for the following three or four years contain an attestation that the Act had been complied with; *ex gr.* :—

1689. Ruth the Wife of Ralph Stanley bur. Oct 22th certified by Affidavit according to Act of Parliam^t for burying in Woollen.

I have not the Act to refer to; but I believe the “collective wisdom” of our ancestors allowed toleration “for a consideration” to Narcissite Nonconformists. From the Register of Compton Winyates, Warwickshire (see Howitt's “Visits to Remarkable Places” for an interesting account of an ancient mansion at Compton Winyates, belonging to the Marquis of Northampton) I find that I have transcribed the following entry and note :—

1719. R^t Hon^{le} Mary Countess of Northampton was buried Aug: 29th. Rec^d £02 10s. for the poor according to the Act of Parl^t for being buried in other than sheep's wool.

The same memorandum occurs in connection with the burials of other members of the same family.

Buried was a Boy that came with a Pass y^e 31st December 1683.

Poor boy! a mother's heart, perchance, long yearned afar off for thy coming—in vain. Thy pass was no further current; “siste viator” was endorsed upon it at S.!

REGISTER BOOK NO. II.

1709. Aug. 11. Married were Thomas Sore and Sarah Bates of this Parish, at W. O.

My clerical friend of the present day would hardly vouch for what

* *Medicaster quidam ineptus, hujus Parochiæ Ædilis, qui altum sapiens multum desipuit.**

* This Latin character (probably drawn by the contemporary minister) is not very flattering to our patriotic friend, who, if he knew no more about the composition of medicines than about the composition of English prose, was indeed no better than a “medicaster.”

took place, "Iliacos extra muros," beyond the bounds of his own parish.

1724. Aprilis 14^o. Sepulta fuit Agnes Uxor amantissima juxta atq. Dilectissima Jonathanis Carpenter, Eccl. S—ianæ Curati.

"Curator" one would suppose were more correct as to Latinity. The "curatus" afterwards became rector, when he had again the misfortune to lose a wife—but the entry on this occasion is in English.

1733. July y^e 25th. Buried was Mrs. Sarah Carpenter, wife of the Reverend Mr. Carpenter of this Parish.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn ;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn ;
A judge is just, a Chanc'llor juster still ;
A gownman learn'd ; a Bishop, what you will ;

says "Essaying" Pope ; and therefore may we well believe that the worthy Jonathan Carpenter—a curate, learned—a rector, what you will—could have soared to Greek in the second of these two entries, had he so chosen, instead of modestly descending to "the vulgar tongue."

1737. July 26. Buried was Edward Gosling of Newport in Shropshire, accidentally Drowned by Bathing in a Marl Pit in B— Parish.

The present character of our registers is stiffer and more *official*; and marginal notes of this kind are usually confined to tombstones.

1740. August 11. Buried was Mary Allen Widdow She was maintained by the Charity of her Sons for several years—Aged 83 years.

Such are the entries which I have here jotted down, hoping they may interest some readers ; and with the same hope I will add a few extracts from a secular book, which lies with its ecclesiastical kindred in the same repository :—

The Accompt Book of Tho: Dunton elected Parish Bayliffe June the 27th, Anno Dom. 1696.

for making a Sawpitt at Tilecross Greene o 1 o.

Two or three items follow relating to this unlucky sawpitt, which was not destined to remain as a "monumentum ære perennius" of the skill of the "mute inglorious" Telfords and Brunels of "our village," for quickly succeeds the notice:—

p^d Tho. Radford for filling up the Sawpitt by reason it slipped in by the quick spring there, o 1 o

Itm. I p^d old John Bold for repaireing the way at Eastall bridge, o 2 o.

This Eastall bridge was, in the days when T. Dunton "flourished,"

a continual source of expense to the parish. These and the like items are frequent:—

p^d John Bold ju^r for looking to the Raile in ffloods at Eastall Bridge, o 1 o.

p^d John Bold for putting downe a Posst at Eastall Bridge w^{ch} was pulled downe by some Waggoner, o o 2.

p^d John Bold for tending the Raile at Eastall Birge (*sic, passim*) in time of ffloods, being due at Ester 1705, o 1 o.

Now, however, John Bold's "occupation's gone," even as he himself: Eastall Bridge is fenced with substantial brick walls, and needs no care "in time of floods."

Itm. I p^d Tho. Kerby for four dayes work, o 4 o.

Itm. p^d for my owne Diner for 4 dayes, o o 8.

These appear, according to numerous entries, to be the average rates of payment at that time for "work" and for "Diners."

Itm. p^d Mrs. Chattock for a hollow-Tree loading and bringing into the Radlymore, o 8 4.

Itm. for my Attendance and labour——

The worthy Dunton leaves the amount *nil*. The same sort of ultra-anti-sinecure entry of work without pay occurs several times.* Yet even he, like patriots on a larger scale, could not always escape censure. A charge which he *did* make on one occasion called forth a smart opposition in the rural parliament, though certainly he thereupon did what many patriots would not have done—gave up the "tetterima belli causa," the remuneration in dispute: witness the following pithy

Mem. My neighbour Ralph Cook cavelled against my chargeing the using & abuseing y^e particular Utinsells or Tools &c. y^t were really my owne used about the repaires of Radford old House when I was with a mutuall Consent employed to take care of all that worke, nay I worked erly and late my selfe as tho' it had been my owne buisness. When o^r Rt. Hon^{ble} W Lord D. read y^e particulars, Cooks Choller began, but, had he bene to repaire the same, he & all the rest in y^t End could scarsly furnished all those Workmen there employed to carry on such old work. However, I dashed out 15s. as may be seene when I am dead, and out of Cook's way. Tho: Dunton P— Baily.

On the opposite page accordingly the account of 15s. charged for "carrage wth ye use of ladders," &c., &c., appears "dashed out;" and there is also an indicative, or *vindicative*, scratch of a finger nail

* Nor does he fail to mark the zealous care with which he attended to the oversight of parochial labours; on one occasion, for example, "giveing dilligent attendance at y^e Cossway casting up at Platt-Bridge ofttimes in moyer up to y^e middle Legg."

(whether a *primâ manu* I cannot decide) drawn under the obnoxious figures 15.

The "Baily" is dust,
And his "pen" is rust;

Or would be had he written with a steel "utinsell" of that kind : and he and Ralph Cook are long ago out of each other's way ; or shall we rather say we hope they are both gone one way, even the right way, and a way by which there is no "falling out."

Itm p ^d for Ale and Tobacco for y ^e workmen beinge	
in y ^e cōld water and mudd - - - - -	o 2 6
p ^d W ^m Showell for 6 dayes getting Gravel in the	
Radleymore when he complained he had no	
worke to goe to then - - - - -	o 4 o
& allowed him for Beer - - - - -	o o 6
p ^d back out of W ^m Showell's Rent, he making	
great complaint - - - - -	o o 6

Touching simplicity on the part of the historian ! Splendid munificence towards thee, O Wm. Showell ! who wert, I fear (see the last copied entry before this), much given to "making complaint !" Canning's "Friend of Humanity," with his "I give thee sixpence ! I'll see thee — first !" was "made of sterner stuff" than our Parish Baily. The quantum of relief, however, after all, puts one marvellously in mind of the largeness of the boon once conferred on the agricultural interest by the Legislature, when they took off the tax on shepherds' dogs.

1701. May y ^e 27 th . Spent by consent of severall in	
a very Rainey day at Tile cross when wee walked	
y ^e Bounds of S — Parish - - - - -	o 6 o

O dear departed Dunton and "severall" ! how plainly "in my mind's eye" do I behold your "consenting" band ! Having been perchance "oft times in *moyer* up to the middle legg," they halt before the door of the little inn. Shall they turn in to "tarry here awhile," and wet the inside with ale even as the outside is wet with water ? "Cut a tale with a drink !" The Ayes have it—the supplies are voted—and the Noes, if such there be (the "severall" leaves possible doubt of the unanimity of the proceedings), the Joey Humes, tramp on, saving the "tottle" of their pocket money, and getting the "tottle" of the rain. Alas ! "and is old Double" (Dunton, I should say) "dead ?" And am I on this "rainey" —th of — amusing myself with conjuring up a mental "Teniers" from his pen-and-ink sketch of the festivity at Tile Cross on that "rainey" 27th of May,

now long, long ago gathered to "the years before the flood"?
 "Eheu! fugaces," &c.

ffor writing Richard and his Brother's Indentures - 0 6 0

p^d for two Bibles for those 2 Apprentices - - - 0 5 6

Honour be to those who thought of Gospel as well as of Law when providing for the training up of children in the way wherein they should go!

p^d for 44 Kidds w^{ch} were buried at W^m Roggeres lane and elsewhere in very dangerous wayes y^e charge - 0 3 6.

Lest the non-provincial reader should be puzzled to understand what these said "kidds" were, and should fancy that the burial of them in cross-roads might possibly be a lingering trace of some unknown pagan rite practised to propitiate "Diana Trivia," be it known to him that "kidds" are much the same with faggots.

. . . by Order at y^e Parish meeting the expences with some Ale allowed to some neighbours at a Love Spinning for Edward Bragge was - 0 8 0.

What *agapai* were these? The Virgilian injunction touching a *Love Spinning*, "Veneris, dic, vincula necto," throws no light on this parochial mystery.

ffor one Strick (bushel) of Mallt to make y^e Workmen Small Bear on at - 0 3 0.
 Mem. 3 Gallons of Wheat to make every one of the Workmen a cake at y^e [?]
 of the Oven at late Radford's house - - - - (No sum set down.)

The like of these notes of last century and upwards will probably never be written again. I may therefore be pardoned for trying to rescue from oblivion such "trivial fond records."* And now in with the books, and

Shut, shut the "lid," good "friend;"

for the clouds, like schoolboys in the middle of December, are about to break up, and I will yet try to take two or three quarter-deck turns on the gravel-walk ere I return to My Own Room.

* With the exception of the omission of the precise dates of some of the latter items, and the occasional substitution of initials for proper names, the above extracts are faithfully copied from the original books by the writer of this article; who, however, begs "the ingenious reader" not to consider his paper as autobiographical.

TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

IT needs the exertion of moral courage to write a word in defence of alcohol. I am not about to excuse intemperance, and I am ready to say Amen to the curses of teetotallers on drunkenness. But neither the cause of temperance nor any other cause is helped by fanatical exaggeration. I have read with mingled surprise and pain the letter addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury by Sir Henry Thompson—pain that an eminent surgeon should make strong statements, unsupported by any evidence. It is true, Sir Henry says, that in his own experience he has found the daily moderate use of alcoholic beverages produce some of the worst diseases the physician has to deal with; and if he had stopped there I should not have noticed his communication. But he proceeds to denounce the moderate use of alcohol as a custom that deteriorates the man both physically and mentally, and he plainly intimates that we must become a nation of teetotallers, or else the nation will be ruined. What are the known facts? The total abstainers do not enjoy a monopoly of longevity, and those who have attained to extreme old age were not teetotallers. The Empire in which we glory was won by our forefathers, who certainly were not total abstainers. Our literary luminaries and our scientific worthies were not and are not teetotallers. Mr. George Cruikshank is the most eminent living teetotaller, and his best contributions to art were executed before he abjured the use of alcohol. It is not necessary for me to contend that the moderate use of alcohol is beneficent, but it is manifest that the sweeping condemnation of Sir Henry Thompson is unwarranted, and, as a friend to the cause of temperance, I protest against an intemperate denunciation which will not influence moderate drinkers, but will induce drunkards to sneer at and deride the just condemnation of the abuse of alcohol.

MR. WILLS has given to the world another original play, "Eugene Aram," remarkable, however, more for the wonderful acting of Henry Irving, and the charming scenery of Mr. Bateman's artists, than for dramatic genius. Mr. Wills's explanation that he is indebted neither to Lord Lytton nor to Tom Hood, but only to tradition, implies an

affectation of wisdom and superiority on the author's part with which I should have been the last to credit him. Moreover, the result is not satisfactory from an historical point of view, and it would therefore have been best not to invite controversy on this point. The piece is well written; it is a poem, full of tenderness and power; but it is no more a drama in the highest sense than is "Charles I." To say that it is an advance on contemporary works is to say little when one looks around for comparisons; to name it with the pieces of the great masters is equally a mistake; it is simply a reading for Mr. Irving, and from that point of view it answers the purpose fully and well. Miss Isabel Bateman, too, is provided with a strong part, and she plays with a nice sympathetic grace that entitles her to critical recognition and applause; but Henry Irving has eclipsed himself in this consummation of his former readings of "Eugene Aram." He has stepped to the front, the leading actor of our time, our most consummate artist since the brilliant days of Garrick. If there was any doubt before about Mr. Irving's capacity for the great legitimate parts of the old English drama, there is doubt no longer; and I hope in due course that Mr. Bateman will give us an opportunity of seeing his great leader in a round of known characters, commencing with Hamlet, for which part he is endowed with the rarest and most special gifts.

IN his "Norfolk Garland," recently published, Mr. John Glyde has made a curious collection of spells, wonderful beliefs, and practices of divination, relating to courtship and marriage, which have prevailed in the county of Norfolk. The "dumb cake" is a concoction of salt, wheatmeal, and barleymeal, made and baked by a maiden in dead silence a little before midnight, in the belief that exactly at twelve o'clock her future husband will enter the house and turn the cake. It is sometimes a matter of wonder how superstitious practices survive the, necessarily, almost invariable and inevitable failure which must overtake them, but it is not difficult to imagine the preservation of some of these courtship enchantments through acts of half unconscious collusion. In the old days, when practices of this kind were common, I have no doubt that the swain would occasionally appear at twelve o'clock and turn the cake. Unassisted imagination is, however, quite powerful enough to account for the continuance of faith in the spell when it was worked in the following form. The maiden, having baked her cake, would divide it into three parts, eat the half of each, place the remaining portions under her pillow, and

exactly at midnight go upstairs backwards and jump into bed in silence, expecting thereupon to see, not the future husband himself, I am glad to say, but a vision of him ; and it must be a sluggish fancy that, by the aid of a genuine confidence in the charm, cannot conjure up in the dark something which may be interpreted as the presentment of a lover. Most of the love spells contain within them some element calculated to produce their real or apparent verification. A young woman eats an egg-shell full of salt before going to bed in the expectation that her future husband will bring her a cup of drink in the night. Wedding-cake drawn through a ring and laid under the pillow makes the love-sick maid dream of her sweetheart. The maiden who, in the process of shelling green-peas, finds a pod containing nine berries, lays it on the lintel of the kitchen door, and the first single man who enters shall be her husband. Mr. Glyde's investigations seem to indicate that in the rural districts of Norfolk the popular belief in these mystic tokens is hardly less strong than it was in the days of witchcraft and sorcery.

SINCE Parliament has been asked by one or two gentlemen who are not numbered among the howling fanatics of currency, to reconsider the policy of the Bank Charter Act, I have been induced to look into a book sent to me from Manchester, on "The Bank Charter Act and the Rate of Interest," dedicated, "without permission," to Mr. Gladstone, and published by Simpkin and Marshall. As usual in these intellectual exercises on the money question, I find that while the currency reformer confines himself to criticism of the existing system he is at least worth listening to, but so soon as he begins to propound an alternative scheme he plunges himself into difficulties and his reader into scepticism. The author of this book, for example, by way of providing against the consequences of a drain of gold, proposes to the Government to issue a large amount of Three per Cent. Consols, the proceeds to be invested in good foreign funds. Is it not wonderfully simple? So soon as large draughts are made on the national reserves of gold the Government of course proceeds to sell these foreign stocks, and so supplies itself with coin to meet the exceptional drain, repurchasing foreign stock when the equilibrium is restored. The provision that the stock purchased shall be foreign is very ingenuous. The writer does not seem to remember the great sympathy which exists between British and foreign stock markets. It does not occur to him that to sell stock, foreign or otherwise, in order to meet or replace a drain on our reserves, would have the

effect of increasing that drain, probably to the extent of the sale; nor does he bear in mind that a Government so dealing in stock would invariably have to sell when the stock was depreciated, and purchase when the price was high. Another of his schemes is to issue temporary bank notes of small denomination, such as forty shillings, twenty shillings, or ten shillings, when gold and silver are scarce—as if a scarcity were to be cured by withdrawing coin from circulation and substituting temporarily inconvertible paper. All these philosophers are more or less fascinated by the fallacy of inconvertible paper money: that most costly device for supplying the public with a circulating medium at the public expense. No doubt our science of currency is far from perfect, but we trust that Mr. Lowe will preserve us from any of the extremely speculative and terribly experimental changes proposed by the excited currency reformers.

I AM grateful to Sir John Duke Coleridge for going down to Exeter in the very midst of a Parliamentary Session and telling the members of a literary society that the works of the poet Wordsworth are the constant companions and the solace of his intellectual life. From certain sad signs around me, I had begun to be afraid that busy men were getting every day more and more divorced from books. It has sometimes seemed to me that the study of pure literature, apart from the mere indulgence of a leisure half hour in easy literary entertainment, was becoming in the active world of London almost a thing of the past. But if the Attorney-General, in the same year in which he conducted the defendant's case in Tichborne against Lushington, and delivered the longest speech ever made by any man in any age, can in the brief holiday of the Easter week go home to his native county and discourse for an hour on Wordsworth, showing that he understands every turn of that quaintly simple and curiously philosophic mind and revealing by his enthusiasm that the labour of his days does not separate him from frequent communion with his favourite poet, there is some hope yet for poetry and for the old literary feeling of days gone by that were quieter than these.

READING some time ago an article in a popular publication, calling young ladies to account for making use of slang phrases which are compelled to do service on all sorts of occasions, whether fitting or not, I was led to watch for awhile the manner in which the ladies of our day express themselves on passing topics. The result is that I think our fair friends do not much lay themselves open to these

allegations. Such words as "nice" and "jolly" do, no doubt, frequently occur, but I must do the ladies the justice to say that when they use hack terms and phrases, it is generally by imitation, and not through any poverty of verbal resources ; while many men, if they did not utter the cant sentence, would have no other words ready in which to indicate their meaning. Looking more generally at the capacity of educated people to put their ideas of the moment into words and sentences, I find the ladies are far more ready, skilful, and graceful than my own sex. It is very rare to hear a lady hesitate for a word, or halt over the construction of a phrase. Her conversational sentences are often so neat and so admirably finished that you could not improve upon them in your study if you were working up her observations into an essay. In point of composition I find the conversation of most educated ladies almost perfect ; its only fault is that it is apt to be a little too conventional. Even in this last respect, however, I am not sure that the average gentleman of society has any advantage over the average lady.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1873.

CLYTIE.

A NOVEL OF MODERN LIFE.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

CHAPTER XII.

ALONE IN LONDON.

NO adviser, no protector, no guide, no friend; alone in London. Alone in the great city, alone amid thousands; alone in the streets; alone when the clock repeats the hour at midnight.

To the brave man the solitude of a vast city is appalling. What then, must it be to a simple girl, standing alone, for the first time, the great Babylon? The desolation of the smitten mariner was comparable in its way to the loneliness of Clytie, though a world dashed mighty waves at her feet.

Alone on a wide, wide sea,
So lonely 'twas that God Himself
Scarce seeméd there to be.

Can you not picture her?

Can you not imagine the dazed anxious face of the wilful beauty?

Can you not see the startled eyes as they meet the great crowd? She waits now and then, as if she waited for the throng to pass by and leave room for her.

Can you not see the sweet face of the country belle, full of surprise and wonder, full of fear and timidity; suffused now and then with burning blushes, unsophisticated responses to the rude stare of *coarses* and ruffians?

VOL. X., N.S. 1873.

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He is not confined to any particular class of society, the cad, though Clytie rarely encountered but one representative of the great lying, sneaking, selfish family. You meet the thing, which pestered Clytie, most frequently west of Temple Bar. He delights to walk in Belgravia. Bond Street and the Row are his special haunts. The most despicable form of the cad is the two-legged animal that walks from the hips, with rounded arms and insolent swagger, and seems devoted to the amusement of annoying respectable women and girls who find themselves alone in the West End streets. Poor Clytie! this eye-glassed, stay-laced thing, called a fashionable man; this haw-hawing, blue-eyed nonentity, sorely beset her, filling her with fear, and bringing the tears into her eyes. It is true she had been accustomed to admiration in Dunelm, but the rude, vulgar, leering stare of the London cad in stays was a new and terrible sensation to her. It almost frightened her as much as the otter scared Mr. Kingsley's water-baby. I wonder honest men with wives and sisters, honest men who honour their mothers, have not long ago united themselves in a vow to exterminate this creeping vermin of the streets, which is a blot upon manhood and a curse to society.

Alone in London!

Alone, and with everybody against her; this soft-eyed, dimpled beauty of the Cathedral city! Yes, with everybody against her—men because of her loveliness, women for the same reason; both on account of the money she had in her purse. It was not much gold that she brought away from Dunelm; but many a woman has been murdered for less.

Thousands of arms seemed to be extended towards her, but none to help. Hands clutched at her on all sides: some for her purse, some for her watch-chain, some with intent more base and wicked still.

The great city hemmed her in everywhere with its rush and roar, with its ebb and flow of human life, with its pomp and glitter, with its rags and wretchedness; the great city was all around her, hot and seething, rattling over the streets, shuffling along the pavements, screeching on iron rails above and below her; the great dusty city, hot with the June sun that made a pulsation in the air, and fell in burning beams upon the pavements. London was everywhere. She could not move for it, she could not get away from it. No fields, no brooks, no quiet lanes and corners; brick and stone, stone and brick, shops, cabs, houses, people without end—the great whirling, turbulent, reckless city of cities; the city of love and hate, of poverty and wealth, the world's emporium, the centre of civilisation, the giant

among capitals, the Goliath of towns, the city of work and pleasure, of brave deeds, of cruel persecution, the city of conglomerate humanity in all its phases, the city of constant action, where to halt is to stumble, to stumble is to fall, to fall is to be trodden on ruthlessly, to be crushed and trampled upon and left in the gutter.

Oh, the hard, time-serving city!—the monster that is cruel if he may be ; servile if you stand up to him manfully ; a bully and a brute where he dare ; a cringing, fawning sycophant if you take him by the throat and grapple with him. And she, Clytie, was in his power : the wolf and the lamb ; the lark and the hawk ; the dove and the eagle ; the gazelle and the tiger. The odds were enormously against the Dunelm beauty in her pretty bonnet and her light lilac silk. Poor child, it were enough to make the angels weep to think of this wayward, frivolous, pretty creature alone in London, with nothing but memories of country lanes, cathedral chimes, and mild flirtations under the jealous eyes of her poor old grandfather.

It was the height of the London season ; but Clytie knew nothing of this. She had in her mind dim shadowy pictures of ball and rout ; of gay cavalcades of horsewomen in parks of trees and flowers ; of theatres and halls of dazzling light, limned by the artful hand of Phil Ransford. These had equally dim and shadowy companion pictures, done by Grandfather Waller, as accessories to the grand figure of her mother, whom London had somehow snared and deceived, and cast upon a foreign shore to die miserably.

Clytie's little mind was a chaos of doubt and fear and anxiety. When she reconnoitred the city of love and pleasure which Phil Ransford had drawn, she found nothing but a vast struggling crowd, in which rags and misery were so mixed up with pomp and purple that she wondered in her own vague way how Lazarus could stand by and bear the proud man's contumely ; how the beggar could go on tolerating the prancing horses, and the fat scornful servitors of the rich. She realised Grandfather Waller's pictures more successfully than Phil Ransford's ; but she did an injustice to both. How was she to know where to look for the flowers ? she had no guide, no protector. How was she to know where to find the beauties of the London season ? As well might a stranger attempt to go straight to the woodland nooks and river-side haunts which Clytie knew in Dunelm.

Alone, all alone, Clytie stood panting like a timid hart, in the city of her dreams, the city whose very name is a charm to conjure with ; but the fugitive from slander and calumny, the pretty wilful country belle found it, so far as her little fluttering sensations could fathom it,

so far as her own sympathies were concerned, a vast solitude; and when night came her soul could only find vent in the sad cry of the Psalmist, "Have mercy on me, for I am desolate!"

CHAPTER XIII.

TRAPS AND PITFALLS.

SHE tried to put the past aside for the present. It was wonderful how the poor simple girl fought in her quiet unobtrusive way. The courage of her mother, with a small but active and gradually developing love of change, was stirring within her; while the pride of innocence nerved and sustained her. But she little knew the battle upon which she had entered.

Several days were consumed in a fruitless search for lodgings. She was seeking her new home. A quiet respectable hotel near the station had sheltered her hitherto, but she was not rich enough to remain there, even had the place suited her plans. Yes, she had plans; they were somewhat vague and uncertain, but she had plans nevertheless.

She nearly broke down, however, in less than a week; for it seemed as if she were doomed indeed to be houseless. The people who had apartments to let would not, as a rule, have anything to do with her. "Are you alone?" they said. "Yes," was Clytie's sad reply; for had she not felt her utter loneliness? "No, we do not let our rooms to single young persons," was the invariable reply.

Even the hotel-keeper did not seem to care for her custom, though she paid for what she had; paid promptly every day. She was an object of curious interest on all hands. Men (not the things with stays and hips) smiled at her innocent manner; women suspected it. If they had heard of the Dunelm scandal they could not have treated her with more suspicion. Clytie thought sometimes that they really would break her heart between them. Once she wished that she had submitted to the scorn of the Dunelm women rather than have fled to this sanctuary of London, that was no sanctuary, that offered her no protection further than a hiding-place from the cruel threats of her grandfather and the bitter taunts of the Cathedral daws.

She had fled to London for sanctuary, for protection, for safety, for comfort; she found it a trap, a snare, a mockery. It was necessary for her to imagine that other city in which she might have suffered the martyrdom of calumny. She saw herself a thing to point at; she saw herself the scorn of Dunelm; she saw the vacant

stare of friends, the contemptuous gaze of enemies ; she saw the flash of triumph in eyes which before had only looked enviously upon her ; she saw her old grandfather pointing at her, and telling her story to the curious throng of jabbering gossips ; she read in fancy the paragraph of the local reporter ; she heard the loud-whispered lie as she passed along the streets ; she saw the pained look of Tom Mayfield, who would not even respect her now. Amidst all the throng, the one kindly smile of recognition was on the face of Phil Ransford ; but this made her shudder. He seemed to have established a sort of claim upon her ; he seemed to have an influence over her ; she trembled when she thought that for a moment his letter had tempted her. But she thanked God that it was only for a moment.

After looking at her position in this wise she would become a little more reconciled to it, and, for a minute or two at least, would be thankful that she was alone in London.

On the fifth day after her flight it seemed as if Fate were cruel only to be kind to her. One of the things on two legs which crawl with the gait of the lobsters in the Brighton Aquarium followed her to the hotel, and spoke to her in the hall. The next morning the landlord's sister, a spinsterial Scotchwoman, informed her that she could nae stay there any longer ; her room was let, and she must jest seek lodgings elsewhere, ye ken. Clytie simply acquiesced. For a moment a spark of her mother's spirit shot into her eyes. She was going to reply to this haughty piece of hard-grained virtue ; but the next moment the self-denial and patience of the martyr held her tongue. She was already growing a trifle stronger under persecution. With time she might yet be strong ; she had much to bear and to suffer, whatever the result might be.

She paid her bill, packed up her little bag, and then knelt down at the dingy bedside of the railway hotel and prayed—prayed in her own simple way ; there was something like a protest in the petition which she offered up, but that was quite unintentional. She prayed that God would help her, that He would guide her in this great world of London, that He would comfort her poor dear grandfather, and that He who knew her heart, its weakness and its strength, and all its secrets, would not continue to let her be punished for sins she had not committed.

Somehow it occurred to her when she went out to get into an omnibus. It was the prompting of her instinct. We give instinct to dogs and deny it to ourselves, though we act upon it as often as we do upon *reason*. Down Oxford Street, up Baker Street, sped the

rumbling conveyance, taking people up and setting them down. They all knew where they were going; they had all some definite object to accomplish; Clytie had, too, for that matter, though she was going at it to-day in a vague, dreamy, forlorn fashion; but the people who got in and out of the 'bus, and especially the women, she could hardly help envying them, because of their occupation; they had something to do—they were going shopping, they were going home! She had once a home! The 'Hermitage rose before her, with its Venetian blinds and flowers, with its old-fashioned book-case, its piano, its garden; with the sunshine resting upon the ivy, and the wind laden with the scent of newly-mown hay coming in at the open door. And the great lumbering omnibus sped on, past handsome shops, meeting and passing carriages rich with gilded hammer-cloths, gay with ladies; on past glimpses of park which cheered Clytie's eyes for a moment, until it stopped at St. John's Wood Chapel to put down a proud buxom mother and her two daughters, bright happy girls, about her own age. Clytie left the 'bus too; she thought there might be lodgings hereabouts, and she liked the appearance of the neighbourhood more than any other district she had seen. It was almost like the country, at all events in comparison with that dingy hotel at King's Cross. She followed the buxom mother and the girls for a little time, until they disappeared in one of the houses of Portland Terrace. She had taken a sympathetic interest in this little party; but now they were at home, inside their own house. She sighed and went on, thinking how happy they were, and wondering, if they had known all about her, if they would have pitied her, and let her call upon them.

A little farther and a street on the left attracted her attention, several houses having "Apartments" in the windows. It was rather a good street, something beyond her means; but she resolved to try it; she must find lodgings before the day was over. She knocked timidly at the first door in the street. In a moment half a dozen blinds were stirred on both sides the way, and women's faces appeared at almost every window. A cabman, sitting lazily reading a newspaper, looked down at her curiously. A man loitered at the end of the street to watch her. It seemed to Clytie as if her presence here had created quite a commotion. Her heart beat strangely. She feared for a moment that there was a curse upon her. A bold, beautiful face stared at her from the window of the very house at which she was waiting for admission.

Presently the door was opened by a slipshod servant, who received her without the smallest exhibition of servant-like respect or deference.

"Lodgings? Yes," said the girl; "come in."

Clytie went in.

She was met in the hall by a fat frowsy woman of forty, with bare shoulders, and a wonderful wealth of wavy hair hanging down her back.

"Lodgings? Yes, my love," said the woman in a friendly way and with a strong flavour of wine about her; "come in, dear; what will you have?"

"I should like to see the rooms before I decide," said Clytie.

"Yes, yes; but what will you drink?" asked the woman.

"Nothing, thank you," said Clytie.

"And how will you have it?" said the woman, laughing and flinging herself into an easy chair, by the side of which stood a table with champagne and glasses upon it.

On the other side of the room, which glittered with mirrors and coloured prints, lay the bold beauty whom Clytie had seen at the window. Clytie moved politely to the lady, who smiled at her in a haughty manner, from the midst of a pile of cushions on a yellow satin sofa.

"And you won't drink?" said the elder lady, filling two glasses with wine.

"No, thank you," said Clytie, who stood near the door.

"Oh, very well, if you're too proud," said the woman with the hair, "we can finish the bottle ourselves, can't us, Netty?"

The lady on the yellow sofa held out her hand for the glass which the other offered to her, and deigned no further recognition of her companion or of Clytie.

"I looks towards you," said the landlady, tossing off a second glassful, and winking good naturedly at Clytie, who began to retreat into the passage.

"Here! come here; where are you going?" asked the woman.

"Perhaps you have no apartments," said Clytie; "perhaps you would rather not let them to me."

"Rubbish!" said the woman. "You're a deuced pretty girl. I'll let you rooms; you'll be a credit to the house; come here, my child, and sit down."

Clytie advanced a few inches.

"Come and sit down," went on the woman. "How long have you been gay, my dear? not many months, I'll be bound."

"I don't understand you," said Clytie, with a cold fear taking possession of her heart.

The haughty beauty on the sofa looked up and laughed con-

temptuously. The other woman leaned back in her chair and screamed with laughter.

"Ah, ah, ah! well, if that ain't a good 'un," she said, when she had recovered her breath sufficiently to speak.

Clytie grew pale with fear.

"Hi! Bill," shouted the landlady, still leaning back and tossing up her arms in the activity of her merriment. "Bill, come here and look at a gal as doesn't know what being gay means."

Clytie almost fainted at sight of a hulking fellow who shambled forth from an adjoining room; shambled forth and stood transfixed in a pair of carpet slippers and a blue velvet coat.

"I beg your pardon," said Clytie, suddenly retiring into the passage and noticing, with a rush of hope, that the street door had not been closed behind her; "I fear I have made some mistake."

"Not at all," said Bill, shuffling towards her.

"Oh dear, no," said the woman, still suffering from an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

Before Bill had reached the spot where Clytie was standing she had darted out into the hall and thence into the street, almost flying down the steps by which the house was approached.

Fortunately, there was a policeman in the street; policemen and cabs were continually hovering about Wilton Crescent. The officer stopped Clytie in her flight, and the women who had appeared at the different windows at the advent of the pretty country girl were now increased by scores; and as if they had sprung from the earth, Clytie found herself surrounded by a crowd of men and boys. She was covered with shame and confusion to find herself in such a position. The policeman was an experienced officer. He saw at once that she was a lady; he saw the situation immediately in a light favourable to her. His knowledge of female character gained in a special society at once placed Clytie far away from the women who were straining their eyes from twenty windows "at the girl who has run out of No. 1 and is talking to the policeman!"

"I have made some dreadful mistake, sir; pray let me go; I am thankful that you were here," said Clytie.

"Yes," said the policeman, "such as you have no business in this street."

"No, I am much obliged to you," said Clytie, turning alternately hot and cold.

"Don't be afraid, miss; you are a lady, I can see; I will walk a little way with you; can I direct you anywhere?"

"You are very kind," said Clytie.

"What were you doing in there?"

"I saw 'Apartments' in the window and went to inquire about them."

"Oh," said the officer, "thought it was a respectable house?"

"Yes," said Clytie.

"Lucky for you that you got out of it again so quickly," said the officer; "did they insult you?"

"No, I was afraid, and I ran out."

"Well, miss, if I can do anything, say the word."

"I am alone in London and am seeking lodgings; I did not know it was so difficult."

"Be off, you ragamuffins," said the officer, turning suddenly round upon the crowd; "come with me, miss; I think I can help you."

The officer walked respectfully by the side of Clytie; the scores of eyes at the windows followed them, as did also a score of legs, in spite of the policeman's threats. The little crowd wended its way along the road called Regent's Park North, to that pretty park entrance known as the North Gate, where a little man in a brown livery and a gold-laced hat was switching his cane at a cloud of gnats that seemed to have taken a particular fancy to his hat. This was Johnny Breeze, a well-known park-keeper of that district, a fat, round, genial looking little P. K., as the children called him, whom no one feared, notwithstanding his cane and the tremendous passion into which he pretended to lash himself at every infantile breach of the park regulations. Johnny left the gnats to their gyrations when the policeman beckoned to him, though the flies continued to dance round the P.K.'s gold-laced hat.

"Mr. Breeze," said the officer.

"Sir to you," replied Mr. Breeze.

"Drive these boys off."

Mr. Breeze made a dart at the group which hung after Clytie and the officer.

The boys were scattered like the gnats for a moment, but they closed up again, and stared at the officer, who, however, carefully noted down the ringleader for future operations.

"This young lady wants lodgings. She is a stranger here, and made the mistake of inquiring yonder, at No. 1."

The little park-keeper elevated his eyebrows.

"Speaking from a goodish experience, I should say as the young lady is all she appears to be—respectable, and a lady."

Clytie blushed, and looked at the little park-keeper. He touched his hat to her.

"I know your missis has rooms, and if you direct the young lady

to them I dessay Mrs. Breeze will hear what she's got to say; and so I leaves you. Good morning, miss."

Clytie had slipped half-a-crown from her purse, but she felt that it would be an insult to offer it to the policeman; and he went his way, having faithfully performed one of those multifarious duties of the streets which make the London police of greater social and general value than we are willing to admit when we come down upon them for some failure in thief-catching.

"Well, miss," said the little park-keeper, "my missis lives in St. Mark's Crescent. Go straight on, past Primrose 'Ill, turn to the left, and ask any person for St. Mark's Crescent, and you can't mistake it—No. 43, with a bill in the window, and two flower-pots by the door. If you explains what you want, and can satisfy Mrs. Breeze—why, there aint a kinder soul going, though I says it. And with four children, and me only getting a guinea a week, why, the rooms is of importance, or I'd never have took such an expensive house; but there, it's done, and it cost us all the money me and my old gal 'ad saved, though she weren't an old gal then, as you can imagine."

"I go straight along the road?" said Clytie, anxious to move.

"Yes," said Mr. Breeze, touching his hat again, and pointing out the way with his stick; "straight as you can go, No. 43, St. Mark's Crescent. You can't miss it. Turn to the left, ask any one, and say as Mr. Robinson, the policeman, recommended you; that's the best way, and it will be all right. I dessay you'll tell Mrs. Breeze who your friends are, and all that, and I'm sure she'll make you comfortable. Straight as you can go, past the 'Ill, turn to the left, then inquire. Good morning, miss."

He touched his hat once more, and then, having dismissed the lady, he turned savagely round upon the gnats and switched them into half a dozen gyrating clouds; but they soon joined their hosts together again, and with a notable exercise of that instinct which many people deny to man they sailed higher in the air, out of the park-keeper's reach, and oscillated steadily up and down in the sunshine, undisturbed except by an occasional martin or swallow which had business with them.

Worlds within worlds! What a strangely marvellous creation is this around us! May not the gnats and the swallows be taken as typical of the London streets? The instinct which carried the living cloud beyond the line of the attacking switch is not strong enough to protect it from the swallow. While we sometimes take infinite pains to elude small annoyances, we offer no defence—we have none to offer—against the great calamities of life.

CHAPTER XIV.

GOOD SAMARITANS.

JOHNNY BREEZE had been so full of wonder all day that the children in the park feared he was ill. He forgot to switch the air and pretend to run after them with savage demonstrations. The P. K. was thinking about his wife's new lodger, thinking of her pretty innocent face, wondering if Mrs. Breeze would make her one of the family, or what she would do. Women have often notions about pretty young girls that differ with masculine opinions. Johnny hoped she would take to this stranger, and he hoped the result would be satisfactory. He had a daughter of his own growing up, and this excited his special interest in young people of every class, apart from the professional feeling which his calling as a P. K. gave him.

It was therefore a gratifying circumstance to Johnny when he reached home that the wife of his bosom was just sitting down to tea with the young lady and the eldest Miss Breeze and Master Harry, who were all eyes and ears.

"I said you'd be here punctual, Johnny, as you always are, thank goodness," said Mrs. Breeze, giving the P. K. a conjugal smack on the cheek. "The tea is just ready. Now, Henry, take your arms off the table; and Lotty, I'm surprised you cannot keep your fingers out of the sugar—and in presence of a lady too."

"Don't mind me," said Clytie, with a smile.

Number 43, St. Mark's Crescent, had seen Clytie's first smile since she left Dunelm.

"But we do mind you, my dear young lady, we do mind you. Don't we, Johnny?" said Mrs. Breeze, cutting bread and butter with all her might.

"Certainly, my dear," said the P. K., hanging up his hat. "You found the way, miss; I suppose Primrose 'Ill guided you. It's a good landmark. I've bin a thinking of you all day, and a wondering if you'd be here."

"Oh, thank you," said Clytie, more pleased than she could express at finding herself an object of interest and sympathy with these honest people.

"We had such a talk," said Mrs. Breeze, pouring out the tea, and frowning Master Harry's elbows off the table; "such a talk; and if we can afford it, we are going to have a piano, and Miss—but she will not tell me her name at present—will teach Lotty to play."

Miss Lotty blushed at the picture of herself sitting at the piano, and the P. K., passing the bread and butter and watercresses to

Clytie, looked proudly upon the company and said: "Ah, that will be fine."

Mrs. Breeze was a rosy, comfortable looking woman, with a round face and bright dark eyes; a sort of representative type of the lower middle class of Englishwoman; the kind of woman who is sure to wear a large shawl out of doors, and a little one pinned round her neck at home; a brown-haired, healthy-looking woman, ready to do anything to keep a home together: to scrub, and wash, and cook, and let lodgings, and have a smiling face for her husband at night. Of course she was taller, and bigger, and stronger than her husband. She was the daughter of a Surrey dairyman, and he was the servant of a gentleman, through whose interest he had obtained the appointment of a keeper of Regent's Park. A guinea a week was not much, as Mrs. Breeze said, but it was a certainty, and clothes to the good made it worth a few shillings more, and it would be very hard if she could not make it up to a reasonable sum out of her lodgings; for three hundred and fifty pounds spent on furniture, and paying fifty-five pounds a year rent, must somehow be made to bring in a fair percentage, not to mention having milk free and a few useful presents now and then from the Surrey dairy.

"Miss Mary—that is all we are going to call her at present," went on Mrs. Breeze, chattering over the tea and smiling pleasantly on Clytie all the time—"she has been telling me all her history, and there, I'm sure—well, if it does not beat a book I never read one; and I never knew my heart warm to any one, rich or poor, old or young, as was not good and true; and I'm sure if she were my own—well, I could not feel more interest in her."

"Ah, you always was a kind-hearted soul, as your father used allers to say when I was coming down after you to the Dairy, 'Maggie'll never turn no milk sour;' and true it was."

"I don't know for that," said Mrs. Breeze. "I have my bit of temper, like other people, and if I'd only the power to make it felt, wouldn't I clean out some o' them gilded dens of infamy as deceives people and looks honest when it is the ashes on the lips in that St. John's Wood. But Queen Victoria don't take the interest she used to in having respectable women about, and no wonder she's grieved as she is for Prince Albert. Well, he was handsome, that's true; but I'm wandering from what I was saying. Where was I, Johnny?"

"Down at the Dairy, Maggie," said the P. K. promptly.

"No, *you* were there," said Mrs. Breeze.

"Yes, father said as you didn't turn the milk sour. Ah, ah, ah!" burst in Master Harry, who had been devouring the conversation and bread and butter with an intense relish.

"Hold your tongue, sir," said Mrs. Breeze promptly.

Master Harry looked at Clytie to signify that he complied with his mother's request in deference to his mother's visitor; otherwise, he would have contested the point.

At this moment there was a heavy tread on the stairs, which acted like a charm upon the family.

"That's Mr. Stevens, the first floor; I must go and see about his meat-tea; you will excuse me, won't you?" said Mrs. Breeze, bustling to the door; "and you children—Harry, you may go out and play, and Lotty, go and see if your sister is at her aunt's."

This command broke up the party, the P. K. saying he would just like to cross the 'Ill, and see Mr. Robinson, and tell him as the young lady had found lodgings, just out of politeness to him, you know, as he was a very experienced officer, expecting to be inspector soon, don't you see—and all that.

So Clytie was left alone, and without hesitating for a moment about how she should occupy herself, she tucked up her sleeves and washed up the tea things, and then going down into the kitchen she washed her dimpled hands and arms, and came upstairs to find Mrs. Breeze in ecstasies of delight at Clytie's condescension and usefulness.

"And now if I promise you, on my honour, to keep your secret, if I give you my word, as solemn as my oath, you will tell me who your friends are and what you mean to do; because without prying into other people's affairs, I think I ought to know, for my own satisfaction, you see, and I'm sure you may trust me not to mention what you wishes kept back, even to Johnny. Of course I don't hold with a young lady running away from home; Lotty, for instance, why it would break my heart; but circumstances alter cases, and as you had only a grandfather, you say, and he was going to let the neighbours scorn and point at you, and all for nothing, I dare say I should have done the same."

"Mrs. Breeze, I will trust you," said Clytie, laying her head on the good woman's shoulder, for the P. K.'s wife had put her arm round the girl's waist. "If you are not good and true, I am sure I never saw any one whom I could trust; and you have been so kind to me—more than kind. I am sure you are the answer to my prayer that God would take care of me to-day, and find me a new home."

"Heaven bless the child," said Mrs. Breeze, stroking Clytie's silky hair.

"In addition to all I have told you, my story is finished when I say that my *grandfather* is Mr. Luke Waller, organist of St. Bride's,

Dunelm, and that my mother died soon after I was born ; that my father was a nobleman who married my mother, and ran away and left her at Boulogne ; she was a famous actress under the name of Miss Olivia Pitt. But all this is to be a secret at present, my dear Mrs. Breeze ; it has done me good to tell you," said Clytie, and the tears came into her eyes.

"Yes, yes, my dear child ; but there is no need to cry ; don't be afraid."

"I am only crying because I am glad, because you press me to your heart, because I have been oh ! so miserable and wretched, and I have never known a mother, and it is so nice to be with you. I shut my eyes and try to think I am somebody's child who loves me."

"My poor dear," said Mrs. Breeze, with her apron to her eyes, "my poor dear, you have been forlorn indeed. I will be a mother to you, God willing, and who knows but He may have guided your footsteps here ? for, after all, poor folk have the most feeling hearts—they know what it is to suffer ; there, there, cheer up, we must make the best of things ; but you have not told me what you think of doing."

"Perhaps you will not agree with me if I do tell you," said Clytie ; "I think I had better not tell you."

"Tell me everything, dear, now you've begun, just as we must tell all to a doctor or a lawyer, as Johnny says."

"Then, my dear Mrs. Breeze, I mean to go upon the stage," said Clytie, looking up almost appealingly into Mrs. Breeze's face, and waiting anxiously for her reply.

Mrs. Breeze did not speak.

"To be an actress," said Clytie, still keeping her eyes fixed upon the face of the P. K.'s wife.

"You've made up your mind ?" said Mrs. Breeze, inquiringly.

"Yes. I was afraid you would be against it," said Clytie.

"Well, I don't know, my child. I suppose it runs in the blood. Your mother was an actress. My grandfather was a soldier, and although the liking for that kind of life skipped my father, just as the gout, they say, skips a generation, my brothers to a man, and I've three of them—at least had, for one fell in the Crimea—all three went into the army ; there is no accounting for these things, but I only hope as Harry may not be similarly taken. An actress—well, I don't see why an actress should not be a good woman, though the temptations are very great, and the wretches as waits about and stares at 'em from them private boxes ; well, I often says to Johnny, when he goes sometimes to the play, they ought to be kicked out, but

Johnny says the managers encourage them ; well, my dear, I see you are looking at me, and wanting me to say 'Yes.' It's no matter what a person does in this life, to my thinking, if they respects themselves ; it aint the calling, whatever it may be, as lowers a person—it is their own conduct. I'm sure I once had one of them newspaper fellows as a lodger for a month—a reporter I think he said, and he were a perfect gentleman, and paid his way as regular as Mr. Stevens, who is a tea merchant in the City. You must give me time to think, Miss Mary."

"Call me Mary," said Clytie.

"If you'll call me Maggie," said the woman. "You might call me mother, only it would make me feel older than I would like to think myself—but I'll be a mother to you as I said, God willing ; and as to your being an actress, don't you think it would be best to write and tell your grandfather where you are, and make it up, and have his consent to go on the stage, and all be happy and comfortable?"

"No, dear, no," said Clytie earnestly, "not yet ; I will write this week, but not to tell him where I am ; I will write and say I am safe and happy, but not where I am until I am an actress—until I am engaged and cannot go back, cannot withdraw—and then grandfather shall come. But no more threats, dear ; no more cruelty, no more dragging down the garden, no more harsh words, and no more Dunelm, though its trees and rivers and fields are the loveliest in the land."

Clytie's eyes flashed as she spoke, and her face was all aglow. She pressed Mrs. Breeze's hand. She kissed her, and suddenly stood before her a proud defiant figure, so lovely that for a moment she seemed to Mrs. Breeze like a vision, or, as she told Johnny afterwards, "like one of those beautiful ladies, though more clothes, thank goodness, stepped out of a picture in the National Gallery."

"And you have your bit of temper, too," said Mrs. Breeze, looking at her with undisguised admiration ; "and you're simply the most beautiful creature I ever looked upon. Come to me, my child ; there is a sort of charm in you ; I feel as if you were indeed my own : it is not for me to say what you shall do or what you shall not ; only be good ; live so that you can always pray to God with a pure heart, and you may defy the devil and all his works ; if I were asked what I really think in my heart I should say 'Don't go on the stage,' but I don't know as I should be right or wrong ; and as it runs in the blood, which is stronger than water, why there aint no good fighting against nature."

"My dear Mrs. Breeze, you shall never have cause to be ashamed of the poor maligned runaway whom you have taken to your heart—heaven reward you for it. I shall be a great lady some day."

"Well, who knows? Bother that Mr. Stevens; there goes that horrid bell again; excuse me a minute, won't you?"

And away went Mrs. Breeze bustling upstairs to answer the tea-merchant's summons—so strangely are romance and commonplace mixed together in this workaday world.


Clytie opened the little back window and looked out upon the garden—a patch of greensward, gilly-flowers, and tulips (no larger than the front room of the Hermitage), separated from the canal by a low strip of railing. It was a very different scene to that on the Wear; and the sitting room of the Breezes was a change also from the room that looked on the Bailey, and almost commanded that old arch with its green setting through which Clytie used to trip joyfully on her way to the Cathedral meadows. But 43, St. Mark's Crescent was a clean, well-ordered house. The little sitting-room was carpeted and had pictures on the walls, to say nothing of a nice old-fashioned sofa, an easy chair, a little writing-desk, and a case of stuffed birds on the mantel-shelf.

Before Mrs. Breeze had returned Clytie had written a long and touching letter to the manager of one of the principal London theatres. She had been rather lucky in the choice of her man; for Mr. Chute Woodfield made a point of reading his letters, and invariably answered them either himself or through his secretary. His theatrical training had been chiefly provincial. Commencing his career as an actor in the country, he had gone through a world of trouble; he had seen theatrical life in all its phases, and had been successful as much from shrewd business qualifications as through acting ability. He was fond of his profession, proud of it, devoted to it. He knew the weakness, the narrowness, and the nobility, too, of actors and actresses; he knew their sensibility, and he loved them all, in his own way, making allowances for their vanity, and giving them full credit for their generosity, their single-mindedness, their peculiar and exceptional life. Mr. Chute Woodfield was an exceptional manager—one in a thousand: a gentleman, a man of taste, and an actor. Clytie was therefore particularly fortunate in making her first appeal to him.

When Mr. Stevens had gone out to smoke his pipe at the York and Albany; when the children were in bed, and the P. K. had returned from Mr. Robinson's, and settled himself down to a full examination of the newspaper; Mrs. Breeze put on her shawl and went out with Clytie to post her letter; and that night the poor girl slept peacefully, and dreamed that she was lying in the arms of her mother.

(To be continued.)

POINTER AND SETTER FIELD TRIALS.

“RULY these may be said to be the dog days. Although I am writing this in January, 1873, yet it is a fact.” So says The Old Calabar in his recently published and most amusing book, entitled “Over Turf and Stubble.” There is one subject upon which sportsmen of these days would have been glad to have heard so experienced a performer pass an opinion, and that is the utility or inutility of field trials. We have his opinion about dog shows, and Mr. Laverack has given a general approval of them, but on the *vexata questio* of field trials The Old Calabar is silent.

His book, so admirable in other respects, would have been complete if he had given his opinion on this increasingly popular and fashionable amusement. “Over Turf and Stubble” is published by the Messrs. Bentley, and I know of few better books for the amusement of the sportsman.

Dog shows and field trials cannot be said to have much affinity; the one need have nothing to do with the other, but if “the proof of the pudding be in the eating,” it would seem to stand to reason that before purchasing a good-looking pointer or setter you would do wisely to see him or her perform in the field on game. To observe a good dog quarter his field—to back, stand, and down charge, to be steady on wing and shot—is one of the prettiest sights a lover of the gun and dog can possibly enjoy, and the institution of these field trials in various parts throughout the country can be easily accounted for on this principle, and because the mere inspection of a dog in a cage cannot give the most experienced judge the least notion of his actual merits on game.

“There is no necessity to give enormous prices for your dogs—good ones, good-looking ones, and good bred ones, are to be had at reasonable figures. I would never advise an ugly, bad bred, or badly broken dog to be purchased; he is not only a nuisance to yourself, but to those who shoot with you, and fatal to sport; but how often do you see this!”

We have just had celebrated a very successful meeting of Devon and Cornwall sportsmen for the purpose of testing the merits of

pointers and setters in the field in the former country. This is the second meeting of the west country gentlemen for this kind of sport, or rather amusement. The former meeting took place last year in the neighbourhood of Liskeard, in Cornwall; and, it is said, proved such an unexpected success that it was resolved to hold a meeting in the adjoining county this year. The success of both meetings may justly and fairly be said to be due almost entirely to the energy and liberality of Mr. Chappell Hodge, who has acted in the capacity of honorary secretary, and under his management a large accession of subscribers has this season been added to the list of last year.

I believe we owe the honour and credit of the original experiment of field trials to Mr. Assheton Smith. Mr. Assheton Smith—what a flood of reminiscences does the name bring to mind!—owns the beautiful estate of Vaynol Park, and the Vaynol trials have become, through descriptions with pen and pencil, “familiar in our mouths as household words.” Here you have “an abundance of birds, fine air and scenery, and a good open country, where you can see everything without pressing on the dogs.” As Mr. Assheton Smith strictly preserves the hares for coursing, they are very numerous, so it is a rare place for discovering if a dog is “free from fur or not.” All sportsmen know what good scenting counties Devon and Cornwall are, but Norfolk is perhaps the very best county in England for field trials of the kind held in these days. Competent people assert that both Cornwall and Hampshire “are not well adapted for field trials; the latter county is acknowledged by hunting men to be one of the very worst in England for scent, scantiness of cover, and is not noted for an abundance of birds.” And this last remark is certainly applicable to most parts of Devon and Cornwall.

But good as Mr. Assheton Smith's ground is, it is not equal to Shrewsbury; “the cover there is still better, and the fields much larger than in Wales; the scent, too, would hold stronger. All agree that the Shrewsbury country is a first-rate one for trials. It is central, and not so far away as Vaynol, but before Shrewsbury can ever come to the fore again there must be great changes.” All who are fond of these trials owe a great deal to those gentlemen who have so kindly given the use of their manors.

The purpose of holding these trials in the spring of the year is, I suppose, in order to find out where are the best dogs before grouse and other regular shooting commences. But does it ever occur to the promoters of this new kind of sport that dogs grow disheartened and cowed if game is not dropped to their point? It is hardly to

be supposed that the Devon and Cornwall gentlemen the other day commenced shooting partridges in the month of April.

Spring trials cannot, therefore, be of great service. "Dogs require to see game *killed* to them, otherwise it disheartens them. I should prefer no spring trials, but more autumnal ones; and a greater length of time given, without which trials will never give general satisfaction."

And who that has had any experience of dogs used in field sports does not know this to be true? How soon will an old dog find out whether "you mean business or not," and whether you are carrying a gun or not! And further, how long will it be before he finds out whether you are a good shot or not? If you keep on missing your birds he will think it hardly worth his while to give himself much extra exertion for your individual pleasure.

Then what an advantage must a dog who has gone through the ordeal of a previous field trial have over a novice in that sport! "I consider it impossible at trials to judge of many of the qualifications wanted in a shooting dog. You have only one species of game, and one kind of ground to test them on. It does not follow that because a dog is good at partridges he is to be first-class at grouse or other game. I have frequently seen excellent partridge dogs perform very badly on wild moorland game, and lack that bold, independent range and lofty carriage necessary for extensive ranges. You can only judge at trials of pace, breaking, backing, staunchness, style, and method of finding game. This, however, is a good deal, and I dare say ere long some one will hit on an improvement for trials. What is required is more time, but I do not know how this can be done where there are so many competitors, except by doubling the entrances."

But for actual trial, under present arrangements and regulations, in order that every dog may have an equal and fair chance, "dogs must be expressly prepared and coached for this now fashionable amusement. That is, they must be under the greatest subjection and discipline; and even after all a superior dog may be beaten by an inferior one, owing to the shortness of the trials, and luck being against him; as, for instance, each dog going in a separate direction, or hunting independently of each other—which is the proper way—it may so happen that the best dog goes over ground where there is little or no game, and the inferior dog may cross ground where there is plenty; thus, after all, there is a great deal of chance work, which would not be the case if the trials were longer, for the superior dog would be certain to come in."

One more extract from Mr. Laverack—for I need hardly say I have been quoting that excellent sportsman—and we have done with him. Treating of the relative merits of dogs, Mr. Laverack says :—"It is not always the fastest dogs are the best finders. I have known capital finders who were not particularly speedy. It is very easy to be deceived in the working properties of dogs. When I lived in Cumberland I heard a wonderful account of a dog (a cross-bred pointer). I sent for him to try him against one of mine, a blue-grey Belton, 'Trimmer.' This 'nonpareil' set out at a marvellous pace—it was absolutely terrific; he carried himself magnificently, and behaved beautifully, and beat my grey dog all to fits; indeed, at the time I considered him without any exception the very best dog I had ever seen; but after two or three hours his bolt was shot, he had run himself out, and dropped away to a canter; then it was the blue-grey came in, was pointing on all sides, and the crack nowhere. So much for a flash dog. *Yet this animal would have carried all before him at field trials.*"

Most likely the promoters of field trials will soon come to see the advisability of changing spring for autumnal exhibitions. How much more natural does September sound for this sort of thing than April and May—the month celebrated in song, as Old Calabar tells, by "one Bob Daws, of Ripley, Surrey, one of the finest shots and best cricketers I ever saw," in the following lines :—

To-morrow's the first of September—
 Get ready the dog and the gun;
 And be sure you don't fail to remember
 The whisky flask marked number one.
 With Juno you'll bring the black setter,
 Nor leave old friend Ponto behind;
 And sportsmen who wish for a better,
 I wish they a better may find.

Field trials, it is pretty generally admitted, are a move in the right direction, but they should be established for the improvement of the breed as well as for showy working qualities of the pointer and setter. If Devonshire and Cornwall are not remarkable for an abundance of game, those counties have certainly never been distinguished for the superior excellence of pointer and setter blood.

We all know the strains of Mr. Laverack, Mr. Lort, and others, and we also know something of Mr. Llewellyn and Mr. Garth; but we do not read of many other competing kennels in the west which can lay any great claims to pedigree. Mr. Chappell Hodge, being a thorough sportsman and an especial votary of the gun, may well be

supposed to have possessed himself of some of the recognised old strains ; but it is impossible to gather as much from the accounts given of the Devonshire and Cornwall field trials in the sporting newspapers. To read that Rhoda is by Dan out of Rhoda, that Clown is by Bruce, and so on, is not very satisfactory. They may be highly bred, but where do the generality—the rank and file—of the western pointers and setters come from ? And are not Devonshire and Cornwall too far away for the permanent establishment of prosperous field trials of pointers and setters ? If that was thought to be the case with Wales, surely the remark applies with even more justice to the two westernmost counties of England.

The jealousy of the proprietors of the oldest setter strains is well known, and they keep a pretty accurate account of the whereabouts of any of the puppies that depart from their kennels. As an instance of this, it was only the other day that Mr. Stewart, of Downham Market, wrote to a sporting newspaper as follows :—

My attention has been drawn to a paragraph in your last report of the Shrewsbury trials, relating to the Laverack setters, wherein you say "Mr. Reid, the owner of Sam, &c., and Mr. Stewart are likewise possessors of the sort." Now, as my breed of setters have no affinity whatever with those known as the Laverack strain, but have been in the possession of my family for very many generations, as is well known throughout the county, and are probably the oldest true breed of setters now in existence ; and as this assertion, if left uncontradicted, is likely to produce the most injurious impression in reference to my breed, I must beg of you, with your usual fairness, to be good enough to correct this error in your next impression.

Much credit is unquestionably due to the gentlemen of Devonshire and Cornwall for their laudable endeavour to establish field trials, and it is to be hoped they will consider the important matters of season of the year, of length of time for trying, and of pedigree. Let them remember also the importance of the consideration that the pressing in of the crowd is apt to fluster young dogs and sometimes old ones, and that consequently the experienced have a great advantage over the inexperienced.

The autumnal months have this advantage over the spring, that dogs can then be tried on different kinds of game ; and, what is surely an essential in a setter, his character can be established or rendered worthless by his ability or otherwise to endure wet, cold, and fatigue. To conclude, in the words of that venerable stage hero and model heavy father, old Polonius, of glorious renown :—

And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character.

STRIVUS.

SHAKESPEARE'S PHILOSOPHERS AND JESTERS.

BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

IV.—SHAKESPEARE'S PHILOSOPHY.

SHAKESPEARE'S philosophy is emphatically the philosophy of *goodness*. It proclaims its divine nature: its might of influence. It maintains its preponderance over evil,—nay, its existence in evil itself. It teaches its beauty: its happiness. It declares the superiority of moral worth over even intellectual worth, of heart beyond mind—and soul above all. His philosophy has the true poet's power, of making the spiritual beauty visible in things material, even while making the most practical use of meanest matters. He disdains no slightest trifle in his power to show it in its strongest significance, thereby transmuting it into mightiest value. "A grain, a dust, a wandering hair,"—a mote, a shadow,—a gnat, a worm, "the poor beetle that we tread beneath our feet,"—"the small gilded fly,"—a ripple on the water, a painted bubble, a breath of air—in his hands become things of moment, conveying noblest, wisest, profoundest lessons. He has the art of drawing out the core of a plain fact, showing it in its own native simplicity of beauty; at the same time that he invests it with a grace and charm of his own. He at once draws Nature in her unadorned truth, yet embellishes her with a radiant ideality that serves but to make manifest her veritable purity and integrity. Her white presence is only made the more distinctly clear by the lustre of his imagery.

Perhaps Shakespeare's universality is, after all, the predominant characteristic of his genius—as it is his most wondrous power;—and in this essay it shall be my aim to point out the marvellously diversified nature of his wisdom, which has given us the "philosophy" of almost every subject that comes within the range of man's consideration. Collectively, it forms one grand system of the philosophy of GOOD; individually and specifically examined, it contains nearly every topic—from the most trivial to the most serious, from the smallest to the largest, from the basest to the noblest, from the meanest to the highest and sublimest.

Shakespeare's philosophy of CHRISTIANITY is perpetually made manifest in the *spirit of forgiveness* which he inculcates with so forceful yet gentle a monition through the medium of his characters. At the close of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" Valentine's speech to his penitent friend, Proteus, as he frankly forgives him all past wrongs, breathes this spirit when he says :—

Once again I do receive thee honest.—
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is not of Heaven and Earth ; for these are pleas'd :—
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.

There is the same spirit to be traced in the general exchange of pardon and reconciliation that takes place at the end of "The Merry Wives" among all the *dramatis personæ*. Even the parched-pea of a Welsh Parson, Sir Hugh, who vows to be revenged on the Host of the Garter, comes to inform him of the thieving Germans and their cozening tricks ; observing : "I tell you for *good-will*, look you."

And far more nobly is this Christian sentiment expressed in the words of Posthumous Leonatus to the remorseful and abject Iachimo :—

Kneel not to me ;
The power that I have on you, is to spare you ;
The malice towards you, to forgive you :—Live,
And deal with others better.

The philosophy of life and death has never been more loftily or more subtly argued than in our dramatist's pages. Hamlet's renowned soliloquy, debating the solemn question of life's troubles and death's terrors—the dread alternative between known miseries and possible evils—is as familiar to us all as our childhood's lessons ; and the celebrated speech of Macbeth on life's shadowy succession of brief to-morrows is scarcely less so. Upon the same impressive theme—death—Julius Cæsar says, with his characteristic mental power and stoic courage :—

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that "death," a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

And, with deep pathos, at the close of the tragedy of "Hamlet," when that foreboding shadow falls upon the heart of the young prince, and he gives note of its visitation in those tender words to his bosom friend : "You would not think, Horatio, how ill all is here about my heart." And when his schoolfellow proposes to put off the fencing-match, Hamlet sublimely replies : "Not a whit, we defy augury :

there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come:—*the readiness is all.*"

In the play of "Measure for Measure," the Duke Vincentio's calm reasoning upon the nothingness of life and the desirableness of death, as a tranquil close to a vain and passing scene, is finely contrasted by the condemned prisoner Claudio's impassioned pleading against the vague horrors which his ardent imagination can but too well paint, in the tenacious clinging to life, so natural to his youth and condition. The effect is admirable between the stoical philosophy of the Duke, who is only contemplating the event of death, and the terror and dismay of Claudio, who is trembling on the brink of eternity, and is about to be thrust over the precipice. The one is the philosophy of resignation, where there is no demand for it in the teacher himself; and the other, a display of the futility of the argument, where the demand for resignation is absolute;—the revolt of nature against the hollow plausibility for a contented endurance. The one, a cool—a frigid ratiocination; the other, an awful and terrible reality. More powerful lines than these can (I think) never have been penned. They are like a prolonged shriek:—

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick ribbéd ice;—
Or to be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world:—or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain toughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible.
The weariest, and most loathéd worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death!

Contrast the spasm of this horror with the phlegmatic stoicism of the Duke's condemned sermon; wherein he is reconciling Claudio to his fate:—

Be absolute for death: either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,—
Servile to all the skyey influences,—
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,

Hourly afflict. Merely thou art Death's fool ;
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet run'st toward him still. Thou art not noble ;
 For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
 Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou art by no means valiant ;
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
 Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly fear'st
 Thy death—which is no more. Thou art not thyself ;
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
 That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not ;
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
 And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain ;
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor ;
 For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none ;
 For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age ;
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both : for all thy boasted youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied eld : and when thou art old and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
 That bears the name of life ? Yet in this life
 Lie hid more thousand deaths ; yet, death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even.

The speeches here quoted form one of the many instances of Shakespeare's mastery in treating both sides of a question with equal force. Claudio's vehement feeling recalls that of another young lover—suddenly bereft of hope in life or love. Romeo, in his first rapturous exultation and prodigal sense of life's inexhaustible joys, philosophises as youth talks philosophy ; treats old age, sorrow, death, as things out of our "diurnal sphere," beyond the moon, and postponed *sine die*, and sanguinely therefore, youthlike, he can afford to deal familiarly and lavishly with them. To his friend, the old Friar, he fervidly says :—

 Come what sorrow can,
 It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
 That one short minute gives me in her sight.
 Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
 Then love-devouring Death do what he dare :
 It is enough I may but call her mine.

But when the sorrow actually does come then see how the burning young heart flames out its rejection of cool reason and argument. He hears that he is banished—banished from Juliet, his bride, his hour's wife—and what avail then the temperate reflections of philosophy? To the old Friar's proffered consolation and remonstrance he passionately retorts :—

Hang up philosophy !
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom ;
It helps not ; it prevails not ; talk no more.

As another instance of the closeness and weight which Shakespeare can equally give to opposite sides of a question, I would refer to the way in which the philosophy of homicide and sudden vengeance, with the due measure of leniency or penalty they should meet, is treated in the play of "Timon of Athens." The poet puts into the mouth of Alcibiades just such pleas of extenuation and palliation for a deed of the kind as a soldier might naturally be expected to urge ; while, in the mouth of the senator, there is the judicial severity proper to a statesman's consideration of crime that leads to dangerous latitude from impunity.

In the play of "Measure for Measure" the philosophy of vice and correction, of sin and retribution, of crime and punishment, is debated at large. In the person of Barnardine—the Bohemian born, but prison nursed and bred—we have a wonderfully vigorous example of the coarseness, wickedness, and callousness bred of gaol tuition. The young delinquent, who learns the force of morality, the power of justice, the rights of mankind, the duties of himself to his neighbour and of his neighbour to him, from prison walls—having no other instruction for his tender years than the hard truths to be gathered from their stony tutelage—runs no chance of becoming any other than the brutal, insensible Barnardine ; in Shakespeare's impressive words : "A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep ; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come ; *insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.*" For the multitudes of Barnardines, prison taught and prison punished, in actual existence, who will be responsible at the last great account ? Those who adjust matters so that no other teaching is provided for juvenile thieves than prisons, gaols, houses of correction, and penitentiaries ; or the childish malefactors themselves, who know no better than that to pilfer, to cheat, and to lie are legitimate means of gaining a livelihood, until taught that they are perilous to soul and body

by the State education of the "stone jug" and bread and water? Shakespeare, in the story of Barnardine, read us a profound lesson in penal legislation three hundred years ago. May it be turned to profit now!

The Duke, in this play, furnishes an example of the active mischief resulting from passive conduct in rulers. Vincentio is a man given to study, to a recluse life, to speculating and theorising, rather than to practical governing and energetic sway. He suffers his subjects to live uncontrolled, and the laws to mildew in abeyance: the natural consequence of which is, that error flourishes and justice languishes; that vice runs rampant and discipline is smothered; until he himself feels that to revive either order or decorum demands a stronger hand than his, and that the existing evil may be mainly traced to his own neglect and supineness. He justly says:—

Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope;
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do. For we "*bid*" this be done,
*When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment.*

The philosophy of will and energy of purpose amid casualties and reverses is grandly set forth in Agamemnon's opening speech of the third scene in "Troilus and Cressida." It is a glorious stimulant against occasional discouragement such as we all at times feel when events go perversely, and our best intentions are perplexed. The Greek commander-in-chief says:—

The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that embodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmis'd shape. Why then, you Princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are indeed naught else
But the protractive trials of great Jove
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found

In fortune's love ; for then, the bold and coward,
 The wise and fool, the artist and unreal,
 The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin :
 But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction with a broad and powerful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;
 And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
 Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

That last metaphor is as fine in poetical treatment and strictness of illustration as it is admirable in moral truth. Vigour of resolve and moral courage we find further insisted on in these strenuous words of old Nestor :—

In the reproof of chance
 Lies the true proof of men : the sea being smooth,
 How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
 Upon her patient breast, making their way
 With those of nobler bulk ?
 But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
 The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
 The strong-ribbed bark through liquid mountains cut,
 Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like Perseus' horse. Where's then the saucy boat,
 Whose weak untimbered sides but even now
 Co-rival'd greatness ? Either to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast to Neptune. Even so
 Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,
 In storms of fortune.

Shakespeare's knowledge in "Natural Philosophy," and his use of it in illustrative imagery, are absolutely marvellous. He describes objects in the animal kingdom with the accuracy of a naturalist and the artistic taste of a painter. He talks of the moon's influence on the ebb and flow of the tides, or the principle of gravitation in the earth's centre, with the precision of a man of science, and the fancy of a man of imagination ; and all this (be it remembered) a hundred years before Newton and Laplace promulgated their grand theories.

He describes trees as though he had been a backwoodsman ; he traces flowers with the skill and enthusiasm of a botanist ; he treats of birds with an ornithologist's eye for their habits and peculiarities. His similes will frequently contain whole epitomes of natural philosophy or practical science. His figures and tropes are as true to fact as they are felicitous in illustration and poetical in imagery. Here is one of his exquisite figurative allusions that brings an entire landscape of upland and meadow, with its fleeting effects of light and shade, before the mind's eye :—

Love's heralds should be thoughts,
 Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
 Driving back shadows over lowering hills.

The mere epithets he uses for different flowers testify his perfect acquaintance with the characteristics of the objects he depicts. He calls it "*lush* woodbine." Now what epithet could give better idea of the flaunting luxuriance, the prodigal richness with which honeysuckle grows? He speaks of the "nodding violet," and of "violets *dim*." Who but a poet of poets would have ventured on that word. Yet what word so well as "*dim*" could have so well described that tenderly grave hue, that delicate neutral tinted shadowy blue, which distinguishes the wild violet? He has the "*asured* harebell," the "*freckled* cowslip," the "*pie'd* daisy," the "*pale* primrose," and speaks of "*furr'd* moss," of "*rough* thistles," of "*dismal* yews." His characteristic delineation of trees is no less apt. He instances the willow's "*hoar* leaves," the tree "growing aslant the brook," and mirroring its foliage in "the glassy stream;" since it is the back of each leaf that is thus reflected, and the back of the native English willow leaf is white, or rather "*hoar*"—for you never can substitute an adjective for one of Shakespeare's without loss of effective truth. He calls it the "*unwedgeable and gnarled* oak," when speaking of the forest king, and alludes to the grand sound of wind among fir trees in these terms:—

You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven.

And here is a picture, as perfect for poetry as for truth to nature in the objects described. It combines tree painting worthy of Gaspar Poussin or Creswick, and animal painting worthy of Schneider or Landseer:—

Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, *nimble in threats*, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with *indented glides* did slip away,
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay watching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.

A warrior in battle, surrounded by his enemies, is thus vigorously drawn :—

Methought he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat :
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs :
Who having *pinch'd* a few, and *made them cry* ;
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

What power and majesty there is in this description of kingly wrath :—

He parted frowning from me, *as if ruin*
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,
Then—*makes him nothing!*

And how strikingly he elsewhere depicts a royal look, thus :—

His eye, as bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty.

Shakespeare has a hawk's eye himself for peculiarities in birds. His exquisite passage on the haunts of the martlet, in building its nest, with the concomitant sweetness and purity of the air where it breeds, is familiar with us all ; but he has another less intimate, illustrating superficiality in judgment, and hasty selection ; which, he says :—

Like the martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the *force and road of casualty.*

His description of the horse is a wonderful combination of poetic beauty and accurate knowledge. It is in the play of "Henry V.," where the Dauphin rapturously extols the quality of his charger : "He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs. When I bestride him I soar, I am a hawk. He trots the air ; the earth sings when he touches it : the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes. He's of the colour of nutmeg ; and of the heat of ginger. It is a beast for Perseus : he is pure air and fire ; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him. It is the prince of palfreys : his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage." The celebrated description in the "Venus and Adonis" matches this for detail. It is a poet's description, and yet as literal and as knowing in a horse's good points as a Newmarket jockey's might be :—

Round hoof'd, short jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,

High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong ;
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide ;
Look what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

That exquisite passage on the honey-bees, likening the order observed in their hive and work to that which should prevail in a well-ordered commonwealth, is always welcomed on repetition. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in the council in "Henry V.," says :—

Heaven doth divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion ;
To which is fixéd as an aim or butt,
Obedience : for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts ;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;
Others, like soldiers, arméd in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor :
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold ;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
• Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate :
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

Here is the whole economy of that provident little insect put into metred language ; it is an epic on State government. There is another sentence—a short one—pointing at the bee's example as an instance how rarely a wisely careful nature gathers and garners its stores in corrupt places. The passage is as pithy as it is brief :—

'Tis seldom when the bee does hive her comb
In the dead carrion.

Timon, digging in the ground for food, and addressing earth in that fine strain of glowing poetry, maintains all the natural philosophy with technical correctness. If the epithets be scrutinised which he uses for the reptiles introduced, it will be seen that the entomologist's knowledge is scarcely less to be found here than the poet's phrase and style :—

Common mother, thou,
Whose womb immeasurable, and infinite breast,

Teems and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle,
 Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
 Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
 The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm ;
 With all th' abhorred births below crisp heaven,
 Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine ;
 Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
 From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root.

Not only in the naturalist's lore does Shakespeare prove himself an adept, but in practical experiments of natural philosophy. Some of his succinct illustrations, amidst all their poetry of diction, are as plain in veritable fact as one of Faraday's propositions. Here is one as a type of the self-injury of heat in anger, and how felicitous as well as philosophical the illustration :—

Know you not, the fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
 In seeming to *augment* it, *wastes* it ?

He will often give an abstract of a scientific principle in a single line ; as where he says : " Things in motion sooner catch the eye than what not stirs." And in another case he observes : " The thing that's heavy in itself, upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed."

He gives token of the horticulturist's craft, where, introducing it in illustration, he talks of—

Covering discretion with a coat of folly ;
 As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots,
 That shall first spring, to be most delicate.

And he displays the local knowledge of a travelled explorer when he descants upon the peculiar properties of the great Egypt river, putting this passage into Mark Antony's mouth :—

They take the flow o' the Nile
 By certain scales i' the pyramid : they know,
 By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,
 Or foison follow. The higher Nilus swells,
 The more it promises ; as it ebbs, the seedsman
 Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
 And shortly comes to harvest.

Shakespeare's personal descriptions are frequently rendered additionally vivid from the introduction of some natural object as a symbol in delineation. In that fine picture of a perturbed sleeper, for instance, how graphically are the drops upon the moistened brow brought before the mind by the image that the poet has employed !

It is where Lady Percy, Hotspur's wife, is telling him of his aspect during his broken rest at night. She says :—

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war ;
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbéd stream :
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd ;
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste.

Shakespeare's similes are a concentration of aptitude, with vigour in poetical imagery—in every sense "poetical," for they always elevate and dignify the object likened. Here is one of a warrior in battle—actually sublime in its strength and truth :—

As waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem. His sword (Death's stamp)
Where it did mark, it took :—from face to foot.
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries.

His lighter and more volatile similes are no whit less sincere or strict to fact. Falstaff says : "There's no more *valour* in that Poin's than in a wild duck ;" and no creature, perhaps, is more easily scared, or with more difficulty approached. Here, again, is a capital flout at futile attempts to compass desperate undertakings : "You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather."

The instability and unreliability of mob-valour are thus exemplified :—

He that trusts you,
When he should find you lions, finds you hares ;
Where foxes, geese. You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun.

Shakespeare felt the force of this last image so strongly as to have used it again in another place. Falstaff, when he sends his vagabond followers packing, bids them "vanish like hailstones !"

Upon abstract themes, what noble philosophy has Shakespeare written ! Upon time, for instance, and its despotism :—

Time's the king of men :
He's both their parent, and he is their grave ;
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

But there is another sentence, on the same subject, that contains the

concentrated spirit of Shakespearian philosophy—*hope*, and *faith* in *good*. It is but a single line; but it includes a world of firm and cheerful trust. It is this :—

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

Our poet's advocacy of Divine right and human advantage, in *royalty*, has often been pointed out. He has some strong passages on the question; and as beautiful as strong. We should, however, bear in mind that the passages occur in the mouths of those characters who *necessarily* advocate the supremacy of royalty; and therefore that it is rather the fitness of the dramatist than the poet's individual opinion which is here manifested. Claudius, the usurping monarch in "Hamlet," says :—

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would.

And it is Richard II. who declares :—

Not all the water in the rough, rude sea,
Can wash the balm from an anointed king.

While it is from the sycophant, Rosencrantz, that the following opinion is promulgated; which, nevertheless, contains much philosophic truth :—

The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

In that metaphor of the gigantic wheel, and its potential effects in motion, lies a curious denotement of the principle of centrifugal force, as applied by our modern machinery. But upon the subject of royalty, Shakespeare has—in his own impartial way of viewing a question from all sides in which it may be dealt with—given another passage, which brings the infallibility and supremacy into greater latitude of consideration; reducing the person in whom royalty centres to be judged in his human capacity. It is where Henry V., disguised as a common soldier, visits his army by night; and falling in with three of the men who are debating the question of the morrow's expected battle, and expressing their opinion of their royal leader, returns them this answer: "I think the King is but a man, as

I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet where they stoop, they stoop with the like wing."

Shakespeare has pleaded the cause of the ruled with no less candour than he has that of the rulers; and among his multitude of searching truths on either part, he hardly ever uttered one more subtle than this: "There have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them." And he has a notable axiom upon the folly of either courting or despising popular favour: "To seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as to flatter them for their love." Certainly he has but a minimum of honourable self-respect, or nobility of feeling, who would descend to flattery as a means of winning public approbation; at the same time, however, he is as insensible as impolitic who would pretend indifference to the opinion of his fellow men. As that illustrious Bishop Jeremy Taylor says finely: "It is not a vain noise when many men join their voices in the *attestation* or *detestation* of an action."

Shakespeare has glowingly vindicated the rights of free choice, of love, and of honest affection in his philosophy of *marriage*. Fenton's speech to Anne Page is a young lover's frank confession of mercenary views changed to disinterested attachment by the merit of its object; and it forms a pleasant acknowledgment of the better wealth that a man gains in a worthy girl whom he loves than in all the dowries and marriage portions that ever swayed fortune-hunter:—

I will confess (he says) thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I wooed thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I find thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealéd bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Fenton afterwards maintains the claims of liberty and preference in wedlock, with spirit and justice. Having married his mistress, contrary to the several intentions of her parents—both father and mother having destined her to a different suitor, each unworthy of "Sweet Anne Page"—he pleads his own and his wife's cause for their stolen match in these sensible words:—

Hear the truth of it.—
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,

Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us.
 And this deceit loses the name of craft,
 Of disobedience, or unduteous title ;
 Since therein she doth evitate and shun
 A thousand *irreligious, curséd hours,*
 Which forcéd marriage would have brought upon her.

Elsewhere Shakespeare has declared with equal vehemence the unholiness of unwilling marriage in these words :—

What is wedlock forcéd, but a hell,
 An age of discord and continual strife ?
 Whereas, the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
 And is a pattern of celestial peace.

He has entered his protest, too, against wedded union being made matter of bargain and sale ; against money being made the object, and not the person beloved. He has never made a joke of money-matching (like hordes of his successors to the present day) ; he never “vulgarised” anything ; and, above all, never “vulgarised,” or treated with a sneer, any principle ; and, by doing [so, tended to loosen the legislature of social harmony.] He stigmatises that man as “abject, base, and poor, who chooses for wealth and not for perfect love ;” and asserts the dignity of affection and plighted troth, in the sentence :—

Marriage is a matter of more worth
 Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.

He has, in more than one instance, adverted to the beautiful doctrine which prevailed at the time he wrote—that a woman is perfected by marriage ; and he, with his own noble largeness of philosophy and true spirit of just perception, extended this doctrine of human perfectioning by marriage to the man as well as to the woman. It is a doctrine that might well obtain Shakespeare’s advocacy—poet and philosopher as he was—since it asserts the holiness and supremacy of love, as the most perfect and perfectioning essence in the universe.

Shakespeare’s marital philosophy would, of a truth, be questionable, were we to take a delineation of Petruchio’s character and conduct as a model of what *he* deems a husband’s conduct should be. But he has there drawn an especial case, and one bearing in some measure upon the prevailing manners of former times. In those ages (so-called “patriarchal”) men trained their wives as they did their horses ; they bullied and cowed [I don’t mean a pun], they cowed and tamed them. And the example that the poet has deduced in Petruchio is a mild and even a refined version of the original

drama of "Taming of a Shrew." Shakespeare has redeemed Petruchio from natural obloquy by making him honestly confess that he comes to wed *wealth*. [What art, as well as good taste, in that redeeming clause to his rule of conduct !] He says :—

I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Petruchio is no hypocrite. He does not assume one character before and another character after marriage. He did not deceive his wife. Katherine is not drawn a fool as well as a shrew. She knew her future husband, and thought she could rule him as she had done every one else ; and she failed in her calculation, and was "ruled" and thoroughly "cowed." Shakespeare knew that money only would get off such a woman as Kate Minola.

Among the myriad of glorious things that our adored poet—with his own fervent heart and glowing imagination—has said upon love, it is difficult to select for illustration ; but here are two fine earnest bits that deserve to be distinguished. Romeo, when he has scaled the garden wall that encloses his Juliet, tells her :—

With love's light wings did I o'er perch these walls ;
For stony limits cannot hold love out :
And what love can do, that dares love attempt.

And the second is, perhaps, finer, even in its generous plenitude of devotion :—

Love is not love
When it is mingled with *respects*, that stand
Aloof from the entire point.

Our pleasant friend Bottom, the weaver, has a pithy morsel upon this subject of love—sly, but with much of latent significance beneath its waggery. "To say the truth," he says, "Reason and Love keep little company together nowadays ; the more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends."

The philosophy of love, in its too frequently thwarted course, is detailed at length in the famous and ever-quoted passage, beginning :—

The course of *true* love never did run smooth.

And in that other couplet :—

How much this spring of love resembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an April day ;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun ;
And, by and bye, a cloud takes all away.

But the *philosophy* and *poetry* of love combined dwells in these superb but less generally quoted lines :—

Love, first learn'd in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immur'd in the brain ;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power ;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye ;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd :
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails :
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.
For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?
Subtle as Sphinx, as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair :
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Shakespeare strongly insists upon the doctrine of *innate tendencies*, *inherent qualities*, and *sympathetic affinities*. In his play of "Cymbeline," he has pointedly delineated the force of blood and kindred inclination, together with inborn disposition. The involuntary strength of preference that springs up between the unknown brothers and their sister—Guiderius and Arviragus towards Imogen, and in her towards them—is forcibly displayed. And the intrinsic *royalty* of nature in the too young seeming mountaineers is no less markedly wrought. Their supposed father, Bellarius, exclaims :—

O, thou Goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys ! They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head : and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful
That an *invisible instinct should frame them*
To royalty unlearned ; honour untaught ;
Civility not seen from other : valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd.

In the character of Perdita in the "Winter's Tale," Shakespeare's more occultly, but no wit less emphatically, indicated his theory of

inherent qualities. Perdita, with all her modest youth and gentleness, has much of the dignity and self-possession, together with firmness—not to say obstinacy—that characterises her mother, Queen Hermione. Her royalty of nature and grace is indicated in the remark :—

This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the greensward ; *nothing she does or seems*
But smacks of something greater than herself ;
Too noble for this place.

Her queenly mother's steadfastness of temper, with repose of manner, are more than once to be traced in Perdita's speech and conduct, while her *personal* likeness to Hermione is denoted by an exquisite touch that Shakespeare was sure to add upon such an occasion. When Leontes is looking upon his daughter, not knowing her for his own, as she stands there in her maiden youth and beauty, the faithful Paulina recalls him to himself with the half rebuke :—

Sir,—my liege,—
Your eye hath too much youth in't : not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.
Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.

This brings to remembrance a parallel passage, equal in loveliness of poetic truth and natural truth, where a father is looking upon his child, not knowing her for such. It is where Pericles, gazing upon his daughter, Marina, has his belief in her worth confirmed by the living picture she presents to his soul of his lost wife Thaisa :—

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been : my queen's square brows ;
Her stature to an inch ; as wand-like straight,
As silver-voiced : her eyes jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly : in pace another Juno,
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry
The more she gives them speech.

And then, with affecting passion, he adds :—

Pr'ythee speak ;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as justice ; and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in. I'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible ; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed.

The glorious old poet Chaucer has a passage in his own simple beauty of style indicating the like creed of native sympathy in

resemblance. It is where Constance's little son is brought into his father, King Alla's presence ; and we have the touching sketch of the incident in two lines :—

Before Allà, during the meaté's space,
The child stood looking in the kingé's face.

The father is struck by the child's look (we all know the pertinacious gaze of a child), and he inquires :—

Whose is that fairé child that standeth yonder ?

Obtaining no satisfactory answer to his question, the story goes on to say :—

Now was this child as like unto Custance
As possible is a créature to be :
This Allà hath the face in remembrance
Of Dame Custance, and thereon muséd he,
If that the childé's mother were aught she
That is his wife ;—and *privily he sight,*
And sped him from the table that he might.

That touch of his sighing, and hurrying from the room to hide his emotion, is in the true dramatic feeling of nature and passion.

To return to Shakespeare. He has given another exemplification of his philosophy of inherited attributes, in Bolingbroke and his two sons, Prince Hal and Prince John. The former—throughout his successive scenes, as Hal, Prince Henry, the Prince of Wales, and Henry V.—betrays a constitutional reserve and calculating foresight akin to the patient biding-his-time policy of his father, Bolingbroke ; while Prince John of Lancaster, in his smooth equivocation and cold-blooded treachery towards the rebel leaders, shows the same disposition that guided his parent's treatment of Exton, after the latter had been the murderous instrument of his deed upon Richard II.

Falstaff, with his shrewd eye for salient points of character, makes allusion to the innate dispositions of both princes, in his famous speech on sherris sack. Of Prince John he says : “ This same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me ; nor a man cannot make him laugh.”

And of Prince Hal he says (actually noticing the hereditary quality I have pointed out) : “ Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant ; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father. He hath—like lean, sterile, and bare land—manured, husbanded, and tilled with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant.”

To what author could we point for a more pertinent exposition of the philosophy of precaution, method, and forethought, than is to be found in the speech of one of the rebel leaders, where the project of re-establishing the State is mooted on the principle of architectural calculation and construction? It forms at once the philosophy of judgment in foresight, and the philosophy of building. It is a piece of pure practicality. The speaker says :—

When we mean to build
We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;
And when we see the figure of the house
Then must we rule the cost of the erection,
Which, if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at least desist
To build at all? Much more in this great work
(Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up) should we survey
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo
To weigh against his opposite ; or else
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men,
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it, who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Shakespeare's philosophy of grief, with its distempered vision, multiplying sources of woe through the lenses of tear-swollen eyes, display the science of the optician, at the same time detracting naught from the pathos of the theme. He says :—

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so :
For sorrow's eye, glaz'd with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects ;
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion ; eyed awry,
Distinguish form.

We have the philosophy of hope, with its rapid darting to a prosperous issue, and its soaring trust and exultation, in two brief lines :—

True hope is swift, and flies with swallows' wings ;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Grandly, indeed, is the nothingness of ambition, and the poor futility of worldly strife and grasping, conveyed rather than preached, inculcated rather than declared, in the philosophical close to the play of "Lear"! In view of the old king's dead body—heart-struck and poisoned by the envenomed shaft of the hideous ingratitude of his daughters—Albany relinquishes the crown and kingdom, bidding Kent and Edgar "rule in this realm;" while they, on their side, are wholly lost to such thoughts in the one absorbing contemplation of poor mistaken, dying humanity. "Philosophy" is indeed instilled throughout this great drama; it pervades the whole, no whit less imperiously, from the inostensible mode of its introduction. We feel its presence, and gather its wise teaching, rather than find it legibly stated in so many set lessons. Apart from the thrill of pity amidst grotesque effect which we feel when Lear persists in addressing Edgar (disguised as Tom o' Bedlam) by the title of "philosopher," a singular influence is produced upon us. Beyond the pathetic strangeness of hearing one whose wits are diseased by distress call a Bedlamite a philosopher, there is the profoundly moving picture of an erring human soul, in its own dimly-perceived rashness and folly, yearning after some semblance of wisdom, and seeking to ally itself with something that to its disordered fancy presents the image of judgment and discretion. There is hardly a more deeply-touching subtlety of circumstance than where the wandering old king keeps close to the crazy beggar, with: "First, let me talk with this philosopher;" and when Gloster and Kent endeavour to lead him to shelter, repeating: "With him; I will keep still with my philosopher." It is the vague clinging of mistake and delusion to what it believes to be wise knowledge and experience. That Lear gains truer wisdom himself out of the very sorrows and distractions that befall him we learn from many of his reflections upon human life, human action, and human justice, during his adversity. Here is one—most pointed amidst its homeliness and fantastic levity:—

Lear: Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Gloster: Ay, sir.

Lear: And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority—a dog's obeyed in office.

And he follows it up by another—as true as it is bitter:—

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
 Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
 And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
 Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

In contrast with this philosophy of human justice the great poet-teacher has presented us the philosophy of Divine justice, where he makes one of his characters observe :—

In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above :
There is no shuffling ; there the action lies
In his true nature ; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence.

Shakespeare's philosophy of truth occupies so wide a field—if noted wherever it may be deduced through his pages—that it might occupy a whole essay to itself ; but he has some condensed sentences upon that topic—terse as sincerity itself. Here are four of them :— First, "Truth loves open dealing." Second, "Truth hath better deeds than words to grace it." What a concentration is there of wit as well as wisdom ! Third, "Truth hath a quiet breast." That little sentence has even a scriptural charm in its beautiful faith. Fourth, "There is no time so miserable but a man may be true." An absolute pathos gleams in the simple earnestness of that last gospel axiom !

Shakespeare has some good things upon flattery. There is that biting flier, so full of honest scorn in its philosophic wit :—"He that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer." And then there is that famous subtlety in the "Julius Cæsar" :—

When I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does ; being then most flattered.

The philosophy of oratory—of the advantage of action and gesture as accessories to speech, and even as exponents of meaning, when addressing a mob multitude, is well set forth in Volumnia's exhortation to her son Coriolanus, when she bids him speak to the people, cap in hand, arm stretched forth, and "knee bussing the stones," adding :—

For in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears.

Was the philosophy of fitness and adaptedness ever more succinctly yet completely sketched than in the remarks of the two servants on board Pompey's galley, while preparing the banquet with which their master is about to entertain the expected triumvirate. One of the fellows says :—"I had as lief have a reed that will do me

no service as a partisan [a halberd] I could not heave." And the other rejoins :—"To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks."

Shakespeare's philosophy of knowledge and ignorance may almost be summed in these fine fervent words :—

Ignorance is the curse of God :
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

Two comprehensive lines which should be inscribed over every literary institution in the kingdom.

There is a noble passage on the proportionate increase of intellectual with that of physical faculty :—

Nature crescent does not grow alone
In thews and bulk ; but as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal.

Amidst all his own power of truth in philosophy—nay, the rather for that very truth and genuineness—our poet has some sharp digs at would-be philosophy and philosophical pretenders. The pragmatical parson-pedagogue Sir Hugh Evans is made the medium of one of these girds at the solemn quackeries of so-called philosophers. where he says :—"Let us command to know of your mouth or of your lips, for divers philosophers hold that the lip is parcel of the mouth." Why, what should it be parcel of?—the great toe ?

Touchstone utters another of these gibes at philosophic cant, when he observes :—"The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his mouth, meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open." This equals in profundity the discovery of Le Sage's Greek scholar, without whose erudite research we should never have learned the singular fact that in Athens the children cried when they were whipped !

Shakespeare's hit at stoical bragging :—

There was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently ;
However they have writ the style of gods
And made a pish at chance and sufferance,

calls to mind Molière's Professor of Philosophy who so ill bears the disparagement of his science that he loses his temper and flares out more furiously than any of the other Professors of Music and the Arts, falling to cuffs and blows, by way of arguments for the all-sufficing

merits of his precious philosophy. Lord Lafeu, in "All's Well," indignantly protests against these prigs of sages, who, by making wonders of nothings, induce men to treat mysteries as insignificant toys. He says: "We have our philosophical persons to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear."

Our poet has made many of his characters—not philosophers in themselves—the vehicles for philosophy. Falconbridge, Richard II., John of Gaunt, Bolingbroke, Edmund, Edgar, and others, are all, in their several individual styles, made the medium of philosophic truths. Even such a character as Patroclus is made to utter some sound good sense; but the dramatist, with his usual appropriateness, has clothed it in figurative diction.

The philosophy of indifferentism, with the fatality of weakness, vacillation, and indolent delay, is condensed into these two lines:—

Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger.

And what a homily of wholesome moral teaching stands forth in this single pregnant one: "Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves."

Cassius says some fine things, although, as a whole, his character and speeches are purposely drawn inferior in excellence to those of Brutus. Here, however, is one of the noble sentences put into Cassius's mouth:—

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass;
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit.

In like manner many of Shakespeare's *dramatis personæ*, not specifically jesters, are constituted vehicles for jesting. Benedick, Biron, Dogberry, Nick Bottom and his fellows, among several more, furnish matter for jesting, though they are a whole hemisphere from being "professed jesters." Benedick being a man of wit, and of a blithe temperament (and thus much he is a philosopher), his words frequently take the shape of gay jesting; but it is on this very account that Benedick has no fancy to be considered a jester—a "professed jester." His delightful humour and choice wit render him a favourite associate of Don Pedro, the Prince of Aragon; but his various higher qualities as a gentleman and a scholar give him better claims to favour than those of a gay companion only. It is

this that makes Beatrice's calling him the "Prince's jester" so intolerable a gibe. She knew it—the hussey!—with her woman's shrewdness in finding out precisely what will most gall the man she prefers, and he shows that it touches him to the quick by reverting to it in soliloquy, and repeating it again to his friends when they come in. A man of lively humour, who is excited by his native gaiety of heart to entertain his friends by his pleasantry, at the same time feeling within himself that he possesses yet stronger and worthier grounds for their partiality, has a peculiarly sensitive dread of being taken for a mere jester or buffoon. Benedick is no mere airy jester; his buoyant spirits are no effect of levity or frivolity; his humour has depth of feeling as well as mirth in it; his wit has force and geniality no less than intellectual vivacity. That little sentence of his, with all its sportive ease, is instinct with moral good sense: "Happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending." Benedick's wit has penetration and discernment in it. It is he who first traces the mystery of Hero's slander to the machinations of Don John. His speech at once clears his friends Don Pedro and Claudio from any wilful malice in the accusation, and attributes its origin to the right source. He says:—

Two of them have the very bent of honour :
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

With all his mercurial temperament, yet in a grave question Benedick can deliver himself with gravity and a noble sedateness, as where he says: "In a false quarrel there is no true valour." And throughout the challenge scene he expresses himself with gentlemanly dignity and manly feeling; while we find from the remarks of the Prince upon his change of colour that he is as deeply hurt as he has temperately spoken. He characterises his own wit in its gentleness and gallantry towards women when he says to Beatrice's attendant: "A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman." There is *heart* in Benedick's playfulness. His love-making (when love-taken) is as earnest as it is animated. That is a fine and fervent bit of his, at the close of his wooing scene with Beatrice, where she asks him if he will go with her to her uncle Leonato's to hear the news, he answers: "I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thine eyes; and moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's." Shakespeare has with lustrous perfection vindicated the sound sense and sweet heart that may accompany wit in his character of Benedick.

In that of Biron, in the play of "Love's Labour's Lost," the dramatist has given us another specimen of wit allied to scholarly elegance, and of humour conjoined with philosophical thought and reason. In Biron's first scene he utters a worthy sentence upon superficial acquirement, when he says :—

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks.

And he follows this up by a protest against those who gather all their knowledge from book-lore, to the cramping of originality of idea, and to the neglect of the larger wisdom that is to be gained from a perusal of the glorious volume of universal Nature herself. He observes :—

Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixéd star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.

Biron shows his rational sense and unperverted taste when he abjures forced fruits and flowers, with delicacies out of season, declaring his preference for reasonable luxuries and natural delights. He justly asks :—

Why should I joy in an abortive birth ?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows :
But like of each thing that in season grows.

And this man—this Lord Biron who, upon fitting occasion, can speak with so sedate and staid a judgment and philosophical a reason—is a lively thinker, a witty talker, and a most vivacious companion. His social qualities are thus delightfully described :—

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit ;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That agéd ears play truant at his tales ;
And younger hearings are quite ravishéd,
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

What a worthy chronicle of a worthy intellect ! Blessing and gratitude await our own British Poet of Poets ! for having so gloriously proved the natural alliance that exists between true philosophy and true wit ; for showing us that mirth and jesting—far from precluding grave thought, sound reason, and sound sense—may be made their pleasant and gracious vehicle ; and for showing us that high spirits, cheerful words, and a hopeful heart are but among the best forms of purest wisdom.

Again, blessings and all loving gratitude to the memory of
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE !



LIFE IN LONDON.

VII.—CIRCLES OF SOCIETY.

THAT amiable man, the late Sir Thomas Talfourd, said that the great fault of our artificial state of society—in the relations of class to class—is the want of sympathy. I will not moralise upon the fact which was pointed so impressively in this instance (for the sentiment was almost the last which Sir Thomas uttered)—a fact which everybody will admit, and set down to the account of everybody else. But I wish to ask, How can there be much sympathy where there is so much separation, and different classes of men and women know so little of one another? The present world is absurdly large, and it is impossible that we can have even a bowing acquaintance with every man and brother—not to say woman and sister—with whom we share in common. Of course we are supposed to sympathise, and many of us do, in an abstract way, and in reference to masses of people. There are many benevolent persons, indeed, desirous to do good in a practical way, whose difficulty is to find eligible objects for sympathy. With the best of intentions, it is difficult to discover many persons whom we love as well as ourselves, to say nothing of that polite preference for somebody else which is at once so desirable and so rare. Doubtless we should be able to count many more in either category if we could only make their acquaintance. But can we hope to find such treasures in distant and factious parts of the world, when we fail to find them in near and serious localities? There are practical reasons why many worthy persons in the Mountains of the Moon should not be able to claim our special affection; but it is not quite so natural a state of things that so many kindred souls should dwell among us, it may be in the same city, and yet remain unknown to us. It may be that some of us are thoroughly selfish rascals, who care nothing about our neighbours except for what we can get out of them; but the main reason for the want of knowledge is that people live in different circles of society.

There are two grand divisions of these circles—high society and low society—besides what may be called high-low society, which has a fluctuating tendency, and belongs at times to either extreme. To begin with the broad distinctions.

High society is very far from being composed of one class, or having more than the general characteristics in common. It has circles and circles, whose members meet in large assemblies, or upon more or less public occasions, but are not in habitual association. Even the innermost and most exclusive circles are not confined to their members. They are continually being recruited from the outside ; and there are three qualifications we are told of by the author of " Vivian Grey," by which an outsider may obtain admission. To gain the enchanted ground, a man must have blood, a million, or a genius. That is to say, he may be a man with no advantage of wealth, but of exceptionally great birth ; a man with no advantage of birth, who has made an exceedingly large fortune ; or a man with no advantages either of birth or fortune, who has an exceptionally great genius. It does not follow that either qualification will serve the purpose as a matter of course, but it will answer in the absence of any special drawbacks.

It may be said that a man like Brummel had neither of these qualifications. He certainly was without birth or fortune ; nor had he, of course, genius, except for dress and audacity. But it was genius in its way, considering the term in its broad sense, as meaning originality. However, Brummel had the vantage ground of the Guards to give him introductions and make his talents known. In a low grade of life a man might go on tying immaculate cravats and saying cleverly impertinent things for a hundred years without being taken up by fashionable society.

As regards women the conditions are somewhat different. Beauty goes a long way, and, *ceteris paribus*, will take its possessor anywhere. But let there be anything like a social flaw, and beauty will be in the way, in a case where women give the verdict. A beautiful girl, even though a nobody, may be taken up by a leader of fashion, and forced upon society ; but she will have many slights to endure, and have to depend upon the protection of the men. When once she is married—the match being a sufficiently good one—she is safe, and may do as she pleases. A girl in low life cannot make her way like a man of the same class. There have been a few instances, like that of Lady Hamilton ; but Lady Hamilton was, for sufficient reasons, never considered respectable, and saw only one side of the world. Talent and audacity—fascination of manner and genius

for dress—will do much for their possessors ; but they must get a certain fulcrum before they can get the lever to bear. We all know the position held, for instance, by Becky Sharpe, whom I have a right to cite as being quite as real as many historical characters. She, however, was never well introduced, had never a lady-leader to support her, and her very talents were suspicious signs—her fluency in the French language, you may remember, being especially considered suggestive of doubtful antecedents. Above a certain social range, however, and in the absence of special objections, beauty and talent will do a great deal for a woman—especially after she is married.

The great world, as has been said, is always being recruited from the little world. Most large fortunes in this country have been made or maintained by commerce. Their present source may be landed property, but the land is likely to have been purchased with capital gained by cotton or iron, banking or brokering, or successful speculation. Even when it has come down to its possessor by long descent it has been frequently kept intact mainly by alliances among the commercial classes. The new comers may be just as good gentlemen as the old ; but whether they are or are not we find them welcomed more heartily than the best-born men in the country who lack the sinews of social war. Blue blood goes for little with green acres ; and I should be sorry to back "Lineage" against "Ledger" for matrimonial stakes.

Thus it is that there is no real exclusiveness, even in the highest circles—nothing like a *carte* of nobility such as existed in France before the Revolution, and exists still in several countries on the Continent. What a charming state of society it must be—one in which we are all so free and equal ! Such is the natural inference to be drawn from the conditions of admission into the best society, and even into the Peerage itself ; for the Peerage is the type of the best society. It is made up of precisely the same elements as the great world generally. It is more of a club than a caste, with the difference that a superior authority elects the members. Not, however, that the election depends entirely upon the will of the Sovereign—upon a spontaneous impulse from the Fountain of Honour. The Minister of the day makes many peers in the Queen's name. Men who are not peers themselves are the cause of peerages in others. To take the two most recent instances. Not a few members of the House of Lords owe their dignities respectively to Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone ; and it is doubtful whether either of these statesmen will ever accept a similar honour for himself. The fact is that a

peer, except in the House of Lords, is not a greater person than hundreds of commoners having places in politics or society. If belonging to one of the old Government families, and himself a potential leader, the peer is a great man anywhere; if elevated through Arms or the Law, he has, or ought to have, distinction in his own way. But new peers, unless they be strong men in themselves, do not command much respect; and some, who are not quite new, are unassociated with dignified traditions. There is as good blood outside the House of Lords as in it; and so many persons are admitted into it who have no blood at all, conventionally speaking, that prejudice against it as an aristocratic institution is quite out of place. For one peer whose ancestors were in the Wars of the Roses there are dozens who date only from the time of Walpole or Pitt—for we all know how most of these won their titles; and there is a still larger number of more recent or entirely new creations, among men who may have been already noble, or may have nobly earned their places, but in frequent instances have been or done neither the one nor the other. The House of Lords, indeed, is open to all men. I am well aware that, when this remark was once made, somebody answered, "And so is the London Tavern;" and it must be admitted that the conditions of entrance are too frequently of a commercial kind—that less account is taken of deserts than power to "support the dignity" in a pecuniary way. But wealth, after all, is a republican institution; and even this fact should save so indispensable an estate of the realm as the Upper House of Parliament from being attacked as a mere assemblage of aristocrats—"bloated" or "effete," according to the fancy of the satirist.

The natural influence to be drawn from the continual introduction of the lower element into the highest ranks—whether political power or social intercourse be concerned—is, as has been said, that there is an immense amount, not only of liberty, but of equality in this country. I am afraid that the inference is not justified by facts. There is a strong disposition on the part of the people who have risen to throw down the ladder by which they have mounted, and to consider themselves altogether in their new relations of life. It is an open question whether they are snobs for so doing, and you are free to your own opinion upon the point.

There is an immense amount of sympathy shown by the upper classes for "the masses" in their collective capacity. It is the problem of every statesman how to provide for their welfare. For their pecuniary needs the charitable give immense sums of money

on all sides. But how little the one class knows of the other! An exception must be made in the case of a few noblemen and gentlemen who are active philanthropists, and of many large proprietors who take the strongest personal interest in the tenants upon their estates. But the rich and the poor—to put the distinction practically—are still “two nations,” as Mr. Disraeli calls them in “*Sybil*.” There are occasions when people who are rich and people who are poor—people of high and people of humble rank—can come together in bodies, and the result is satisfactory enough. Politics bring them together; so does charity; so does religion, sometimes; so does volunteering to a certain but very limited extent, for the great body of our citizen force are not of course “poor” in the sense referred to. But the humbler class who mix in “movements” are mostly working men, more or less well employed, with education at least sufficient to give them a remarkable insight into the nature of their own interests. Who knows anything, except through City missionaries and “commissioners” from the newspapers who have gone among them, of the mass of struggling people?—people whose life is a continual contest with society; whose education is simply nothing; whose intelligence is of the densest kind, being developed only to the extent of a certain low cunning; who have such a fear of the workhouse that they frequently prefer the gaol; who look upon all State organisation, political, legal, clerical, as a conspiracy to keep them down; who like the Sovereign well enough in a procession which gives them occasion for a raid upon respectability, but have the profoundest contempt for the Legislature; and, next to the judges and magistrates, consider their natural enemies to be the policeman and the parson of the parish—the one as a tyrant and the other as a hypocrite.

Apart from professional thieves among these classes, the greater number come under the description of “roughs,” few of whom, though picking up a livelihood in various ways, will scruple to do a little thieving when a fair opportunity presents itself. In one aspect these people are known to the upper classes as they are to the rest of the community. On such occasions, for instance, as a Derby Day, a University Boatrace, or a Volunteer Review in Hyde Park their presence is made strikingly manifest. Who among those present has not a vivid remembrance of them in Hyde Park and on the banks of the river between Mortlake and Hammersmith on a certain April day? Upon both occasions the greater proportion of the crowd was composed of respectable persons; but these had no power against the rough element, whose behaviour was of the most

brutal description. In the park—where, by the way, a notable exploit in connection with the railings was mainly their work—they simply made the review impossible. On the banks of the river on the boartrace day they placed the lives of hundreds of people in peril—tearing those on foot almost into pieces, and driving the horses of those in carriages almost mad with fright. But the worst infiction for the latter having ladies with them was to be compelled to wait pending the chance of a passage by the road, and hear the language of these men and brothers—aggravated, it would seem, in its usual offensive characteristics for their special horror and disgust.

Allowances must be made for the bitterness which comes from poverty; and brutal behaviour is to be accounted for by sufficient causes. But, pending the solution of the problem how to civilise the lowest classes in this country—that is to say, how to improve their material condition and bring them within the influence of education—it is impossible to disguise the fact that sympathy with such natures can be only of the kind that we accord to savages. I suspect that if a man of education and refinement—without any philanthropic tendencies—were cast upon a desert island with no other companions than his dog and a London rough, he would find the dog the more sympathetic companion of the two. The dog, to be sure, would not be able to talk; but there are “English speaking” classes in this country who can be scarcely said to understand one another’s language, except so far as mere words are concerned, and many of these are far from being used in common by the two.

That the lowest orders of society in this country are thoroughly brutal in their language and manners is an unfortunate fact; and it is also true that the humbler classes generally are far from being so well mannered as the same classes on the Continent. I am much afraid that good manners do not come natural to us in any rank of life—that they can be gained only by training and education. Say, for example, that a peer’s son and a ploughman’s son are changed at nurse, unless one or the other be an exception to the general rule, the young peer will develop into a clodhopper, and the young ploughman into a fine gentleman. I am aware that romances are apt to make out the contrary, but we are here dealing with realities.

One effect of education and breeding is to make their possessor shrink from intimate contact with those so beneath him in rank as to retain their rough natures; and hence the cold and exclusive bearing of the general mass of educated Englishmen—Englishmen more especially than Irishmen or Scotchmen; for among the latter there exists a sort of feudal respect for rank and birth, which is only

partially represented in our counties, and in our towns not at all. Thus it is that the Englishman intrenches himself within his reserve: the social equality which prevails in France, and even in more aristocratic countries, being among us unknown. In France, even under a Republic, there is less political liberty than in England; but there is a far greater amount of social liberty, and the people, in consequence, are more free and more self-respecting. Take, as a general example, the manner in which nearly all classes in France meet, if they do not mix, in their ordinary life—in their recreations especially. Along the boulevards you will see *ouvriers* taking their *bocks* of beer next to some of the most pretentious dandies in Paris—men of rank perhaps, of position certainly—and nobody is so exclusive as to be annoyed by their presence. Inside the restaurant or café there is the same mingling; and there also you may see—not, perhaps, ladies in the society sense of the term, but sufficiently respectable members of the sex, to which the most exclusive ladies must belong—who are not at all discomposed by the presence of their humbler neighbours, who play their cards and dominoes in a saloon full of mirrors and gilding, and consume their cheap refreshments with a full sense of having as much right to be there as anybody else. Consider what would happen in London in, say, St. James's Hall, if a couple of British workmen took possession of a table next to a party of ladies and gentlemen eating Neapolitan ices—called for two half-pints of beer, and proceeded to discuss that beverage in the interval of discussion of an oral kind. Supposing that the waiter served them—which he certainly would not—the ladies and gentlemen would feel highly scandalised and annoyed, and would leave the house as soon as possible. And not only would their sense of the outward proprieties be invaded, but they would be influenced somewhat by a dread of the consequences. For a couple of Englishmen of the class in question would, I am sorry to say, not be quite safe company for ladies, even at another table. All working men do not get drunk, but some of them do; and it would be quite on the cards that there would be more beer ordered, and more after that, and that the tone of the conversation would not be suitable for ears polite. The British workman is a fine, manly, honest fellow, but he has a broad way of expressing himself, particularly after a little beer, and he is very apt to use words—in a perfectly harmless sense—of a very offensive character. In this respect he has his representative among French workmen—the least civilised of whom do not venture into mixed society—but it will be certainly found that the class generally in France have great social superiority over the class generally in England.

While we are in the café, observe the difference between the French

and the English waiter. The Frenchman is a little abrupt sometimes, but he is never wanting in the essentials of politeness. He respects your position, but he also respects his own; he has as much right to be a waiter as you have to be a customer. So that he obeys orders with alacrity there is nothing more required of him. The English waiter is twice as respectful; if he considers you an important person he will fawn and cringe to any extent, and take a tender interest in your slightest requirements. But he looks to fees in proportion, and if disappointed—well, our illustrative friend the “bear with a sore head” is a placid and urbane being in comparison. The Frenchman is profoundly grateful for two or three sous.

Observe, too, the terms upon which families are with their servants. There are good and bad domestics in France as elsewhere; but unless special causes intervene there is far more personal sympathy between servants of both sexes and their masters and mistresses among the French than among ourselves. The result is traceable to causes already noticed—self-respect on either side, with mutual respect between the two, and good manners, which command good tempers, and keep off quarrels. When there *is* a domestic battle it is at least fought upon equal ground; there is no withering contempt on the one side and vulgar insults on the other; the storm may rage with great fury for a time, but it does not damage, and the calm of reconciliation comes without leaving any necessary bitterness in the air.

In public places where people of different classes crowd together you see nothing in France, as you usually do in England, of the dislike—to use no stronger term—borne by the ill-dressed towards the well-dressed people—adopting the most obvious distinction. There may be political ill feeling—manifested pretty strongly—but there is nothing of the social spite which occasionally leads an English mob to pelt everybody in carriages or in good clothes.

I have cited France as the natural country for comparison—being, as she is, the oldest enemy and the newest friend of England; but other examples might be drawn from other nations, with the conclusion, I am afraid, that “low society” in this country is lower than it is among most of our neighbours. This, however, must be said for ourselves—that while the “rough” element has increased, is increasing, and must be diminished, the manners of respectable people of humbler ranks have undergone considerable improvement of late years, and are becoming sensibly emolliated, under the influences of the ingenuous arts, and more and more removed from their former ferocity. And the same faults, be it remembered, belong to the best society, with the difference that they are tempered by training and education.

There is a notable characteristic of the reserve of “high society”

that it shrinks with most dread, not from "low society," but from an enemy which is more formidable because it is more near. I mean "high-low society;" and by this term I mean, not middle-class society, but the army of pretenders to social elevation whose hordes harass the rear and the flanks of fashion and storm the strongholds of political life. These are not the people from whom the ranks of the great world (so frequently, as we have seen, through the medium of seats in Parliament) are principally recruited. The majority of the latter arrive at a certain degree of wealth or importance, and assume their position almost as a matter of course. But of the agitators, a few, of course, succeed here and there. When they do succeed there is no help for it: they must be tolerated. But the approaches of the body generally are watched with a jealous eye, and every guard is placed against any possible opening. If they are nobodies who can be treated with contempt they are punctually so treated, and soon get tired of the game. But it frequently happens that they are people who can be made useful or may prove mischievous, and they take rank among the greatest bores of all—the bores to whom you must be civil. As a general rule the political aspirants are social aspirants also, on account of their wives and daughters, and I need not say how the pushing process is performed from the several quarters—how Government and Opposition, through their electioneering agents, are pestered for support, "interviewed," and drawn into correspondence on the smallest pretence; how lady patronesses and lady leaders generally are flattered and fawned upon, courted with unnecessary cards, and compelled into conversation in public places, all for the sake of an occasional appearance in the great world, as preliminary to a permanent footing therein. Even the end of the season brings no escape, for electioneering goes on in the recess, and there is no favourite resort abroad which is sacred from social aspirants. The "high-lows," in fact, are the pests of society, and the cause of an amount of political demoralisation which it would be difficult to calculate. For actual M.P.'s, as well as aspirants, are frequently susceptible to social influences, and division lists tell strange tales to those behind the scenes. An American candidate for parliamentary honours is said to have concluded an address to the electors by saying—"These, gentlemen, are my deliberate convictions, but if they do not meet with your approval *they can be changed.*" It would be only honest if some high-lows said as much to a Minister.

SIDNEY L. BLANCHARD.

CRISPUS.

A POETIC ROMANCE.

PART III.

HET us away to softer scenes that grace
The acts of love. Who has not found a face
To cherish by the day and by the night?
Who has not fallen a victim to the light
Of beauty's eyes? and dreamt of them, and stored
Together all fond words for his adored?
It should be so and is, and who can give
His soul to love has learnt betimes to live.
Hast ever seen betrothéd couple walk
In close embrace, and overheard them talk
And never loved? Or seen their meeting lips
Take nectar and ambrosia in warm sips
And never loved? or hast thou ever seen
A group of laughing damsels on a green
And never loved? Hast ever strayed
With gentle friends, or ever prayéd,
And never loved? In bed hast ever sighed,
And watched the moon, and lingered open-eyed,
And never loved? No, no, it cannot be.
We all have loved, therefore your sympathy
For one who worshippéd at Venus' shrine
Shall for a little time be linked with mine.

In that same wood where in a deadly swound
The luckless Crispus, bleeding, sank to ground
A cottage crusted with the rime of age
Stood 'neath a covering of foliage
So thickly-clustered that the boughs could rest
Their heads upon the bushes' pillowy breast,
And suck the honeyed breath of eglantine,
Or shade the amorous linnets drinking wine
From petalled goblets hung on juicy stems,
Besprinkled with minutest shiny gems,

From whence the butterfly at morning brings
The pearly powdering to dust his wings
Before he goes a wooing in the glade.
The velvet verdure a full umbrage made,
And kept the quiet dwelling place unseen
By graceless wayfarers, and formed a screen
To hold aloof the scorching noonday blaze.

It were a pity that on healthy days
Of summertime a lover should be wed
To sickness and be forced to lie abed.
Inside the shaded cot, with eyes half closed,
On smoothest couch lay one who gently dozed.
He slept a little, then would wake again
To smile and doze once more : he felt no pain,
There was no agony, no touch of strife
In his wan face ; he seemed too pale for life ;
Yet this was rosy health to what had been
Long days before when his deep wound was green—
For it was Crispus ; he had cheated death,
And ev'ry morning breathed with stronger breath.
Beside him watched the maid who ran away
In dread from Delon ere the deadly fray.
She guarded him in sleep, and when awake
She was beside his couch to cheer or make
His pillow softer still ; so she had caught
Her soul in him : her heart with his had grown,
For in his nature she had found her own.
When he was sad no comfort did she know,
When he was glad she felt the joy also.
She shared his health, she pined when he was ill,
If he grew cold of hope she felt the chill.

Sure I shall fail in telling of a maid
So beautiful, and I am half afraid
To venture more in telling of the sight,
Or of the tender feelings of delight
That stole enchantingly into his mind,
And to his own misfortunes made him blind.
He'd read of maidens in romantic books
All gentleness, of beauteous make and looks
Divinely sweet, and who were deemed too fair
To live on earth and breathe the common air

With ~~through~~ mortals, and he had read
 Of maids too pure for any man to wed.
 But beauties of the fancy cannot vie
 With beauties nature gives unto the eye :
 For who can maidens find, in prose or rhyme,
 To match a real maiden in her prime :
 One who can charm to ecstasy and burn
 With passion for the wooer in return ?

And Crispus gained in health and sober blood :
 He rose betimes and wandered in the wood,
 Bathing his forehead in the shaded wind,
 With health at heart and love upon his mind,
 Thinking upon the chances of his days,
 The villain Delon, and the happy ways
 That he had come to through the door of death ;
 That he had saved the daughter of the man
 That split his flesh, that, faint and wan,
 He had been cared for : and, strange the end,
 His enemy was fatherlike and friend.
 That he had been as is a younger brother,
 That neither knew in deed or name the other ;
 That he had saved a maid from canker breath,
 That she had saved him from the touch of death ;
 That ev'ry coming morrow saw him grow
 Deep in new life and in new love also.

Thinking upon his innermost desire,
 He lifted up his eyes, and saw the sire
 Of her he loved : they met, and at the meeting
 Joined in a mutual warm-hearted greeting.
 It were too long a story to relate
 Long friendly speeches of a long debate
 On the strange present, and the stranger past.
 They were as friends. Occasion came at last
 For each to know the story of each other.
 Crispus confessed him to his elder brother :
 " Know I am not the beggar youth I look ;
 These poor habiliments from choice I took,
 For I have been at Court, and seen the shine
 Upon the palace-walls of Constantine.
 We two have sat together drinking wine

From the one cup, and he has called me son,
And I have called him sire ; I am the one
Named Crispus."

The old man took him in embrace
With admiration lighting up his face,
He blessed him for his prowess shown in fight,
He blessed him for his goodness and his might
Over nobility : " I will be plain
And call you Crispus. You are long time slain,
According to the rumour of the city,
And they who love you there do pine for pity."

" Who feed their saucy jowls on meat and wine
And keep their colour can afford to pine,
But if another pine they give a sigh
Which cannot feed, so he perforce must die.
Then I am dead to all but this dear spot,
This covert of caress, this plenty plot
Of greenest growth and natural hue and tinge,
Embosomed in a bed of leafy fringe.
I cannot tell my happiness to you—
Delight has pierced my spirit through and through.
The past has been a vision. I was sick
Of friends and folly. Pray let me be
A forester for evermore with thee ;
Let me be dead, I would not have my life
To go again into that stew of strife.
I'll carry burdens if I may be free
To walk these woods and dwell alone with thee.
And when I go take you this ring of mine,
And go again into the city shine
If you have any love for me, and tell
My sire he had a son who loved him well.
Give him my tale aright, and tell him too
Not Delon, nor no single man e'er slew
Crispus."

" Call me Marcus ; I too have drunk
With Roman emperors. I too have sunk
Upon imperial sofas pearly white,
Even I have been among the men of might.
I am no offspring of Egyptian slave,
Nor had I ever wealth enough to lave

My limbs in baths aglistering with gold.
 Yet I have sat a senator and been
 A proud prince 'mong the proudest, and have seen
 An emperor wink and smile and did not swerve ;
 But there grew emperors more than one might serve
 With safety and good conscience, and so I
 Went unto none knew whither, none knew why—
 I left the search for argosies of wealth,
 And came to Nature, and she gave me health,
 And such a harvest of content that I
 Do love to live, and do not fear to die.
 I have grown grey outside the city's noise,
 Consoling me in conquering the joys
 That would have left me withered to repine,
 Without the heavenly peace that now is mine.
 I do not envy kings, though I'll be true
 Unto the law, unto myself, and you.
 No bridle nor no curb an emperor knows,
 No ballast saves him when a tempest blows ;
 A little storm of danger throws him down,
 And gives unto another robe and crown.
 I love you much in that you love this wood,
 You could not love it if you were not good :
 Nature affords fine laws to punish crime,
 Around the sinner's heart she puts a slime,
 And o'er his eyes a film ; he cannot feel
 From her sweet works the thrilling joys that steal
 Into the good man's soul, nor can he see
 Creation's charm or hear its poetry ;
 His being in a murky pool is hurled,
 And he can only rail against the world.
 Disease without and discontent within
 Are but confessions of ill ways and sin."

" I do believe, my friend, what you have said :
 I, too, believe what many men have said,
 That this big world wherein we live is strange.
 We cannot keep our good because of change :
 If we do well to-day, change comes to-morrow.
 And turns prosperity to sorrow.
 Change grows a fear to me, for well I wot
 'Twill rob me of your counsel and your cot."

“ I think not so : change glorifies the earth,
And lends it youth by a continual birth
Of beauty and new life. Who'd seek a sun,
Whose course was never ended or begun,
Blazing at standstill? No, if moveless brine
Mirrored a moveless moon, the shine
Would grow as dull as it is now serene.
We may not alter what has always been,
And could not make it better if we would.
We cannot fashion new fish for the flood,
And though Archytas conjured birds of wood
That flew in air, they were not beautiful,
They had not feathers, could not sing, or cull
Choice bits of moss to build a downy nest :
Of all things I believe we have the best.”

“ And having got the best of all comes Death,
And gets the best of us with icy breath.”

“ Decay must die that form of fairer face
May come to lovely growth and fill the place
Of faded things. A man when grey and old
Clings not to life ; his very look is cold ;
Age pulls his bald head all about his feet,
He is of mould too mouldy to be sweet.”

“ In younger days, my guide, did you conceal
Your early love, or did the heart-ache heal?
Was it a passionate love, or was it not?
Was it a love serene, or sad, or what ?”

“ Concealment, Crispus, never was my bane.
As for my love a witness doth remain,
My child Lucilla ! she is one of ”——

“ Heaven.”

“ My child Lucilla she is one of seven ”——

“ My very friend, who, with a cruel brow,
Was kindest enemy, I ask you now
To tolerate my speech, for it may be
Indeed a very painful thing to thee—
I love your daughter !”

“ Believe me, so do I.
Her voice is as a chord of minstrelsy.

I do commend your choice," whereat he smiled,
 "And love you more in that you love my child."

What youth can solve the cunning of old men?
 Was Marcus glad in jest? Crispus agen
 Looked full at Marcus, but he could not trace
 The old man's hidden meaning in his face.
 There was for sure a new light in his eyes,
 But it was not the lightning of surprise.

They came unto the cottage porch, and there
 Lucilla sat, looking exceeding fair,
 Spinning thread by hand, and love by brain,
 And with a smile humming a pastoral strain.
 The amorous prince had eyes and he could see
 Beauty enthronéd in simplicity,
 And could not harbour any name or thought
 But what into existence sweet was brought
 By young Lucilla.

So the days went by,
 And love grew warmer still, and learnt to sigh !
 Lucilla's heart would not be still : she cried
 In bed at night for love, and Crispus sighed
 All through the day, until the morrow came.
 He could not take her from his mind or tame
 His thirsty soul, and so it was until
 About his cheerfulness there came a chill
 That nipped his cheek ; and so it was and so
 Lucilla's face grew sad and lost its glow.

Most women have a charm in some men's eyes,
 But there be women more complete who rise
 So high they have a charm in all men's eyes ;
 And she was one, a maid so sweetly fair
 She seemed to be a thing of summer air.

A maid who, being pretty, is unkind,
 Makes war against her beauty, and doth blind
 The eyes of wooers, for they cannot see
 A flower through a wall—and cruelty
 Is as a wall before a pretty face :
 It fouls fair features, and it blurs the grace
 Which being untarnished is a talisman
 That thralls the soul, and puts it 'neath a ban

So potent that who sips must sip again,
Or else the length of life is length of pain
Wherein to cultivate the cynic's page,
Himself a thing and the dull world a cage.

Each had the love that makes the bosom swell,
Each knew the other's love, and loved it well,
For looks and sighs have tongues. Yet spoke he not
As will a lover who has all forgot
But that which crowns his love ; for how could he,
Unless he turned from truth to villainy,
Reward the old man for his blessings lent
By robbing him of that which heaven had sent
To comfort him in age ? and how could she,
A maiden reared in all humility,
Give up her simple ways for princely rank ?
So Crispus from a bitter goblet drank,
And oft he thought upon it : " Let me not
Plunder the goodness of another's lot
To feed mine own. No, no, then should I be
The very essence of foul falsity ;
I should but feel the semblant of a man,
And not a man indeed, and such a ban
Would sting and overcloud the sunniest day,
And that rich pearl which I had ta'en away
Would be a canker worm instead of joy."

In all that is on earth there is annoy.
Alone Lucille would say : " He loves me well,
And yet I know not ; how may a maiden tell
Whether it be love that makes a bosom swell,
Or whether it be breath inhaled at pleasure,
And used deceitfully ? O who can measure
An inward passion by an outward sign ?
Or Love's results and potent laws define ?
A youth may sigh at will, or he may keep
A pallid face by lack of food and sleep,
Dress carelessly, say pretty words by rote,
Assume dejection, and sweet ditties quote ;
This he may do whether he love or not.
No, 'tis my cruelty, and I do blot
Goodness and truth. He has a faithful eye,
And love seems in the wind when he is by."

'Twas sultry evening, and Prince Crispus slept
 Upon a couch. Lucilla softly stept
 To watch him in remembrance, for she
 Had been beside him in his misery.
 Soon suddenly he rose and in alarm
 That came from joy, not sorrow, clasp'd her arm,
 And said, with trembling of his voice and frame,
 "Yes, love, it will be so ; it is the same.
 O heaven, I have been full in the blaze
 Of paradise. Where am I? Silvery rays,
 Are you Lucilla? What a time of bliss !
 O melody, be still, or I shall miss
 My sense and sink to everlasting swoon.
 You are Lucilla? Yes, that is the moon,
 But it is dull that was so crystal white
 Ere I did sleep. Forgive me, love, I run
 From reason, I behold the glorious sun,
 And soon the day will die. O what delight
 Has charmed my every sense ! and even you
 Have been my partner and companion true.
 Reality of sweetest dreams ! my soul,
 Have I not touched the brink ? If this the goal
 We rise to let the dull and tedious hours
 Come quick as drops of rain in thunder showers,
 Till all my days are dead and—if I live
 And you are not a shade, Lucille, forgive
 My wandering. Though I again have slipped
 From up above to earth, yet I have dipped
 My being into beauty, and I feel
 Celestial fineness through my nature steal.
 The scum that clogged my veins, the heavy slime
 That weighed me down is gone. O dream sublime !
 I'll take thee as an omen from the sky—
 A secret and a promise, too, that I
 May hope, Lucilla, that—Lucilla, why
 Do you so turn? Have I been mocked above ?
 Was it a double dream, and is my love
 But wasted hope? Give me a sign, or I—
 O thanks to you and heaven—shall I cry,
 Or weep, or laugh with happiness, or sigh ?
 Now could I kiss your lips till they were dry.
 I'm through the blue again, and it doth seem

I wake in ecstasy to find my dream
Giving to airy things vitality,
To vision substance and reality.
Lend me your hand. Come closer, dear,
So I may gently speak and give your ear
The purport of my flight in whisperings.
O for Daphne's pipe and Psyche's wings !
That we might rise with music to the tip
Of rosy-cushioned clouds, and softly sip
Ethereal sweets. I would I might convey
My inward pulse of joy to you, or say
As I do feel. Yet I will try to make
A little boat of Fancy that may take
Your mind with mine, and you perchance may peep
Into the mazy strangeness of my sleep,
And in relating, if I downward sink,
New inspiration from your face I'll drink,
And your blue eyes will lift me to the scene ;
And I shall be again where I have been."

Their hands were linked together in a kiss
Of tremulous love, and into dreams of bliss
Lucilla's joyful mind already ran.
Sinking upon his pillow he began,
With half-closed eyes, and on his face a smile :
" You think it is my weakness doth beguile
My sense, Lucille. No, better and not sad,
And though a little weak, I am not mad ;
Or I should still be shrinking to the grave
Without the power a wandering soul to save.
Faint with a mighty love I dared not tell :
It is not so, Lucille, I love you well.
I may not keep my love unspoken now,
For I have taken in my dream a vow
When next that we should meet to tell it you ;
And though I vowed believing I and you
Were long ago immortals it doth seem
I may not trifle with my holy dream.
Though I was in Elysium at its birth,
The good was painted for my help on earth.
This day I dreamt, Lucilla, I and you
Went from the earth : our souls together flew

Full of new love to heaven. The night is fine:
 I'll tell thee all, Lucilla, in the shine
 Of setting sun, and we will sit at ease
 Upon yon sunny bank among the trees."

O for the speech of deities to tell
 The joys true lovers know beneath the spell
 Of youthful passion! The delicious spring
 And summertime voluptuous cannot bring
 The heart to such serenity of bliss.
 How sweet the loving faith, the long warm kiss
 When lips to lips bring blushes to the cheek,
 Conveying messages they could not speak!
 How sweet the meeting with its lusty showers
 Of favours, and how sweet a lover's flowers!
 How sweet the parting if the mate could stay
 To kiss and part and part and kiss for aye!
 How sweet the earnest mutual embrace!
 How sweet the amorous uplifted face
 And truthful eyes, brimful of tender looks,
 Speaking a language richer far than books
 Or summer song by poet put together
 Under a shady tree in sunny weather!

And he discoursing music to her ear
 Led her along the path, and she drew near—
 Drew very near—unto her lover's side,
 And listened and looked up to him with pride.
 Upon her cheek, full healthy in its youth,
 Sat tears of tenderness, a touch of truth;
 And he became acquainted with her thought,
 Could somewhat solve a mystic soul, and sought
 A soothing shelter for his melancholy,
 A charm for chill as is red-berried holly
 In winter hedges.

Marcus saw them go,
 Like Eve and Adam in the golden glow;
 And passing under branches cool and green,
 They went away and never more were seen.

VENUS ON THE SUN'S FACE.

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"THE SUN," "OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS," &c.

EACH evening during the month of April the planet of Love could be seen in the west for a few hours after sunset. She set earlier and earlier each successive night—overtaking the sun, as it were—and towards the end of April she could no longer be detected. On the 5th of May she had overtaken the sun, passing him at a distance of about three times his own breadth above or to the north of his disc. When these lines appear she will be a morning star. This passage by the sun is the last made by Venus (at least when on the hither side of him) before the long desired and now famous transit of December 9, 1874, when, instead of passing by the sun, either above or below his disc, as she usually does, she will pass right across his face.

So much has been said of late respecting this approaching phenomenon, and so much importance is deservedly attached to it, that my readers will probably be interested by a brief and simple account of the matter. In particular some may desire to know what has been the special aim of the controversy recently and still in progress. Before entering on these matters, I will make a few remarks on the history of former transits.

The first occasion on which Venus was ever seen on the sun's face was on November 24, 1639 (Old Style), corresponding to December 4 (New Style). It is rather singular that then, somewhat as at present, doubts had arisen, owing to a difference of opinion between an astronomer of established reputation and one less known to the scientific world. The Belgian astronomer Lansberg had stated in his "Tables of the Motion of Venus" that no transit would occur in 1639. Young Horrox, while preparing himself for practical observation, undertook (apparently from sheer love of science) the computation of Venus's motions from the tables of Lansberg. These tables were so highly valued by their author that he had spoken of them as superior to all others, *quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi*. But Horrox recognised many imperfections in them, and at length, as he says, "broke off the useless computation, resolved for the future

with my own eyes to observe the positions of the stars in the heavens ; but, lest so many hours should be entirely thrown away,⁷ he made use of his results to predict the positions of the planets. "While thus engaged, I received," he proceeds, "my first intimation of the remarkable conjunction of Venus and the sun ; and I regard it as a very fortunate occurrence, inasmuch as about the beginning of October it induced me, in expectation of so grand a spectacle, to observe with increased attention." Nevertheless, his heart was wroth within him against Lansberg, insomuch that he could not refrain from the extreme step of "forgiving" him in the following agreeable terms : "I pardon, in the meantime, the miserable arrogance of the Belgian astronomer who has overloaded his useless tables with such unmerited praise, and cease to lament the misapplication of my own time, deeming it a sufficient reward that I was thereby led to consider and to foresee the appearance of Venus in the sun. But, on the other hand, may Lansberg forgive me" (this is exquisite) "that I hesitated to trust him in an observation of such importance, and from having been so often deceived by his pretensions to universal accuracy that I disregarded the general reception of his tables." "Lest a vain exultation should deceive me," he proceeds, "and to prevent the chance of disappointment, I not only determined diligently to watch the important spectacle myself, but exhorted others whom I knew to be fond of astronomy to follow my example ; in order that the testimony of several persons, if it should so happen, might the more effectually promote the attainment of truth, and because by observing in different places our purpose would be less likely to be defeated by the accidental interposition of clouds, or any fortuitous impediment." He was particularly anxious because Jupiter and Mercury seemed by their positions to threaten bad weather. "For," says he, "in such apprehension I coincide with the opinion of the astrologers, because it is confirmed by experience ; but in other respects I cannot help despising their puerile vanities." Among the astronomers to whom he wrote was his friend Crabtree.*

* Both these ardent students of astronomy died young. Horrox (or Horrocks, as his name is now more commonly spelt) was but twenty years old when he calculated the transit, so that his feat may not inaptly be compared to that of Adams in calculating the place of the unknown planet Neptune within a few months of taking his degree. Each instance of an early mastery of difficult problems was fated to meet with neglect ; but Horrox died before justice had been done him. Adams was quickly able to prove that his work was sound, notwithstanding the coolness with which it had been received by the Astronomer Royal. Horrocks died in 1641, in his twenty-second year. Crabtree is supposed to have been killed at the battle of Naseby Field.

Horrox calculated that the transit would begin at three o'clock in the afternoon of November 24; but "being unwilling to depend entirely on his own opinion," he began his watch on Saturday, November 23. On Sunday morning he resumed it, only interrupting it to go to church—so, at least, I interpret his remark that he "was called away by business of the highest importance, which, for these ornamental pursuits," he "could not with propriety neglect." "About fifteen minutes past three," he proceeds, "when I was again at liberty to continue my labours, the clouds, as if by divine interposition, were entirely dispersed, and I was once more invited to the grateful task of repeating my observations. I then beheld a most agreeable spectacle, the object of my sanguine wishes, a spot of unusual magnitude and of a perfectly circular shape, which had already fully entered upon the sun's disc on the left, so that the edges of the sun and Venus perfectly coincided, forming an angle of contact." I pass over his observations to quote his account of the feelings with which Crabtree witnessed the spectacle of "Venus on the sun's face." "I had written," he says, "to my most esteemed friend William Crabtree, a person who has few superiors in mathematical learning, inviting him to be present at this Uranian banquet, if the weather permitted; and my letter, which arrived in good time, found him ready to oblige me. . . . But the sky was very unfavourable, being obscured during the greater part of the day with thick clouds; and as he was unable to obtain a view of the sun, he despaired of making an observation, and resolved to take no further trouble in the matter. But a little before sunset—namely, about thirty-five minutes past three—the sun bursting forth from behind the clouds, he at once began to observe, and was gratified by beholding the pleasing spectacle of Venus upon the sun's disc. Rapt in contemplation, he stood for some time motionless, scarcely trusting his own senses, through excess of joy; for we astronomers have, as it were, a womanish disposition, and are overjoyed with trifles, and such small matters as scarcely make an impression upon others; a susceptibility which those who will may deride with impunity, even in my own presence; and if it gratify them, I too will join in the merriment. One thing I request: let no severe Cato be seriously offended with our follies; for, to speak poetically, what young man on earth would not, like ourselves, fondly admire Venus in conjunction with the sun, *pulchritudinem divitiis conjunctam?*"

Many years passed before another transit of Venus took place. This was the transit of 1761; and it affords striking evidence of the interest with which, even at this early epoch, astronomers regarded the transits of Venus, that Dr. Halley, the first Astronomer Royal,

prepared a dissertation on the subject of the transit of 1761 forty-five years before it took place. Considering all the circumstances he made a very fair prediction,—in fact, the calculated time when Venus was to be at her nearest to the middle of the sun's face was only about half an hour in error, whereas the epochs first announced by our present Astronomer Royal for the entrance and exit of Venus during the transit of 1874 were one hour and three-quarters of an hour, respectively, in error. I do not propose here, however, to touch on any of the mathematical matters dealt with by Halley, and shall content myself with quoting the remarks which he made on the importance of observing Venus with due care for the sake of determining the sun's distance.

"I could wish," he says (I follow Ferguson's translation), "that many observations of the same phenomenon might be taken by different persons at several places, both that we might arrive at a greater degree of certainty by their agreement, and also lest any single observer should be deprived by the intervention of clouds of a sight which I know not whether any man living in this or the next age will ever see again, and on which depends the certain and adequate solution of a problem the most noble, and at any other time not to be attained to. I recommend it, therefore, again and again to those curious astronomers who (when I am dead) will have an opportunity of observing these things, that they would remember this my admonition, and diligently apply themselves with all their might to the making this observation; and I earnestly wish them all imaginable success; in the first place that they may not by the unseasonable obscurity of a cloudy sky be deprived of this most desirable sight; and then that, having ascertained with more exactness the magnitudes of the planetary orbits, it may redound to their immortal fame and glory."

A few years before the transit of 1761, Delisle, the French astronomer, undertook a careful analysis of all the circumstances of the approaching phenomenon. It had been ascertained that the transit of 1761 was only the first of a pair of transits, the second occurring in 1769; and it was found that the method by which Halley had proposed to utilise the earlier transit would not, on this occasion, be altogether suitable. I shall presently describe the methods respectively suggested, but it is necessary to mention them here in order that the chronological sequence of the events may be recognised. For many who have heard Delisle's method lately spoken of and insisted upon (as in Parliament by Mr. Goschen) have been led to imagine that it is a recent invention, and, again, that it possesses great advantages over Halley's; whereas it was known and discussed before the transits of 1761 and 1769, and, while very properly adopted for the first transit, was as properly superseded by Halley's in the case of the second.

The transit of 1761 (like that which will occur on December 6, 1882) was partially visible in England. It was observed at Greenwich by the Rev. Mr. Bliss, Astronomer Royal, and at Savile House, near London, by Mr. Short, "in presence," says the account, "of His Royal Highness the Duke of York, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Prince William, Prince Henry, and Prince Frederick." A great number of observations* were made also in different parts of the world, and a sufficiently satisfactory determination of the sun's distance was deduced therefrom.

It was, however, in 1769 that the real attack was made. It was then that the famous expedition of Captain Cook, in the *Endeavour*, was made, England being the only country which had a station in the Pacific. The Arctic regions were visited also, a station being selected at Wardhus in North Lapland, where the following notable peculiarity was presented,—the beginning of the transit was observed before sunset and the end after sunrise. There were also stations at Kola, Yakutsk in Siberia, Pekin, Manilla, Batavia, Hudson's Bay, St. Petersburg, St. Joseph in California, and many other places. In all there were no fewer than seventy-four observing stations, whereof fifty were in Europe.

The reader need hardly be reminded that the determination of the sun's distance which was until lately in use in our text-books of astronomy was based on the observations made during the transit of Venus in 1769. Nevertheless it has been shown that those observations, rightly interpreted, give a determination of the sun's distance according well with those which have been obtained by the best modern methods, whether these have depended on observations of the sun himself, or the moon, or Mars—or, lastly, of the swift flight of light.

And now let us briefly consider what is proposed to be done in the case of the transit which is approaching.

First, as to the methods named after Halley and Delisle, about which there has been so much said. Is it possible to indicate, in a way which non-mathematicians can readily understand, the principles on which these methods depend? It appears to me that it is. The point in which the explanations hitherto given have failed (when they have failed) is in this, that they have attempted to explain too much. It must be remembered that after all the general reader does

* There were 63 observing stations in all, thus distributed:—13 in North Europe, 8 in England, 15 in France, 6 in Spain, Portugal, and Italy, 16 in Germany, and 3 in other places.

not want to know the details of the matter ; he only requires general results. He does not need, for example, to be told precisely how the sun's distance is to be determined from observations of Venus ; and probably has no time to follow an explanation, however lucid, which necessarily covers a good deal of ground, and requires throughout his close attention.

It seems to me that it is to the following points that the general reader's thoughts should be alone or at least primarily directed.

First, as to Delisle's method. The earth having size, it necessarily happens that as Venus crosses between the earth and the sun, she must appear to enter earlier on the sun's face as seen from some stations on the earth than as seen from others ; and the same holds when she is leaving the sun's face. The larger the earth in proportion to the sun's distance the greater will these differences necessarily be. So that if we can tell exactly how great they are, for stations occupying known places on the earth, we can infer how large the earth is compared with the sun's distance,—which, of course, is precisely what astronomers want to know.

This is the principle of Delisle's method. Now let us see how it is to be applied, and what difficulties it presents.

It is, of course, desirable to choose places where the difference in point of time is greatest. Theoretically, then, I should like to set an observer at that point of the earth's surface where the transit will begin earliest, and another at the point (almost exactly opposite) where the transit will begin latest. These two would (theoretically) be able to tell us all we want to know. To make assurance doubly sure, we might set an observer where the transit will end earliest, and another where it will end latest. Then their result could be compared with that obtained by the others, the two results agreeing, of course, perfectly, if all the observations were exactly made.

Practically, we cannot set observers on the exact spots here named, because they would see the sun on the horizon (for reasons which we need not enter into) just at the very time when they wanted to see him most distinctly, and no astronomer in his senses expects to see the sun distinctly in the telescope (however distinct he may seem to ordinary vision) when near the horizon. Observers, however, can be set at suitable places *near* the spots referred to.

But now let us consider what such a pair of observers as we have mentioned would have to do. Suppose both were observing the beginning of transit, and that each had a good chronometer showing Greenwich time, and could trust his chronometer implicitly. Then, if each entered in his note-book the time when

the transit began, the difference of these epochs would at once show all that astronomers want to know. But unfortunately this is impracticable. Chronometers are made, indeed, which keep wonderfully good time, even on long voyages. But no chronometer could be trusted to convey the true time from one place to its antipodes, correct within a few seconds; and this is a case where seconds are all important. This will be manifest when the actual circumstances of the case are considered. Thus, in the transit of 1874, two selected stations are Honolulu (in Woahoo) and Rodriguez, near the Mauritius. The transit begins about twenty-one minutes earlier at the former than at the latter station, and everything depends on the exact determination of that period of twenty-one minutes. We know already that the period will be *about* twenty-one minutes; but what the observers are to find out is how much exactly it exceeds or falls short of twenty-one minutes. Just as accurately as they ascertain this, just so accurately will the sun's distance be ascertained. Now, in twenty-one minutes there are 1,260 seconds, and an error of twelve seconds will therefore correspond to nearly the hundredth part of the interval. The mistake in the estimate of the sun's distance would be, therefore, about one hundredth part of that distance, or upwards of 900,000 miles. Astronomers hope to do much better than this.

The observers are not going to trust, therefore, to so comparatively rough a process of determining how much sooner or later the transit begins. What they will have to do is to proceed scientifically to determine the longitude of their stations; that is, in reality, the difference of *their* time and *Greenwich* time. This will be done by observing the moon, and so difficult and delicate is the work where a great degree of accuracy is required, that the Astronomer Royal proposes to set his observers at work at their several stations three months before the transit begins. It will be seen, therefore, that whatever advantages Delisle's method may have, it requires very great care and much preliminary work. It is also necessarily very costly in its application. So that, supposing no mistake had been made, and that Delisle's method were the only available method, great credit would be due to this country for providing instruments and observers for no fewer than five stations at which the method is to be applied.

The difficulties do not end, however, with the determination of the longitude. The observer must not only know how much his local time differs from Greenwich time, but he must, at the epoch of observation, know what is his true local time. To explain this—if

his clock tells him the true time at which it is noon where he is stationed, then (if his longitude is determined) he knows the true time when it is noon at Greenwich; but, if his clock is wrong, the knowledge of his longitude will not help to set him right. Now the astronomer sets his clock right by observing the stars. It will therefore be desirable that for a few nights before and after the transit our observers at Woahoo and Rodriguez (and the rest, of course) should have clear nights, for otherwise their clocks are pretty certain to be a second or two wrong at the epoch of observation. It affords a gratifying proof of the confidence which the Astronomer Royal places in his plans, that he considers the probable error in the indication of time, on account of possible error in determining the longitude and possible clock-error *combined*, to be not more than a single second. In other words, the observer at Woahoo, say, will be able (according to the hopes of the Astronomer Royal) to decide certainly that the moment when he sees Venus just fully upon the sun is such and such a moment of Greenwich time, within one second either way; or, to put the matter more strikingly, if the observer at Woahoo, when he conceives Venus to have just made her entrance, calls out "*now*," then he will be able to say that that word was uttered while the pendulum beating seconds at Greenwich was making one particular double beat; so that, if observers were at Greenwich talking at the moment, and noting how the pendulum swung as their conversation progressed, the observer at Woahoo would know afterwards that he said "*now*" while some *one* of only four or five words had been uttered by his fellow astronomers at Greenwich. This is very marvellous, and I feel bound to add that—with full knowledge of the mastery attained by astronomers and horologists over all problems relating to the determination of time—it is in my opinion altogether improbable that this degree of accuracy will be secured.

I have said nothing of the difficulty which the observer will necessarily have to encounter in determining the exact moment when Venus has just fully entered upon the sun's face. Owing to a peculiar optical property, she appears slightly distorted when she is making her entrance (and correspondingly, of course, when she is making her exit). Thus, instead of the astronomer being able to determine the precise moment when a fine line of light appears between her black disc and the sun's edge, there is a clinging of the two outlines, and Venus appears at the last moment to leap from the sun's edge, so that in an instant there is a well-marked interval between the outlines. It is estimated that during the transit of 1769 the average error made

on this account amounted to about three seconds, and adopting this value it would follow (owing to the more slanting direction in which Venus will cross the sun's edge in 1874) that the probable error in 1874 will be about $4\frac{1}{4}$ seconds, supposing that there has been no improvement (since 1769) in observing skill and the construction of telescopes. Let it be remarked at this point that for the Astronomer Royal's present advocacy of Delisle's method to be maintained effectively this error, due to what is called "the clinging of Venus," must be assumed to be as large as possible, while the error arising in the determination of longitude and from clock-error must be assumed to be as small as possible. We have seen reason to believe that in setting this last-named error at probably less than a second, a somewhat bold assumption has been made. It seems permissible to remark that in estimating the error arising from the clinging of Venus on the supposition that there has been no improvement in observation since the year 1769, an equally daring (however effective) assumption has been made.

This leads us to the consideration of Halley's method, which is very much simpler than Delisle's and quite independent in principle.

If two parallel lines be drawn across any part of a circle but its central zone, they will be unequal in length. So if Venus, as seen from two different stations on the earth, traverses two different paths across the sun's face, these paths will differ in length. They will differ so much the more as the stations are wider apart in a north and south direction. And the larger the earth (compared with the sun's distance) the farther apart relatively the stations can be put. Hence results a very obvious means of determining the sun's distance. For though two paths such as I have spoken of could not well be measured, nothing can be easier than to time Venus as she traverses them, and so to infer their relative length. The difference between the two intervals has to be ascertained, and thence can be deduced the distance of the sun as compared with the known dimensions of the earth.

Now here we have a process not requiring the knowledge of absolute time,—that is, not requiring that the longitude should be accurately known, or the local time exactly ascertained. The longitude may be a minute or ten minutes in error, the clock may be an hour wrong,—and yet the method can be applied effectively. For all that is wanted (besides, of course, such an approximation to the knowledge of the observer's geographical position as can be quite easily obtained) is that the length of time occupied by Venus in crossing the sun's face should be noted,—and for this it is only necessary

that the clock should go at the true rate during the few hours (less than four in 1874) that the transit lasts. To show how relatively insignificant are the preparations to be made in applying Halley's method, it is only necessary to quote a remark made by the Astronomer Royal in 1857, when, speaking of the possibility of reaching certain Antarctic stations in 1882, he said "Firm ice will be quite as good for these observations as dry land."

But it may perhaps be supposed that this method, being simple, is probably rough. Delisle's, with its complicated preliminary arrangements, must needs be very much more perfect, or else (so it may be judged) astronomers would never think of using it. The comparison is easily made. In applying Delisle's method each observer may be a second wrong as respects clock time (if we adopt the sanguine views of the Astronomer Royal) and each may be more than four seconds wrong in estimating the moment when Venus just touches the sun's edge. So that there are four possible errors, two probably small, and two probably large. In Halley's method each observer has to note both the entrance and exit of Venus, and therefore each is liable to make two errors, each error probably exceeding four seconds (according to the despondent opinion of the Astronomer Royal in this case). Here, then, there are also four possible errors, all of which are of the larger sort. But on the other hand, Halley's method deals with a greater time-interval. We have seen that in 1874 the interval between the moment when the transit begins at Honolulu and the time of its commencement at Rodriguez will amount to about twenty-one minutes. But the difference of duration when Halley's method is applied will amount at suitable stations to more than thirty-two minutes. And of course, a given number of seconds of error will be a smaller proportional error in the latter case than in the former. When due account is taken of the probable errors, adopting the Astronomer Royal's own values, which certainly do not err in being too unfavourable to his view, it is found that any pair of stations where the difference of duration will exceed twenty-nine minutes will render Halley's method more advantageous than Delisle's as applied at Honolulu and Rodriguez.

It might seem, then, that there could be no doubt as to the conclusion to be arrived at, especially when it is remembered that Halley's method is far less costly in application, and also, as we shall see presently, possesses several important advantages as an independent method. It might appear manifest that though England would perhaps do well to occupy two or three stations for applying Delisle's method, she should at least not wholly neglect the more effective and

less costly method which was indicated by her first Astronomer Royal.

But unfortunately considerations of another kind enter in at this point. It chanced by a most unlucky accident that in his first investigation of this matter in 1857, the Astronomer Royal fell into a singular error. Adopting, in the attempt to explain the subject popularly, a line of reasoning which is generally sound, he satisfied himself (not entering into details) that Halley's method "fails totally" in 1874. The difference of duration, on the magnitude of which, as we have seen, the whole value of Halley's method depends, seemed, according to his calculations at that time, to be probably "less than half of that observable in 1882."

Consequently, the whole attention of the Astronomer Royal, so far as Halley's method was concerned, was thenceforward devoted to the later transit. And I would invite special attention to the singular earnestness with which the application of Halley's method to the transit of 1882 was urged by the Astronomer Royal. We have heard so much lately of the superiority of Delisle's method, and, in fact, Mr. Goschen in Parliament so definitely assigned this superiority as a reason for the Astronomer Royal's choice of stations, that it will be instructive to inquire what the Astronomer Royal said about the now despised method, at the very time when these stations were selected. His estimate of the value of Halley's method can be inferred from the magnitude of the difficulties and dangers which he considered that England should be prepared to face in order to apply it. Now, it appeared that the only way in which the method could possibly be applied in 1882 would be by combining with suitable northern stations a station, or more than one station, in the Antarctic regions. This in no wise disheartened the Astronomer Royal. On the contrary, calling to his aid the most experienced naval and geographical authorities—Admiral Ommanney, Admiral Richards (Hydrographer to the Admiralty), Commander Davis (who accompanied Sir James C. Ross in his Antarctic voyages), Captain Toynebee, and others, he discussed the difficulties which were to be encountered and the dangers which would have to be faced. It was agreed that not only should voyages to the selected stations be undertaken, but that reconnaissances should be made, and that even an observing party should winter at Possession Island, close to South Victoria Land, and near the region where Ross made his nearest approach to the South Pole. If further evidence were required to show how thoroughly the desirability of applying Halley's method was recognised it would be found in the fact that even if the Antarctic stations were occupied, the

circumstances of the observation in 1882 would be exceedingly unsatisfactory, since at the moment when Venus entered on the sun's face the sun would be only a few degrees above the horizon.

It is specially to be noticed that this was in 1868, when the selections now still remaining unchanged (with a slight exception presently to be noticed) were announced. It was *then*, after eleven years had elapsed from the first statement that Halley's method "fails totally in 1874," that this statement was repeated with every circumstance which could give it force, while with equal distinctness the advisability of applying that method in 1882 was urged on the scientific world. If these facts be held well in mind the significance of what followed will not fail to be recognised.

From the simple desire to master the conditions of an important problem (no other reason can be or has been suggested), I entered, early in 1869, upon a complete re-examination of the whole subject. So early as March, 1869, I was able to announce that it was a mistake to suppose that Halley's method "fails totally" in 1874; that, in fact, it fails almost totally in 1882, but is applicable in 1874, even at other than Antarctic stations, under exceptionally favourable conditions. All the steps of the inquiry were duly published in the "Monthly Notices" of the Astronomical Society, and all that was at that time wanting from the full statement of the matter was the indication of the circumstance that the previous papers had been affected by such and such mistakes. With the desire of enabling the Astronomer Royal to set right what had been wrong without being publicly appealed to, I was satisfied with the mere statement of my results, and left the unfortunate paper of 1857, as well as all that had happened between 1857 and 1868, altogether unassailed. Accepting the matter in this light, but overlooking the opportunity afforded him, Sir George Airy did not personally reply, but left that task to Mr. Stone, the First Assistant at the Greenwich Observatory. Mr. Stone contented himself with comments on minor details, but laid down the principles for comparing the value of Halley's and Delisle's methods which have been mentioned above. I was able to show that, even adopting these principles, which are extravagantly over-weighted in favour of Delisle's method, Halley's nevertheless retains a measurable advantage.

The Council of the Astronomical Society, in February, 1870, expressed approval of my results, using the somewhat remarkable expression that my paper "exhibits in a more striking light than had previously been done the value of Halley's method

in the transit of 1874." I call this expression remarkable, because "previously" the value of Halley's method of 1874 had been denied altogether, unless the statement that the method "fails totally" admits of some interpretation which has hitherto escaped me.

But although the matter now rested almost untouched for several years, some noteworthy circumstances took place during the interval. We have seen how highly Halley's method had been thought of as respects the transit of 1882. We have seen with what earnestness Antarctic voyages had been advocated for that occasion. Now it will be very manifest that unless everything of this sort had been stopped some very unpleasant reflections would have been suggested hereafter. Not only astronomers but all Englishmen would have said, If the lives of our seamen and men of science are to be risked at all in Antarctic voyaging, surely the best of the two transits for the purpose should have been selected: it has now been demonstrated that in 1874 the method for which these voyages are required can be applied much more satisfactorily than in 1882; it is therefore something more than reprehensible that life and property should be risked for the inferior observations which can alone be made in 1882. The natural result of considerations such as these would seem to be that the preparations proposed for 1882 should have been transferred to the transit of 1874; but what actually followed was this:—Halley's method was forthwith discountenanced altogether, and all thought of Antarctic voyages was abandoned: the change of plan which might have too clearly indicated to the public that there had been a mistake somewhere was not advocated; but schemes which had until then been looked upon with more than favour—with actual fervour—were quietly dropped.

I supposed during my four years of silence that, despite appearances, the expeditions to which England had pledged herself by the voice of her official astronomical representative would be undertaken. In fact, the Astronomer Royal had made one or two changes in his programme, which indicated that my statements had not fallen on altogether unwilling ears. Christchurch (Canterbury, N.Z.) was substituted for Auckland, and some (though insufficient) attention was given to important stations in North India, which had before altogether escaped notice. But the great change which was most seriously required to save the credit of this country was not proposed.

The recent discussion of the subject would probably have been as ineffective as the first but for two circumstances. The mistakes in the most unfortunate paper of 1857 were now at length indicated.

This was the first new feature ; and it was in this respect important that it made the issue clearer than before, and gave every one who chose to examine the paper of 1857 the means of ascertaining how singularly slight was the investigation then made into the matter. Moreover, it showed that the discussion related not to matters of opinion, but to matters of fact.* Secondly, the attention of the Admiralty was aroused, and the Astronomer Royal was invited to defend his position if that were possible. His answer has been published in the "Monthly Notices" of the Astronomical Society. On examination it will be found to amount to this—that, assuming the justice of Mr. Stone's rules for comparing the two methods, and treating Delisle's method as though applied at two stations, one of which is *not* to be occupied, Halley's method as applied at a Siberian station and at an Antarctic station is only superior in the proportion of about twelve to eleven ; *therefore* the Astronomer Royal does not advise the Government to send an expedition to Antarctic regions. This is a strange *sequitur*, which I leave to the contemplation of all who desire to see England maintain the proud position in this matter which she acquired when she alone in 1769 undertook the then most hazardous enterprise of occupying a station in the Pacific.

One quotation from the Astronomer Royal's appeal to the President of the Geographical Society in 1865 must be given in conclusion. It runs thus :—

I have learned through the public papers the tenour of late discussions at the Royal Geographical Society in reference to a proposal for an expedition towards the North Pole. I gather from these that the object proposed, as bearing on science, is not so much specific as general ; that there is no single point of very great importance to be obtained, but a number of co-ordinate objects whose aggregate would be valuable. And I conclude that the field is still open for another proposal, which would give opportunity for the determination of various results, corresponding in kind and importance to those of the proposed northern expedition, though in a different locality, and would also give information on a point of great importance to astronomy, which must be sought within a few years, and which it is desirable to obtain as early as possible. In the year 1882, on the 6th of December, a transit of Venus over the sun's disc will occur ; the most favourable of all phenomena for the solution of the noble problem of determining the sun's distance from the earth, provided that proper stations for the observation can be found. (It will be remembered that it was for the same purpose that the most celebrated of all the British scientific expeditions, namely, that of Captain Cook to Otaheite in 1769, was undertaken.) The astronomical object of a southern expedition is, I trust, sufficiently explained. In the event of such an expedition being undertaken, the precise determinations which I have

* It should be noticed that the "Nautical Almanac" for 1874 abundantly confirms all that I had stated.

indicated as bearing on the astronomical question must (from the nature of the case) take precedence of all others. But there would be no difficulty in combining with them any other inquiries, of geography, geology, hydrography, magnetism, meteorology, natural history, or any other subject for which the localities are suitable. And I have now to request that you will have the kindness to communicate these remarks to the Royal Geographical Society, and to take the sense of the Society on the question, whether it is not desirable, if other scientific bodies should co-operate, that a representation be made by the Royal Geographical Society to Her Majesty's Government on the advantage of making such a reconnaissance of the southern continent as I have proposed; primarily in the interest of astronomy (referring to my official responsibility for the importance of the examination at this special time); but, conjointly with that, in the interests, perhaps ultimately more important, of geography and other sciences usually promoted by the Royal Geographical Society.



VATERLAND IN BRITAIN.



WHILE I am necessarily compelled to admire the clever sketch of an imaginary invasion of England, which gained such universal and deserved notice when it appeared some months ago in one of the magazines, I at the same time humbly claim leave to differ from the writer of it as to the mode and time of such invasion (which he portrays as violently taking place at some future and remote period), and to contend that such invasion really commenced several years back, and is still continuing with increasing though almost unregarded severity.

But the invasion I speak of is not a military invasion, like that which has lately swept over France, carrying unutterable misery in its train, but an entry and taking possession of by civilians armed only with pen and umbrella: an ingress of scribes and money-earners: an approach of hungry but unhostile soldiers of commerce, all turning their backs contemptuously upon the unproductive purlieus of their birth to seek, and if necessary prepared to work hard for, that gold which is popularly (and in the foreign mind) supposed to lie broadcast upon the pavement of wonderful London.

It has interested me much of late years to observe the immense number of Germans finding their way to this country: Carl, Hans, or Wilhelm, mere lads, having probably hardly seventy shillings in their united pockets, but full of cheap and often deceptive hope, which allows them not even to dream of the poverty lurking in London. Again, Herren Bustenblaser, Wolf, or Scwindelmeyer, men of age and flesh, of jewellery and cigars, of worldly experience, arriving to exercise within the dominion of my Lord Mayor those talents which, however brilliant they may really be, have failed to be appreciated by the police authorities of their native country.

It has often been a source of amusement to me to stand upon the wharf—close under our own hoary British Tower, which seemed to frown upon the scene—and gaze down upon the deck of the arriving boat from Hamburg or Bremen; and, even though I mentally objected to his disembarkation, I was compelled to admire the pluck of the pale youth—with his hair evidently trimmed to shape with a basin, his double eyeglass set astride of his upturned nose, his tight trousers of a green and yellow mixture, and his still tighter boots—who had left

his father, mother, brothers, sisters, friends, and healthful scenery, to throw himself upon this vast hard-hearted and mind-one's-own-business conglomeration of living creatures and brickwork called London. And as I stood and gazed the sight made me sad ; and I longed to invoke the genius of British youth to my side that it might behold, as I have often beheld, hard-headed, plodding, never-yielding Teutons, coming over in shoals to take the berths our young citizens should fill ; to gain from them, slowly but surely, their birthrights, while they are playing cricket, or rowing, or betting, or spending time which should be valuable in the fascinating but profitless billiard-room. Then a vision rose to my sight—a vision sketched in shadows on the haze of the future : a picture, not of a Dorking battle, but of a long protracted contest between plodding and penurious intellect and intellect brilliant but inclining to ease ; a battle in which the former is victorious and the latter blind to being conquered ; a vision in which, to my sorrow, I beheld my young countrymen being gradually and slowly, but surely, pushed from off the face of their much-loved island, over the cliffs, into and across the vast Atlantic.

Alaric and Attila are abroad again, but in a different garb. They have cast aside their skins of wolf and bear in which they whilom invested themselves, appearing now in tight trousers and chimney-pot hats of curious form, sporting gold spectacles for their eyes, wearing ponderous rings on their forefingers, and smoking the fourteen-a-penny cigars of Hamburg or Bremen.

And from all this at what conclusion must one arrive ? Why, that England is unconsciously but surely becoming a portion of the Vaterland, and will one day or another be annexed by some future Bismarck on the pretext that its inhabitants are chiefly a German-speaking people.

Your true German is essentially a cosmopolitan, and flourishes in any climate. He is immensely sentimental as to his conversation ; lays his hand much upon his heart ; and in his speeches after dinner, and at Christmas particularly, is wont to refer much to a home which he appears to quit without more than usual pain and often never returns to. Unlike our old friend the Frenchman, who pines and fades away from his *belle France*, the German takes root and forms connections and acquaintances anywhere—more particularly where there is most to be gained. In outlandish country towns and never-heard-of villages, in bye-lanes and out-of-the-way roads, there we meet with him, looking and making himself as much at home as if he had been there all his life. Follow the adventures of that wonderful fellow the journeyman tailor, whose book made some noise

a few summers ago, and see in what extraordinary localities he casts his lines during his rambles, and never without catching a *Landsmann*. That marvellous circle of bipedal ventosity, the German band, where is it not to be found?—the shrill clarionet, half a note sharper than the rest of the instruments. Bullet-headed, white-haired, flat-footed, and be capped, I have come across the German band in many different countries, blowing its instruments of torture with the same persistent stolidity. But did one ever meet with a Russian band in Africa, or a Scotch band in China, or an English band in Kam-schatka? And when I mention the English band, I do not include in the category the cornet, harp, and violin that one often beholds leaning under the windows of the British "public;" nor a wretched object whose acquaintance I once made in some burlesque, and who, I recollect, informed the audience in mysterious tones, and with finger to his rubicund nose, *that he was a band of brothers*. I mean a complete circular band.

In England the Germans are no doubt gaining ground enormously. Go where you will—east, west, north, or south—the well known gutturals smite your ear.

Our ancient caterer the Scotch baker is almost extinct; has been snuffed out, or nearly so, by his farinaceous rival the German baker. *Swarzbrod* and *Pumpernickel* have been too much even for scones and bannocks. The manufactory of sugar is generally in German hands. An attempt has, I believe, been made by Parisian "doughies" to establish a footing in London; but the *Boulangerie française*, or, as the boys used to call it, "the bull-and-jerry francies," did not answer, and returned no doubt *aux bords de la Seine!*

There is a German proverb:—

Wo Raben sind da kommen Raben fliegend.

Which, being roughly interpreted, means that where ravens once are, to them soon come other ravens flying; and this saying, indeed, holds good in the subject I am treating, for we have Germans everywhere.

Our largest mercantile houses are German; our best clerks and best (or at all events cheapest) workmen are now German; we hear the language constantly in our streets, in our dining-houses, in our shops, in our railway carriages, in our theatres—everywhere; and men with scarcely pronounceable German names are constantly cropping up in our newspapers as having written here or agitated there, or as having appeared before the Lord Mayor or a Commissioner at Basinghall Street. And what will the merchant, the factory master,

the large shopkeeper say to you, if you ask him the reason of this tremendous alteration? He will tell you that these foreigners work; that they are, as a rule, to the uttermost conscientious, and instinctively study their principal's interest before their own; that they are content to remain servants until by careful study and strict attention to business they have fitted themselves to become masters; and that they do not often, as our youngsters do, set up to be masters long before they have learned to be men, and so make fools of themselves. Go at night to the smoke-dried houses where the German merchants, and those who employ German labour, congregate; turn down towards Mincing and Mark Lanes, to Tower Street and Falstaffian Eastcheap, to where the East India Company once had their vast lodging-house, and you will see, if you single out brass plates having German names upon them, the Teuton clerk hard at it, driving his unwearying pen, seldom complaining, and never sulky, sitting there as if the work before him were all he had to think of in the world, and the stool he is perched upon the summit of his earthly ambition. And look across the road, my friend, and read, "for thou canst read," by the gaslight, yonder other brass plates whose names—Jones, Smith, and Co., Thomson, Brown, and Co., Robinson and Co.—cry aloud that they belong to British firms; the windows are dark, and the sprightly youths who deign to attend during a portion of the day are no longer there, having left hours ago, and no doubt forgotten the "shop" for the evening. Their hearts and souls are most probably centered in their own pursuits, the duties their employers pay them to perform being secondary at the most in their estimation, and esteemed an unseemly drudgery which their lot in life unfortunately entails upon them, but which should be dismissed from their thoughts when, the clock striking five, they put on their hats and turn their backs upon the City. Compare these different classes of men, and wonder no longer that the former is now generally preferred; and, above all, cease to wonder at the results of the last war in Europe.

On the Corn Market, in the Commercial Sale Room, beneath the grasshopper of the Royal Exchange, the British merchant no longer predominates and reigns triumphant. In Throgmorton Street, though here more particularly of a mosaic type, the German has his say, and is known as one of the 'cutest among the many knowing ones haunting the neighbourhood of Capel and Angel Courts. In Aldgate hardly a *facia* but bears some uncouth name, some unpronounceable Blitzenstein, Schkratzbacker, or Lumphausen; and as you gaze upon the scene topped by the lofty gables of the ancient houses, you

almost fancy that you have been unconsciously reclining upon the magic carpet of Prince Houssain, and been suddenly transported to a street in ancient Hildesheim, or into the *Juden Gasse* at Frankfort.

In family circles, who is there to equal your German in rendering himself agreeable? Who so quickly makes himself at home with everybody, while his British rival is standing against the wall like a peach tree, or leaning against the door-post, waiting patiently for his insular frigidity to thaw? Who steps a *valse à deux temps*, or glides in a ditto *à trois temps*, like Hans or Carl? Wherever do you find an Englishman, not a professional, who can play a sonata of Beethoven, or sing and accompany himself, like your German gentleman, without whose presence and cheerful assistance evening parties nowadays pass off as dull as ditchwater, and amateur musical *soirées* result in melancholy failures? In his attentions to the ladies he is unequalled, and will bow so frequently that the brim of his hat becomes rapidly as limp as an old rag; he will turn over music untiringly, and run long distances to fetch a pin or a mislaid glove; while the Briton stands by affecting to disdain an assiduity which in his heart he fiercely envies, but cannot emulate. And I must here confess that I have felt sad at heart when, after patronisingly introducing my friend Schmitz, as "a decent fellow enough in his way," to a circle of which till then I had believed myself to be certainly not the least important member, I have beheld the man, after five minutes of preliminary skirmishing, draw all the prettiest girls to the piano, where the coxcomb would perch himself, and cause them soon to become perfectly oblivious of others who considered themselves entitled to and deserving of at least a certain amount of the goddesses' condescension.

The proverbial French count of some thirty years ago, with his hungry, sallow face and his long black hair and blacker moustache, and the inevitable bit of scarlet ribbon from some Soho linendraper's stuck in his buttonhole, is no longer seen now; the Polish refugee, who shrieked with Freedom when Kosciusko fell, and probably did little else, is of the past; the fat Italian signor, with his odour of garlic and his well-thumbed guitar, is gone for ever from our *salons*; and my friend the German gentleman fills their place, mustering in force stronger a thousandfold—irresistible, irrepressible!

Like the "chiel" who was among them taking notes, as the poet informed the people dwelling in the district stretching "frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groats," so is the German among you, O inhabitants of these isles! going about in your midst silently, learning all you can teach him—and will teach him, in your John Bullish open-heartedness!—and doing your work far better and cheaper than you

ever did it yourselves! Nay, an astute friend of mine, who spends a good deal of his time round Potsdam way, assured me the other evening—after we had been dining at a foreign restaurant near Regent Street, where the hock (or the salad) had, as usual, disagreed with him—that all the German waiters in London were but so many Prussian officers in disguise, sent out by their Government to make plans and sketches of all our great fortifications, and become acquainted with all our streets, banks, jewellers' shops, &c., in order that, when the "grand sack," the contemplation of which made old Blücher's mouth water, really arrived, they might lose no valuable time in seeking our weakest points as to fortresses and our sly corners as to treasures! How much more awful news my friend, resting with his back against a lamp-post, and his right hand stretched gracefully forth, might have conveyed to an incipient mob (had not a policeman tenderly moved him on), I know not. Nevertheless, his disclosure, as far as it went, struck me as one remarkable and worthy of cogitation.

And what is all this to lead to? are we still to go on paying the stranger for doing for us what we should do and could do ourselves? Are we quietly, and with folded arms, to see ourselves shunted, as the Americans say, from our own country to seek "fresh woods and pastures new" in the neighbourhood of the Rocky Mountains, while the foreigner settles in our towns and homesteads? Or shall we take the lesson deeply to heart in an amicable spirit, and, with a dash of that stubbornness which once made the Briton morally and physically unconquerable, strive to show the intruder (and I use the word in no hostile spirit) that we can do our business as well as he can—that we do not require him to look after our fleets or command our regiments, and that therefore the less we see of him beyond a certain limit the better we shall like him?

Let us think less of play and more of work; let us not quarrel with our employers and starve our families because we are afraid of injuring our constitutions by working longer than nine hours *per diem*; let us show the scoffer and those who profit by our dissensions that our proverbial common sense has got the better of our incipient aversion to exertion; that the superiority for which we have been celebrated for centuries all over the world is not slowly passing from among us, but is yet to remain for ages, a crown of lasting glory adorning Britannia's lofty brow!

WALTER SAVILLE.

LIFE IN A CARRIAGE AND A CART.



NE of our great novelists has said that a man to distinguish himself in this sublunary and selfish world must possess birth, a million, or genius. To praise a man for knowing the world is to commend him often for a knowledge of its dirty lanes and crooked corners, like the man in a cart. Any fool with a million knows the broad paths of Regent Street or Piccadilly, or the sunny side of Pall Mall, the easy-going parade of the Regent's Park Barracks, or the humdrum of a quiet country town, with its banker, a leading attorney, and a parson. I like the appearance of an old-fashioned country town—say Shrewsbury or Chester—with its gable-ended cornices, Gothic landings, latticed windows, and old creaking gates, its ancient rows, its King Edward's Schools, and antiquated priories. Chester looks as if the Welsh had begun it and the English finished it. It is market day. A country town, or any other town, only appears alive on such a day; on other days nothing is stirring but stagnation, as poor John Reeves used to say. The inns are out of everything save cold meat and executions. Mary Evans sells oil, oysters, and oranges; John Jenkins, estates and eatables; Philip Piper is beadle and blacksmith. In the afternoon carriages take the place of the country carts, the fine occupants enlivening the town with the last metropolitan fashions, and the town rings with attractions of the overnight Hunt Ball at the Assembly Rooms. The society of a country town is as unique as prejudice in politics can make it. The banker, the member who holds the votes of the electors in his pocket, looks down upon the surgeon, and the attorney looks up to the banker, so between the two Conservatism and Radicalism are much of a muchness, and the clergyman is their umpire. The phases of all society are great and various—here *rouge*, there *noir*, jumbled together in fashionable chaos. Etiquette is provided to protect us from barbarism, protecting Belgravia and Grosvenor Square just as much as it would puzzle the good people of Bethnal Green or Bohemia. Paris, before its recent troubles, was more celebrated for its *bals masqués*, *fêtes champêtres*, *déjeuners à la fourchette*, and *dîners à la Russe* than for almost anything else. The Bois de Boulogne is nothing to Hyde Park on a fine May or June

afternoon, or rather evening, though its blaze of lamps, like myriads of glowworms at night, is a picture to be remembered. Malvern offers the only likeness to this picture. Still the French do not understand what we call the four-poster style on a Derby Day, with numerous postboys in blue jackets and white hats, although the Emperor's carriages were in the true English style and quite up to the mark. The French postboy was more elaborately dressed than ours, and is well described by a modern writer:—
“In huge jack-boots, with much bell ringing, whip cracking, and a loud whooping, guiding his huge fat Norman post-horses or the fast Peckenham mares in the late Emperor's carriage when he went down fast to St. Cloud (now unhappily destroyed) or Chantilly in his travelling carriage; a glazed hat, broad gold band, a cockade as big as a pancake, multi-coloured streamers of attenuated ribbons, short wig with club well powdered, jacket with red facings, saucepan buttons, and metal badge on the left arm, scarlet vest, buckskins, and long spurs; and you have one of the greatest characters of France, not forgetting his whip, short in the crop, but tremendous as to lash and noise.”

We have now done with Hyde Park in the palmy days of Count d'Orsay, Beau Brummel, and George the Fourth, the turbaned Turks and the Foreign Ambassadors, and the powdered lacqueys of Lady Jersey, Lady Londonderry, and Lady Blessington, with their superb turnouts, who held their sway in their caparisoned, emblazoned, and well-built town coaches, with the burly wiggèd body coachman—the bigger the better—and the two stalwart Grenadier-looking footmen, keeping watch and ward with gold-headed canes. We were not in those days terrified to death by pretty horse-breakers—Chloe, Lais, and other Cyprianas, as delightful as dangerous, as fair as Heaven and as false as —; but it was common enough for actresses to captivate and cajole into marriage dukes, earls, and marquises, and some of them turned out better than was expected. Expediency now is the order of the day, and if a man has money he may go anywhere and almost into any society. We have a member of our club, a retired knacker, who calls himself a guano merchant. A cat's-meat-man is now a purveyor; but what does it matter so that he can make a mare go? Diplomacy is in the ascendant, and although an unwelcome truth to have forced on the mind, one half the world does not care or know how the other half lives so that *they do live*. Each plays the great game, or the royal game, of goose—you help me, I will help you if I can

—attack and defence; surrender or not surrender. Life in a cart is somewhat different to life in a carriage, as most people will allow; but such is life—a mere farce to the rich, a comedy to the wise, but a severe and painful tragedy to the poor. We behold in our rambles through the great metropolis and elsewhere the young aspirant to parliamentary or family honours gazing out of the bay windows of White's or Brookes's, fresh from college, deep in blue books, deep in love and debt; while the young millionaire, with all the means and appliances of old Dobbs, his City sire, and who hardly knows Marsala from Madeira, is obliged to vegetate at the Grand Junction ordinary. Still he buys large studs of horses at Tattersall's at immense prices, while his friend the senator looks on wistfully at the succession of his elder brother to the estate at Cloverley Court. Anxious mothers hail them both with delight, high-bred daughters dance with them in ecstasy, and gossip with them about the overnight ball as they rein in their sprightly hacks in the morning in Rotten Row. Our old friend Harry Highover, in his work on "The World and how to Square it," says:—"Many men fancy that in boasting of their carelessness of the opinion of the world they evince a greater superiority of mind than those who shape their course with a proper deference to the usages of society. If they really think so they are only laying bare the shallowness of their own mind, instead of manifesting the supposed superiority of it." But, whether in carriage or cart, we are all influenced by the same common instincts of humanity. I have lived in a cart. I have driven my own cattle—and do now, for that matter—down to Epsom. I began my experiences among the gipsies on Salisbury Plain. I once heard that Tom Taylor took a holiday among the red faces, and enjoyed himself. I think I was happy in a cart. It was a swell cart, mine, with green shutters and everything handsome. I do not think my views are so broad or my opinions so sound in a carriage as they were in a cart. I am sure I was surrounded by a higher morality than I am now, with my box in the highlands and my chambers in Piccadilly. The upper classes are certainly "going it," as young Lord N— used to say. I am an old man; I have had a chequered existence; and I can truly say that as a nation we are degenerating in chivalry, etiquette, truth, honesty, morality. But what is worse, the decay is in Belgravia rather than in Bethnal Green.

I fear I have not expressed myself well, but these are the sentiments of a man who though nobly born began life in a cart, and hopes to end it at some wild bit of stuff in Ireland or elsewhere, like Whyte Melville's "Satanella."

MAKING THE WORST OF IT.

BY JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

CHAPTER I.

AFTER TEN YEARS.

HERE are people to whom in hours of sorrow the world is utter darkness. The way of life, they say, is through a dreary desert that stretches from the cradle to the grave. Yet the most melancholy will confess that there is an oasis in the arid waste, and that green spot is Home.

At all seasons home is dear unto us, but it seems most beautiful and most gladsome in the winter days. When the bitter wind is blowing, and the cold rain is falling, we rejoice in the kindly warmth of the ruddy fire. We game with our children, our hearts dance to the music of their laughter, and we bemoan not—we remember not—the sunshine of summer. Welcome indeed will be the coming of spring. Welcome the fair flower of promise that blooms amidst the snow. Welcome the sweet-scented violet that thrives without the care of man. Welcome the many tinted crocus that makes the barren garden gay. Welcome the brave blithe song of the birds, which, while the trees are yet leafless, heralds the season of bud and blossom and leaf. Welcome the growing glory of the sun. Welcome the lengthening of the day. But in the cold, dark midwinter night, welcome most of all the rest, the joy, the bliss of home.

A glance at Mrs. Clayton's parlour might well inspire such thoughts as the above, for though poorly furnished it was truly homely. The house is small, one of a long row in a London suburb south of the Thames. A brass plate on the street door announces that Mrs. Clayton teaches music and singing. The parlour, which serves for morning-room, music-room, dining-room, and drawing-room, is cosy, though the furniture appears to have been chosen without the slightest regard to harmony of colour or unity of design. People who live in mansions, and who furnish their dwellings irrespective of cost, frequently display a broker's-shop taste; but Mrs. Clayton had to buy her furniture second-hand, and with no other consideration than cheapness. The carpet is a faded green, the window curtains

are red, and the table cover is a plaid, in which there is a broad blue stripe. A huge unsightly piano occupies nearly a third of the room. There is a clock which was new when our grandmothers were in their girlhood, and were warbling sweet English ditties to the accompaniment of the harpsichord. This ancient time-piece is in a tall, gaunt mahogany case, and records the passing away of the moments with a deep, solemn, resonant tick, tick, tick. On one side of the fireplace Mrs. Clayton, who has complained of head-ache, is lying on a sofa, shading her face with a hand-screen. On the opposite side, lolling in a large easy-chair, is Mrs. Clayton's only child, a girl nearly fourteen years old, with big lithesome limbs, eyes dark and flashing, and long, nut-brown hair, profuse and wayward. The mother frequently turns her head to look at the clock. Alice holds a book in one hand, and with the other strokes the sleek coat of the cat, who is gratefully purring.

"There, Miss Pussy, you must curl up on the rug, for I am tired of nursing you. And, mother, I do wish you would play or sing just a little, for it is so dull to be for ever reading. I am sure, mother, that something lively would do your head good."

"I could not bear music to-night," said Mrs. Clayton. "Besides, Alice, it is your bed-time."

"Why, mother, it is only just on the stroke of eight, and the old clock is always fast at bed-time; besides, I am so wide-awake, and could not sleep for hours to come, and as Martha is out for her holiday, you ought to let me sit up with you."

"Not to-night, Alice."

"Well, mother, you are unkind. It is too bad when I am going on for just fourteen to be bundled off to bed like a long-clothes baby bunting, or a chit of a child."

"Sleep while you can, Alice. Years of little sleep and long watching may be your fate, though I pray not."

"Oh, mother, how dreadful dull you are to-night! Let me sit up with you till nine."

"I cannot, and will not. You must go to bed now."

There was an unwonted harshness in the voice that grated on the ear and vexed the spirit of the child. Alice pouted, lighted her candle, and stooped over her mother for the nightly kiss.

"God bless you, Alice, and have mercy upon you."

Alice wondered what ailed her mother. Sorrow unto heart-sickness is a mystery to the young.

When the girl had left the room Mrs. Clayton rose from the sofa, stirred the fire, put on coals, and swept the hearth.

"Surely to-night, of all nights, she will not be wakeful! But I need not fear that; Alice will be asleep long before he comes."

Then Mrs. Clayton stood before the clock, and looked at it earnestly.

"No, Alice, it is not fast—would it were slow, very slow. Well nigh three hours to wait! Oh, if he knew, if he knew, how my heart is breaking, and how every minute is a life-time of suffering, he would be here now! But God forgive my impatience. I have borne with ten years of watching, and what is three hours?"

She went to the window, drew aside the curtain, and looked out upon the night. It was a scene of surpassing glory that she beheld. The soft white light of the new-born moon illumined the snow-covered houses. The cloudless sky was refulgent with the shining of a myriad stars. Even within the horns of the moon there was a bright glowing star irradiating the gentle haze that thinly veiled the disc of the Queen of Night. But the woman had no eye for the enrapturing scene. One thought filled her mind and ruled her senses.

"I am glad it is fine. It was a black and rainy night when he left me. It is ten years ago, yet that night is always yesterday to me. But it is very cold, and he will need a good fire. Alas! there is time enough—time enough—to make up the fire."

She went to Alice's room, and saw that she was sleeping, and returned on tip-toe to the parlour.

"Oh! Henry, I am alone. Why are you not with me?"

She sat by the table, took a letter from her bosom, and read it:—

"Whether you love as you did, or whether that love is dead, I must see you. Though you were to spurn me, I must see you. I purposed never to do so again, but I must see you. I have no strength to keep my resolution. It will be ten years to-morrow since we looked upon each other, and to-morrow we will meet. I pray you to keep my coming secret. Let the servant be out; let the child be in bed. If you ever loved me, I implore you do as I now ask you. At eleven o'clock to-morrow night, if you are alone, open the door. Be prepared for a change. You will hardly know me.—With the love that has not changed and can never change,

"HENRY."

"Not know you, darling! Oh, Henry, any time and anywhere, in the world or out of the world! If I love him! But my love does not doubt my love. It would kill me and would kill him. I, too, am changed, but you will know me, my Henry, even as I shall know you."

She looked in the glass. She is thirty-three years old, though the lines of her pale and wan face make her seem older. Her eyes are somewhat sunken, but to-night they are lustrous with the fever of frenzied expectation. The hair that was so luxuriant is thin and neatly braided, and here and there streaked with grey.

"I am indeed changed. I wish when he comes home to-night I could, for one hour—only for one hour—be as I was in the happy days. But, oh, my darling, our hearts are not changed, they have not grown old, and in your eyes I shall be sightly!"

The clock struck nine.

"One hour gone; two hours to pass, and he will be with me. Unless—but no, no, no—you are too merciful, oh, my God, to keep him longer from me!"

Again the lone woman peered out into the night. The moon was higher in the heavens, and the brightness and the glory of the night cannot be told, exceed all human thought. Mrs. Clayton only noted that it was fine, and then closed the curtains. She sat on a low stool and looked at the fire as if the burning coals were living oracles and she was reading them. But she did not see the fire. The vision that seemed so real to her was an awakening of memory. A tall, stalwart man. A man who trod the earth with the gait of a king. A man who was known for his strength, and for his daring, and his skill in all manly sports. A man who would have been a hero of heroes in the ages of yore, when courage and strength were the virtues which gained present power and deathless fame in the poet's song. And this most manly man had been to her tender and gentle, as true men ever are to women and children. What change has ten years of woe wrought in him?

Mrs. Clayton started and looked at the clock. Surely she had dreamed away the hours! No; dreams are quicker than the lightning. It was only a few minutes past nine. She went to the sideboard and unlocked a desk that was on the top of it, a desk that night after night she carried to her bedroom. She touched a spring that disclosed a secret drawer, and from that drawer she took a letter. A carefully preserved letter, but the paper was discoloured and the ink was somewhat faint. Letters soon grow old and show their age.

"It is six years since I had this, and then not a word from him until yesterday."

She sat down and read the letter, as she had done nightly for six years. Every word was graven on her heart, yet she read it eagerly, as if she might discover some syllable that had as yet escaped her notice.

“ANN,—Yesterday I left the prison, and before you get this I shall be on my voyage to a far-off land. The gaol bird will not foul his nest. I shall never see my home again. If I could take away the shame and sorrow that you have suffered I would do so, but that is impossible. I can do no more than be dead to you, and that I will do. Go from where you now live and settle amongst strangers. Do not let the child know that her father has been a convict. Let her think I am dead. To her and to you, dearest, I am dead—for ever dead.

“But that your memory of me may be just, I will tell you what happened. The story believed is that I deliberately stabbed Mellish with intent to kill him, because he asked me to pay some money I owed him on a betting account. I did not owe him a sixpence, and, indeed, he was my debtor. And, Ann, I did not stab him. This is what occurred. On that day we had dined together in a coffee-room, and both of us had taken more wine than usual. We were sober, but excited, and Mellish became quarrelsome. We had played a game of billiards before dinner, and I had won. Mellish wanted me to play another game, but I refused, and said that I was expected home. Mellish sneered and said that was a poor excuse for not giving him his revenge, and that he could promise me my wife would be quite as happy without me as with me. The way this was said was worse than the words. I told Mellish that if he spoke of my home again I would strike him. He jeered at me and muttered that ‘truth was unpleasant.’ In a rage that I could not control I got up and struck at him. He took a knife from the table and struck at me. We closed, and I got the knife from him. My rage was over, and I stepped back to throw the knife out of his reach. Before I could do so he sprang upon me, and in the scuffle he was wounded. You know the rest. The wound was supposed to be mortal, but he soon recovered. In the witness box he swore that I threatened him because he asked me for a debt, and that I deliberately stabbed him whilst he sat at the table. No one was present; my lips were sealed, his story was believed, and I was sentenced to five years’ penal servitude. At the end of four years I am released, but of what use is liberty to me? my name, my career, and my life are blasted.

“How I mourn for you, my love, passes thought. Devils, the very devils, might pity me for the agony I suffer to think that my child—oh, Ann, you know how I love our child—is lost to me now and for evermore. Oh, Ann, if you love me, pray that I may die! Should I live and succeed in getting money, I will remit to the lawyer who defended me, but in such a manner that he will not know my

address or even the country in which I am living. I should have seen you once more, but I feared that I should not keep to my resolve, and that you would have had the shame of living with a convict. Good-bye, Ann. For the child's sake you will bear this parting. For God's sake do not think I am cold to you! Oh, Ann, oh my true loving wife, oh mother of my little child, my suffering is too terrible to be told or to be imagined!

“HENRY CLAYTON.”

Now that he was coming home, his letter had a new interest. If he were guilty would she not forget his guilt and press him to her heart with passionate fondness? Not that love is blind, but clear-sighted. Hate is blind, for hate can only see the fault on the surface; while love sees the goodness, even though it be thrice crusted with vice and folly. “Charity covereth a multitude of sins,” says the Apostle. Well, in that sense, love is blind; for, clinging to that which is lovely, it is not prone to note that which is unlovely. But Mrs. Clayton's husband was not guilty; he was innocent and persecuted, and the love for his wife was in some degree the cause of his suffering. How could she recompense him for his love? He would have her love, and be comforted. There was the child, too; and the child would be a blessing to him.

As the hour of eleven drew nigh, Mrs. Clayton could neither read nor sit still. She paced the room with her hands tightly clasped together. The ten years' separation was just over. In a little while, in so many minutes, she will behold her husband!

Ah! can it be true? Is it a dream? Is it delirium! Her eyelids are burning; the pulses of her heart are throbbing horribly. Louder than the tick! tick! tick! of the clock, she hears the thud! thud! thud! of her heart. In her brain is a wild whirl of conflicting memories; she cannot even for a second keep to one thought. Her husband, her child, the past, the present, and the future, are thought of in the same moment. Is this madness? Oh, that she could hear the sound of a human voice!

But, no; she must be alone! He has promised to come to her if she is alone.

The hour is very nigh. She pauses in her walk, and stands staring at the clock. Can she note the movement of the hands? Now the dial is bleared so that she can see neither hands nor figures! Now the figures are dancing over the dial, and the hands are rushing round.

“Oh, God! save my reason and my life until I have seen him!”

Hush! there is the grating sound that precedes the striking of the hour. The wife shrieks, falls on her knees before the clock, and buries her face in her hands. Another age of suffering! Has the clock stopped? Or has it struck, and she unconscious? No; at last the hour has come! Clang! clang! clang! eleven times. To every clang the tortured woman answers with a groan. She rises suddenly, and goes to the door. It is the supreme moment, and her strength returns to her. She is bathed in perspiration, though her face is pallid with the dark, awful pallor of death. She does not totter or tremble. If he is not there she will surely die. If he is there can she look upon him and live? God have mercy on her child! Mercy, mercy, mercy, was the word that hissed over her parched and burning lips.

The door was opened, and she was not alone!

CHAPTER II.

THE FATHER'S RETURN.

SHE stood motionless, and but for a piteous moaning might have been taken for a statue. The eyes fixed in a spellbound gaze. Features rigid as though wrought in marble. A statue that no one could look upon without unspeakable pity.

The man, too, was motionless for a minute. Then his ashy lips moved, but no word, not even a whisper, escaped from him. Joy is sometimes harder to bear than sorrow. The moaning of the wife became more piteous. It was like the last struggle of the fleeting breath. Then the husband's spell of silence was broken.

"Ann, Ann, I am with you! Speak to me—only speak to me."

The strong man shook as though he were stricken with palsy, and his husky voice was weak as the voice of a sick girl.

But the wife could not speak. At the sound of his voice the moaning ceased, there was a smothered cry, and she fell towards him. He caught her in his arms, carried her into the parlour, and laid her on the sofa.

"Speak to me, Ann! Darling, speak to me! For mercy's sake speak at least a word to me."

But she spoke not, heard not. Still as death, not deathlike, but like unto marble. Not like death, but like the dead likeness of life.

Her husband tried in vain to rouse her. He pressed her hand, but the pressure was not returned. He kissed her, and she kissed

him not again. Smitten with a sudden dread, he tore open her dress and put his hand upon her heart.

"She lives, she lives! But oh, my poor girl, what have you suffered? What have you to suffer?"

The countenance of the man, naturally kind and noble, grew black as midnight.

"All this affliction in the name of justice! I cannot redeem your lost life; but I can avenge the wrong."

He clenched his fist and bit his lip until the blood spurted over his iron-grey beard. Revenge! Let the foe of such an avenger speedily make his peace with Heaven!

And as he still looked upon his wife the rage that could only be stilled by the shedding of human blood was for awhile lost in pity, in grief, in love. This man, who in his hot anger was the incarnation of might, rough, rugged might, nerved by fury, became as gentle as is the mother who fondles her first-born babe. He bathed his wife's face with water. He put his lips to hers to breathe into her mouth. He took a flask of brandy from his pocket, and, mixing some of the spirit with water, moistened her lips with it.

The recovery from any faint is always painful, but the coming to from the almost mortal faint which had rendered Ann Clayton unconscious was an agony that tried her husband's courage to look upon. For an hour after she gave signs of animation she continued speechless, sobbing convulsively, clinging to her husband, drawing his face to hers, and his lips to her lips.

Henry had borne trouble and affliction without a murmur; but the suffering of his wife made him fretful as well as sorrowful. Perhaps in his sick sensitiveness he partly mistook the cause thereof.

"Better to have died than have seen you, for the sorrow and the shame is upon me and will remain with me till I die!"

And this despairing wail of the husband loosed the tongue of the wife, and at length she spoke:—

"Not the shame, oh my love, not the shame! only the sorrow, and that is passing away."

He embraced her, laid her on the sofa, and strode up and down the room. It was his old and well-remembered habit.

"For me, Ann, there is no future—only a past. If I could forget, and the world could forget! But the world remembers and I remember. I hear now your prayers to the officers not to take me. Your dreadful screams when the judge sentenced me yet ring in my ears. I have never ceased to mourn for your wasted life. Poor girl! I can't give you back your youth and the years that are gone."

He sat by her on the couch, and she put her arms about his neck. Her emotion was subdued by the agitation of her husband. Forgotten was her own grief when she tried to soothe the grief of her loved one. Her voice was clear and sweet :—

“ But, darling, in the years to come let us be happy. With you I shall be happy if you are happy with me.”

Again pacing the room, Henry told her the story of the last ten years. The imprisonment did not oppress him, because freedom would not restore him to society and to home. When he left the prison he went to America, and worked at the trade he had learnt in prison. From America he went to Australia, in the hope of making some money for his wife and child. That was the one hope of his life, the one hope for which he lived. But for years he was unfortunate. He did no more than earn his daily bread. He tried the gold diggings, and for three years he had no luck. At last he obtained a rich claim, and in a few months he took a thousand pounds' worth of gold to Melbourne. He speculated in mining shares, and his one thousand pounds became five thousand pounds. He would run no further risk. The money belonged not to him, but to his wife and child. How could he remit it to England? The lawyer might be dead, and the money might not reach the hands of her for whom it was intended. So he determined to take the money to England.

“ All that long voyage, Ann, I said to myself ‘ I will not see her or my child.’ But when I found your address, I could not forbear to come in the night and look at the place that was the home of my wife and my child; and when I came I could not leave the street until I resolved to see you. I loved you so truly, dearest, that, being branded with shame, I would not see you. Yet, such is my love that, being so near, I could not forbear to see you.”

Then Ann told him how in the long years of separation she had been upheld by the steadfast hope of meeting. How while he was in prison she thought every day that he would be released. How when he went abroad she thought every day he would return. How every day she had all things ready for his coming home. How she had cared for that easy chair—his chair—and knew that he would some day sit in it. How she declined out-door pupils, for fear she should be out when he arrived. How for ten long years she had listened for the knock of the postman, expecting a letter from him.

“ Henry, my husband, what have I done unto you that you should not be with me? Without you my life is indeed lost. With you I

am the happiest of happy wives. Besides, dearest, there is our child."

"Child! Ah, Ann, that is the sting that maddens me. You saw how I loved our baby. At that hour when I became childless and my child fatherless she could talk, and, though not four years old, was my companion. Do you remember how she fondled me, and would cry to go out with me, and would watch for my coming home? Do you forget, Ann, how she prattled, and how quickly she learnt the nursery rhymes I used to repeat to her when she sat upon my knee? In the gaol and in the far off land I cherished the memory of my child. I have not forgotten a word she said, or how prettily she lisped my name. I do not forget the little frock and the hat she wore the last time she went out with me. In the prison and in the distant land day and night I had her in my mind and in my heart. I thought of the bliss of seeing her growing into childhood and into girlhood. I thought of the bliss of caring for her, working for her, watching over her, teaching her, making her mind one with my mind, and so binding her to me by bonds that could not be broken. Whether a prisoner or an exile these thoughts were ever present, and they tortured me. For my living child was dead to me, and I, her living father, was dead to her; worse, ah, worse than dead, for had I been dead you might from year to year have taken her to my grave and taught her to love me. But you could not say to our child, 'Your father is a convict!' No, Ann, for me there is no hope; there is no future but the grave."

When he ceased to speak his wife arose from the sofa, and put her arms about him.

"That, dearest, is not a righteous thought. If you had fallen, should your child spurn you? Would you in like manner have spurned your father or your mother? No, Henry. And being, as you are, guiltless, though afflicted, will you cast off your child? As I love you, so our child will love you."

"Does Alice think that I am dead?"

"She mourned for you, and they told her you were dead. I tried hard to obey you, but I could not. I could not tell her you were dead. I told her some day you would come home. But she believes you are dead. Oh, what happiness for her to find that her father lives!"

"I fear, yet long to see her."

"Come, darling, and look at her whilst she sleeps."

So they went to Alice's bedroom.

The father entered reverently. He followed his wife with downcast eyes until he stood by the bedside of his child. His lips were

moving. Perhaps they were vainly striving to utter the unutterable prayer of the too full heart.

His wife held the candle so that the light fell upon the child.

Child, prattling child when he had last seen her—then baby, just entering on childhood ; now child, on the confines of womanhood.

Alice was in a deep sleep. Ah me ! at fourteen, how little we know of the weary watches of the night ! One hand was under her head, and the other, although the night was cold, lay outside. Her hair was streaming over the pillow. The hair feels neither heat nor cold ; it is the insensate adornment of the body which, like the moss on the rose, seems to have no other use than its beauty. There was a flush upon her face, and the exquisite repose that the poet cannot describe or the artist paint.

As her father looked upon her he trembled and wept.

"Ann," he whispered, "oh, my dearest. I know her ; indeed, I know her. It is my child. Oh, my God, I thank thee that I know her !"

Extremest peril, direst affliction, had not wrung a tear from him. But now he wept as only a strong man can weep.

Alice moved. Her mother set the candle on the table, and, standing before her husband, awakened her with a kiss.

"Are you going to bed, mother?"

"Alice," said her mother, stooping over her, and kissing her, "I have such news for you—such news ! I can hardly tell you the good news, dear. Who do you think has come home at last to make us so happy, so good and so happy?"

The mother stood aside, and Alice, raising herself in the bed, saw her father. She grasped her mother's hand—

"Who is that man?"

"Alice, it is your father. Alice, Alice, speak to him. It is your father."

The mother fell upon the bed sobbing, and, holding her husband's hand, drew him towards the bed.

The father lifted up his voice and wept, and bent over his child to kiss her.

And the child shrank from his touch.

"Alice," cried the mother, "it is your father whom God has sent home to us. Love him as he loves me and loves you."

But the child, holding more tightly to her mother, still shrank from her father. She was alarmed and angry.

"You are not my father. My father is dead. I am sure you are not my father, for you did not come to me when I was sick.

and cried for you. Mother, send him away. He is not my father."

While the child spoke the face of the father betrayed the anguish of his soul. When she ceased to speak he neither trembled nor wept.

"I will go from you. I should not have come here. You will not ask me to bear with this!"

Mrs. Clayton held her husband in a strong, passionate grasp.

"She is startled, darling, and knows not what she says. Besides, they told her you were dead. To-morrow, when she sees you and hears your voice, she will know you and love you."

With one hand she held her husband. The other she laid on Alice.

"God forgive your unkindness, Alice. This is your father. As you love him I shall love you."

The father spoke not, and did not look at the child. Led by his wife, he left the room and returned to the parlour.

Mrs. Clayton pleaded for the child with the earnestness and force that is begotten of faith and affection. The conduct of the child was unkind, but who was to blame? The child, in the midst of the night, was awakened from her sleep, and told to look at her father, whom she had not seen for ten years. It was wrong to startle her. Ere long Alice would reproach her mother for not preparing her for the blessed event, so that the instant she saw her father she might have fondled him, as she did in her babyhood. They must not blame the child. The mother only was in fault.

Henry did not contradict his wife. He looked exhausted and weary. Hope, fear, sorrow, passion, even despair, had left him. The act and words of his child had crushed him—not stunned him, for he was fully conscious—but crushed him. The haughty, unyielding spirit that had hitherto upheld him in peril and affliction was for a while prostrate. The strong, fearless, hardened man was as a bruised reed and as smouldering flax.

The night was far spent, and he told his wife to go to bed, for he was tired and would sleep on the sofa. But she would not leave him, and as he lay on the sofa, she leaned her head on him, and when he slept she slept.

Sleep is often likened unto death. Well, sleep, like death, makes all men and all things equal. Prince and peasant, the rich and the poor, the hale and the sick, the captive and the free, the happy and the wretched, are the same in the hours of sleep. Some awaken to sorrow, and some to joy, but in sleep there is an equality of peace.

So, for at least one-third of mortal life, he who is most blessed is no happier than he who is most wretched. Dives has fine linen, purple garments, and sumptuous fare; he has health and strength, and whatever can minister to the comfort of his body or the delight of his mind. Some day, saith the preacher, death will make Dives as poor as the starving and afflicted Lazarus. But, Dives, you cannot live without sleeping; your uncounted wealth, and the adulation of mankind, cannot make you better or happier, should you sleep, than is Lazarus while he sleeps. What wisdom almighty, what love transcending thought, is manifest in the divine ordinance of sleep!

The clock struck eight. The ashes of the extinguished fire were dropping in the grate. The glittering rays of the wintry sun lighted the room in spite of the drawn curtains. There lay the long-parted husband and wife. He with his arm round her waist. She with her head pillowed on his broad chest. Soon the hubbub of busy life will awaken them. What an awakening! After ten years apart to see each other in the light of day.

CHAPTER III.

AN EMINENT MAN-HUNTER.

JEM STOT is a gifted being, or at least he thrives on the assumption that he is a genius. So far as wealth and honour are concerned it does not matter what you are, for prosperity and fame depend upon your reputation, and reputation, especially reputation for talent, is often a fluke. I do not deny that Stot is an immensely clever man. *Ex nihilo nihil fit.* Fools do not succeed, and Stot is successful. But a man may be immensely clever and yet not be a genius—a light of the world. Where Stot was born, or who was his father, or if he had a grandfather, no one knows and no one cares to know. The youth of Stot, like the youth of Shakespeare, defies the research of the curious. Whether he was destined for any trade or profession he alone can tell, but certain it is he drifted into the police force. I say “drifted” because I never heard of a father dedicating his son to the calling of a policeman, or of a boy choosing that field of labour. Stot did very well in the force. In France he would have become rich, would have been decorated, would have been the lay confessor of the Sovereign, would have been one of the most abused men of his time, and would have figured in history. But wealth, political power, and historic fame are not achieved by the British policeman. Stot is smart and cunning as the serpent, if not as harmless as the dove.

Magistrates and judges magnified his zeal and ordered him rewards. Grand juries, to relieve the monotony of finding true bills, made presentments about the worth and ability of Stot. After a short term of service Stot was promoted to the rank of sergeant, and, without being over sanguine, could count upon an inspectorship. But the soul of Stot soared above dingy blue cloth and regulation boots. He retired from the public service and became a private detective. The papers announced the retirement of Sergeant Stot, and Mr. Fleebight, M.P., questioned the Home Secretary on the subject. The right hon. gentleman replied that he regretted the loss of Sergeant Stot's valuable services, but the Government had no power to compel men to remain in the force. This was an excellent advertisement for Stot, and forthwith he had a flourishing business. For getting up circumstantial evidence Stot is unrivalled. Husbands who are tired of their wives and want to be free to form other alliances resort to Stot, and if they are prepared to pay, the eminent detective will procure them the evidence necessary for a decree *nisi*, or, as Stot facetiously puts it, for a nice decree. Running down criminals is not such a sure game as proving a wedded Diana unchaste, but Stot can always account for failure. He knows the really guilty party, but he dare not clear up the mystery. Mr. Stot's offices are near the Strand. His official establishment is made up of three persons. There is a stumpy boy addicted to chewing indiarubber. There is Mr. Dolotski, a Polish gentleman wanted by the Russian police for a non-political offence, and who has taken up his abode in England, the asylum for the persecuted. Then there is Mr. Gouger, an attorney of excellent ability, who has been struck off the rolls for making free with a client's money. Besides his regular staff Mr. Stot retains the services of a score of noted scoundrels, whose information is well worth the price he pays for it. Mr. Stot drives a showy trap, and lives on the other side of the water in a stucco villa of imposing elevation. His establishment would satisfy a gentleman of taste, being elegantly furnished and admirably appointed. Mrs. Stot is the best dressed person in the neighbourhood. When she visits the theatre ladies turn their eyes from the stage to look at her priceless point and her wonderful diamonds. *Facilis descensus Averni.* But the ascent of the social Avernus is always laborious and sometimes impossible. Mrs. Stot is not received. When Stot wooed and won her he was in the force and she was in the kitchen; and her manners have not improved with her fortunes. But she is not spurned for vulgarity. When the toilette is grand, the jewels precious, and there is no lack of money, vulgarity is not only excused but is

charitably described as interesting eccentricity. Mr. Stot's profession was the bar to social advancement. Society was vexed, for Stot's wines were choice, he paid his cook £75 a year, and Mrs. Stot was prone to profuse hospitality. But how could society receive the wife of Jem Stot the detective, though he combined the reputable business of money lending and the aristocratic business of turf bookmaking with the avocation of thief-catching?

When Henry Clayton landed at the port of London, he forthwith chartered a cab and drove to the office of the lawyer who had defended him, and who would be able to inform him of the whereabouts of Mrs. Clayton; but the Old Bailey worthy had gone the way of all flesh. Henry inquired of the new tenant, who was also a lawyer, but not in the criminal business, whether he knew the address of the deceased lawyer's clerk. The respectable gentleman had been frequently bored with the same inquiry, for men who get into trouble generally stumble again and again, and prefer to consult the same lawyer.

"The person who formerly occupied these chambers has gone to the —; and I don't know where his clerk is, if he had a clerk."

Mrs. Clayton had left her address with the new tenant, and he had faithfully promised to give it when asked to do so, but her husband did not mention her name. Henry was perplexed. There were the agony columns of the papers, but he could not advertise for his wife without publishing her name, and letting her know that he was alive and in the country. Then it occurred to him that a detective would get the information privately, and he looked in the Directory for the address of Stot, whose fame was great in America, and prodigious in Australia.

Stot having satisfied himself that Henry was able and willing to reward genius, undertook the business, and having listened to the meagre statement of his client, began a cross examination that would have made the reputation of a barrister, but which annoyed Henry, who said he did not propose to tell the history of his life.

"Look here, Mr. Clayton, I'll put the matter plain, and there can be no mistake. You are not here by the asking of Jem Stot, and Jem Stot don't mean fooling, or being fooled. Whether it pays or loses, perpendicular is my line. Without the clue—the whole clue, and nothing but the clue—I can't help you; and I shan't draw your coin. If you are confidential with Jem Stot, he is yours to command. If Jem Stot isn't your confidential, he isn't worth the sweating of a brass farthing to you. Take your choice, Mr.

Clayton ; I don't want for business, and I shan't be riled if you bid me good morning."

Henry was a little more explicit. He had been away from his wife for ten years, and there had been no communication for six years.

"Advertising is the way out of this little maze," said the detective.

Henry objected to advertising because he did not want his wife to know that he was in England ; his sole object was to convey some money to her.

"Ah, ah ! I twig, Mr. Clayton. Matrimonial spec No. 1 might be dangerous to the eyes and complexion of spec No. 2. That is the plague of women, you can't drive reason into them. Where husbands are concerned they will make the worst of the job. If a man takes a fresh fancy, what can the No. 1 fancy do ? Why not get what she can on the quiet ? And why, I ask, should No. 1 be spiteful to No. 2 ?"

Henry remarked, rather angrily, there was not a No. 2.

"Then, Mr. Clayton, if t'other party has pitched her tent in Queer Street, why send her coin ? It's worse than waste to grease the wheels of man or woman who is booked express to everlasting smash."

Galled by the misconception of the detective, Henry told the whole story.

"Mr. Clayton, your case is what I call cruel. Some swear by verdicts of juries—I don't. I have seen rank rogues get off, whilst innocents have been brought in guilty. But, lor, if you had been advised by me, you would have tickled the chaplain under the fifth rib, got out of quod in two years at the farthest, and gone home. It is only fellows who have not a copper in their pockets who are never forgiven. However, you have made Jem Stot your confidential, and Mrs. C. shall be spotted by your humble servant. And what is more, Mr. Clayton, my figure for the job won't frighten you."

On the third day the detective redeemed his promise. He could have done so two hours after his interview with Henry, for he immediately ascertained the address of Mrs. Clayton by inquiring at the office of the deceased lawyer. But it would not do to be so expeditious. What could Mr. Stot charge for two hours' work ? For the supposed three days' search he asked ten guineas, and Henry gave him twenty guineas.

"That is not the correct system, Mr. Clayton. If you have got health, money is everything else you can want, and to throw it away is making ducks and drakes of peace and happiness."

"I do not think I ever before paid a man more than he asked. But you have done your business well, and I want your help in another affair."

Four days after his return to his home, Henry received the following note :—

"Friday Afternoon.

"DEAR SIR,—I have news for you. Can you pop in to-morrow at my crib—Clephane Villa, Camberwell? My good lady and self would be glad if you would pick a bone with us at six. If this is not convenient to you, be at the office by four on Monday.

"Yours to command,

"J. STOT."

Although Henry had no desire to pick a bone with Stot and his good lady, he was at Clephane Villa at the appointed hour. He was too anxious about the news to wait until Monday.

Henry was ushered into the ponderous presence of Mrs. Stot. The wife of the eminent detective was gorgeously arrayed. Lace and flowers on her head: dress of brocaded silk: many rings on her well-rounded fingers: costly bracelets reposing in the crevices of her adipose arms: a jewelled necklet and an aldermanic chain about her fleshy and blushing throat. When she opened her lips a set of the best Bond Street teeth greeted the eyes of the spectator. And when she spoke the hearer knew that the sumptuously attired creature had not been born to greatness.

"Of course, Mr. Clayton, we was expecting you, and Mr. S. will be down in a minute. But of course, Mr. Clayton, after the dust and smudges of the City, a gentleman is not fit to eat until he is dressed."

Henry, not heeding the toilette or speech of his hostess, bowed and took a seat, thinking it a nuisance that Stot was not there to tell him the news. Mrs. Stot spoke of the great elopement, of the great robbery, and of the latest awful murder, but the taciturnity of her guest reduced her to silence. When the celebrated man hunter entered the room, cased in dinner black, Mrs. Stot was inspecting the lace on her handkerchief and Henry was staring at the toe of his boot.

"Proud to see you, Mr. Clayton. Presume you and my good lady have done the honours and introduced yourselves. I asked you here because I had to be at a heap of places to-day, and my putting in an appearance at the office was uncertain. Dinner is

ready, and with nothing but a sandwich and a glass of Burton since breakfast, I am ready for the dinner."

Henry said he did not wish to keep Mr. Stot from his dinner, but he was very anxious to hear the news, and if Mr. Stot could give him a minute he should be obliged.

"It can't be told in a minute, Mr. Clayton. The news will keep, but the dinner won't. Never cheat the appetite. The man who will not stop to feed his horse, or the engine-driver who is in such a hurry that he will not stop to take in water, will never get to the end of his journey. We will soon make empty dishes, and then I am yours to command."

The trio went to the dining-room. The promised bone to pick consisted of soup, fish, beef, and wine worthy of the viands. Henry was not a lively companion, but Stot told professional stories, and laughed at his own jokes. Henry wondered if Stot was as liberal and civil to all his clients.

"I am sorry, Mr. Clayton, that you are such a poor knife and forker, but don't cut the bottle. The glass of sherry before you may be matched, but can't be beat. You might swim in it for a month without the shade of a headache."

Henry did not refuse the sherry, but it might as well have been poured upon gravel. Drink does not quench the burning thirst of fever, and wine does not stimulate the over anxious mind.

When the cheese had been tasted, and the celery crunched, Mr. Stot told the partner of his joys that he should like his port in the study.

"Excuse me for a second, Mr. Clayton, whilst I get up and decant the wine. Port at one hundred and ten, and that cannot be dittoed at one hundred and anything, is no joke."

Stot disappeared, and cheered by the prospect of an immediate communication, Henry was more lively. When Mrs. Stot expressed regret that her guest had not eaten enough to keep the body and soul of an infant together, he replied that he had enjoyed his dinner. That was not true, for from soup to scented water—the Clephane Villa finger glasses are splendid—Henry had inly anathematised the dinner. We must not condemn Henry Clayton for his conventional fibbing. When a young lady does cruel violence to a song, what can you say if the fond mamma asks your opinion? Can you say "Your daughter's voice is execrable, and though she is a favourite pupil of Signor Doremi, and you pay half a guinea a lesson, she knows no more of music than a stuffed owl"? Ought Henry to have said to Mrs. Stot "Your dinner has been a bore to me, from

soup to scented water"? Sometimes, in morals as in law, the criminality depends upon the intent.

Stot, who was a long time decanting, returned and conducted his guest to the study. It was a fine room, hung with handsome curtains; there was a handsome bookcase chock full of handsomely bound books, and easy chairs, and a couch that was grateful to the eye of the weary. On a table before the fire were port, claret, brandy, and cigars.

"The port before smoke, Mr. Clayton, though they are fine cigars and cost me a pound apiece. I am not joking. I am in the lending way, for you can't live tip top out of detecting, and all I got for over three hundred pounds hard cash was about three hundred of these cigars. But they are good."

"Thanks for your kindness, Mr. Stot. But tell me have you tracked him?"

"Tracked he is, but he is out of your reach."

Henry jumped up, and struck the table with his fist. The table was a strong one, or Mr. Stot's exquisite glass would have been smashed.

"He is not out of my reach. That is impossible. I have sworn to pursue him to the ends of the earth. I will see Mellish face to face—and you know the rest."

"You want to be quits with him?"

"Quits with Mellish? How can I be quits with the wretch who has robbed me of name, of home, of wife, and of my child? I can only take the dog by the throat, and hold him till he is dead. And that I will do, so help me God!"

"I don't think you will, Mr. Clayton."

"You have tracked him. Where is he?"

"Where is Mellish? What the fishes have left of him is at the bottom of the sea."

"Drowned! dead!" exclaimed Henry. "You would put me off the scent; but neither man nor devil shall rob me of my revenge."

"Anyhow, it won't hurt you to hear me out," said Stot, lighting a cigar. "Try a weed, Mr. Clayton. Nothing like a smoke when you are excited."

"Well, Mr. Stot, let me hear what you have heard."

"This is what I have heard. After your affair Mellish took to drinking, gambling, and galling: any one of them is black ruin, and the three together make black ruin quick as well as sure. He got into a bother and bolted. A friend of mine was set to find him for a

party who particularly wanted him. My friend tracked Mellish, calling himself Jones, Walter Jones. My friend tracked him to Liverpool. Mellish was off in a sailing vessel for America. My friend puts himself on a steamer, and was at the American port waiting for his bird. Vessel comes in, and my friend boards her. 'Where is Walter Jones?' says my friend. The captain tells him that Jones was washed overboard in a gale and was drowned. The log and the crew confirm the statement."

"That a Walter Jones was drowned. But how do we know that the drowned Walter Jones was Mellish?"

"That, Mr. Clayton, is how I put it to my friend. Then he hands me evidence that looks like conclusive, and you will be the best judge of it. By permit of the British Consul my friend inspects the baggage of Jones. It was not worth much, but there were two letters in it. One my friend gave to the party who put him on the job, and the other he hands over to me. Here is the document taken from the baggage of the drowned Jones. Is it your writing, Mr. Clayton?"

Henry seized the letter from Stot, scanned it quickly, flung it on the ground, stamped on it, and uttered a cry of rage.

"Cheated of my revenge! That is one of my letters to Mellish—the last I wrote to him. There is nothing left for me now, not even revenge."

"The fellow is dead without your having the trouble and risk of killing him. That is not such very bad luck."

Stot knocked the ash off his cigar and mixed a tumbler of brandy and water. Henry was silent for two or three minutes, looking at the letter he had flung upon the ground.

"So, Mr. Stot, you think Mellish is dead?"

"We have not his dead body before us, Mr. Clayton, but the proof is not weak. Mellish is tracked to Jones. Jones was tracked aboard a ship. Ship comes in port, and there was no Jones. According to captain, crew, and log, Jones was drowned on the voyage. Jones's baggage is overhauled and the document lying there is found. This is what I call a case of extra strong circumstantial."

"Mr. Stot, I do not believe that Mellish is dead. I swear he is not dead."

"As aforesaid, we have not the body before us, but it is a poor chance of being picked up in the Atlantic."

"But was he overboard? Could he not bribe the captain to say he was dead, and so stop the pursuit?"

"What about the crew? He would have to square the crew, man and boy, as well as the captain."

"It is of no use to reason with me. I know he lives. I know that some day I shall meet him face to face. I know that some day this right hand will be at his throat, and whilst he squeals for mercy I shall tighten my grasp until the craven dog is dead, and the last words he hears will be, 'Die, you dog! die with curses on your head! die, you dog! die, and be damned!'"

While Henry spoke, Stot ceased to smoke. Even the stolidity of the eminent detective was not proof against such an outburst of inhuman rage. When Henry had talked of strangling his enemy he had clenched his fist so tightly that he dug his nails into his flesh; and when he opened his hand there was blood upon it.

"I will go now, Mr. Stot. I will see you in a day or two."

"Won't you take a cigar?"

"I cannot smoke. I must go quickly and walk off this passion. It will soon be over, and then I will wait and watch for the hour of revenge."

Mr. Stot saw Henry depart. When he returned to the study he drew aside a curtain that concealed a door, which, when he tried to open, he found to be locked.

"Come out; I am alone," said Stot, rattling the handle.

The door was unfastened from the inside, and a man entered the study. The man's face was livid, the sweat was falling from him, and he spoke as if he were stricken with palsy. He glanced fearfully round the room and clutched Stot's arm.

"He is off, and we are alone."

Then the man crouched in an easy chair, but he could not keep a limb or a muscle still. Stot offered him some brandy and water. The man could not hold the tumbler without the help of Stot. As he drank his teeth chattered against the glass.

"Ah," said Stot, "no need to tell the tale. I see you have kept your ears open, and you have heard enough."

(To be continued.)

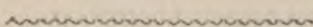


TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

THE praises, unreserved and but little qualified, which have been lavished upon the memory of John Stuart Mill by the whole round of the political press are a testimony of the splendid toleration of the time in intellectual circles. Think for a moment of the prevailing doctrines and beliefs of the English people, political, social, and religious, and then run your eye over the biographical notices and articles which appeared in connection with the announcement of the death of the author of the "System of Logic," not in the *Daily News* and the *Daily Telegraph* only, but in the *Times*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Standard*, the *Hour*, and in the leading provincial morning journals. It was not the purpose of those notices to give an exposition of the opinions and conclusions arrived at by Mr. Mill on almost the whole range of speculative subjects; they took those for granted; they summarised his labours; and they were unanimous and more or less enthusiastic in acknowledging and insisting upon the great services of this man's life to the cause of progress and to the welfare of the human race. Those articles were intended for, and were no doubt read by, millions of English-speaking people, ninety-nine hundredths of whom are profoundly orthodox in their notions on some or all of the subjects dealt with by Mr. Mill, and the large majority of whom, though they no doubt read these obituary biographies with a certain glow of acquiescence, would have been shocked and alarmed if among the other remembrances of the great man's career had appeared a bald summary of his beliefs and his conclusions. John Stuart Mill was never ashamed of his opinions; let us remind ourselves of what some of them were, in order the better to understand how wide a licence a great man may take, in this country of well-regulated beliefs. Mr. Mill did not believe that the world, as we see it and know it, really exists. He did not believe in the freedom of the human will. He did not think that we possessed any knowledge of God, of supernatural things, of the destiny of man after death, or of the world to come. In political economy he doubted the expediency of recognising private property in land. He called in question the policy of unrestricted increase of population.

On many subjects of less importance he was entirely opposed to the existing order of things in this country. As an example, he regarded our system of local government by county magistrates, appointed without reference to the will of the people, as a relic of feudalism which ought not to remain in these modern days. I cannot call to mind the name of a really great Englishman, who has lived and died in our time, whose opinions on all the important questions which occupy men's thoughts ran, to so great an extent, in a direction contrary to the views of the mass of the people to whom these obituary notices have been addressed. I am not desirous of saying one word in depreciation of the career of this distinguished thinker, or in deprecation of the public appreciation of his greatness : I wish only to call attention to the comprehensive tolerance implied in the manner in which the announcement of his death has been received.

MR. GEORGE GILFILLAN has just written a biography of the Rev. William Anderson, LL.D., of Glasgow. I am favoured with an early copy of the book. When I opened it I confess to having done so with something of a frown, for the clerical life is rarely one that can be made interesting through four hundred pages. Mr. Gilfillan, however, has not only an excellent subject, but he has an eloquent and discriminating pen. Dr. Anderson was a famous preacher. He seems to have been unsurpassed in Scotland at the Communion table. Gilfillan is, however, quite equal to the preacher in his description of him. "During the consecration prayer he held the elements in his hand. While lifting up the cup and pouring out a most eloquent and almost awful prayer for the coming Christ, as he stood there so like an ancient Jew—dark and solemn—the thought flashed across my mind, 'Here is the *King's cup bearer!*' The awe-struck feeling was communicated to the large audience, who were silent as the grave, and seemed eating and drinking under the shadow of the coming chariot; and if the morning psalm approached the sublime, the evening anthem sung by the whole congregation standing exceeded it, and rose to the sublime of dreams, when the vision of the night is heaven." I note this as a bit of good descriptive writing. It is a fair example of a remarkable and interesting book.

Do Londoners ever get up in the morning to see the fish sales at Billingsgate or the unloading of the vegetables at Covent Garden? I think not. These and kindred sights seem to be confined to the countrymen who visit the Tower and climb the Monument. Mr.

Gilfillan describes the Rev. Dr. Anderson while in London getting up very early in the summer morning and hieing to Covent Garden. The biographer mentions this as illustrative of his friend's love of nature. I used to know a countryman who never came to town without getting up at five o'clock to visit either Covent Garden or Billingsgate, both of which seem to have some wonderful charm for the provincial imagination. Covent Garden now counts an additional attraction in the new flower market. I am glad to hear that the Duke of Bedford has under consideration some important changes in this classic locality.

THE Registrar-General does not think it probable that the population of London will ever reach eleven or twelve millions. But what does he mean by London? If he is thinking only of the number of persons to the acre, no doubt he is warranted in gauging the likelihood of the future in that direction. Within certain limits people will demand more and more elbow-room as time goes on. Streets will grow wider, open spaces will be left, and in the management of house-room a smaller number will be accommodated on a given area than in times past and present. So, if the Registrar-General's words simply imply that the present area of London will never contain a normal population three or four times as large as at present, I trust and believe that he is right. But, that London expanding north, south, east, and west, and forming, with places that once were independent towns and villages, one vast city, will in the course of a few generations embrace a population three or four fold that which was returned at the census of 1871, seems to be little else than a certainty. So far, indeed, is this likelihood from a mere theoretic speculation that I think our boards of public works and local management, and our legislature dealing with metropolitan questions, ought to insist upon such conditions and regulations, in the general structure and reconstruction of parts of the metropolis as might be compatible with the health and comfort of a body of inhabitants immensely in excess of the present numbers.

So smoothly run the wheels of trade in these latter days, that our markets are but little affected by the fortunes of seasons and crops. A striking instance has occurred during the last few months, in the matter of potatoes. I suppose the farmer and the gardener could tell a melancholy story of last year's harvest of this valuable root; but what does the general public, who have eaten potatoes every day twelve months just as if nothing had happened, know about the

calamity? Practically, the consumer has experienced no particular difference between this year's supply and the supply of last year; but I have a few figures before me demonstrating a difference. They are the Board of Trade's statistics of imports, and they tell me that in just the four months from the 31st of last December till the 30th of April, instead of importing foreign potatoes to the value of about seventy-nine thousand pounds, as we did in that four months last year, or to the value of less than fourteen thousand pounds, as we did in the first four months of 1871, we have actually spent one million three hundred thousand pounds sterling this year in the purchase of our neighbours' potatoes. That we should have bought all these vegetables wherever we could get them, to supply our own deficiency is not wonderful, for the English are accustomed to go to the foreign market with the money in their hands, and to obtain what they want if the article is to be had; but that such an enormous increase of supply should be available on an unforeseen emergency, and that we should have taken them and have eaten them as we have, hardly knowing the difference, is surely remarkable, and a splendid testimony of the elasticity of our commercial system.

THE *Printer's Register* has a notice of the death of an illustrated newspaper which offers some points for congratulation. I refer to the *Day's Doings*, a pernicious and vulgar publication, which, despite a variety of changes of dress and title, has at last fallen beneath the persistent condemnation of public opinion. The paper was at first an outrage upon decency; and although it has hidden its shame under the successive titles of *Here and There* and *Passing Events*, the original shock of public revulsion has killed it. My trade contemporary's epitaph is indicative of the strong feeling which has been excited by Mr. Frank Leslie's attempt to foist upon us the lowest kind of Franco-American illustrated literature. "As living it had no friends, so dead it has no mourners." There are, however, many publications still issued which are quite as objectionable as was *Day's Doings*. Their offences are less glaring, perhaps, because their tales and articles are not illustrated. Some of the penny papers which circulate in the manufacturing districts of England are filled with literary poison enough to demoralise a whole nation. The circulation of this class of journal is enormous. Heads of families, ministers of religion, would do well to use their influence against such publications. In these days of educational progress the literature provided for the people is either a curse or a

blessing. The prison, the workhouse, and the asylum contain thousands of victims to the pernicious literature of the day. The records of Bow Street within the last few months furnish many examples of what I mean. I was in court the other day when two parents told Mr. Flowers, the magistrate, that they traced the dishonesty of their sons, then in the dock, to the reading of trashy publications especially addressed to boys.

IN spite of the little sprinkling of works by artists with foreign names, there are few sights so characteristically English as a Royal Academy Exhibition. In some respects it is more distinctly national than are the ordinary aspects of real life among us; for in real life you take your chance, and the details and accessories of the phases you are studying may fail to be illustrative; but in a gallery of sixteen hundred pictures and statues you have the principle of selection. Eight or nine hundred Englishmen and Englishwomen have searched their own hearts and thoughts and recollections, and have placed on canvas, or set in marble or plaster, something that—from whatever part of the earth or the heavens, or from whatever period of history, romance, or tradition, it is drawn—is purely English in character. And it is a charming National Show, this one of 1873. There are a freshness and bloom upon scene and subject, and a tenderness and wholesomeness of sentiment, which will not strike you in any other gallery in the world. I do not speak from the blindness of insular pride, for I find foreign lovers of art almost constantly bearing testimony to these qualities in any collection of our best works. That the Exhibition is English in fact as well as in tone and character can be shown in figures. The sixteen hundred and one works are by nine hundred and twenty-eight exhibitors, and in the long list of names I cannot pick out more than about thirty foreign, a considerable proportion of which are borne by naturalised and acclimatised Englishmen and Englishwomen.

THE death of Macready revives an old controversy in art. The last of the Shakespearian tragedians represented a school. He came before the pre-Raphaelites. What Sir Joshua Reynolds was in the studio, that was Mr. Macready on the stage. Each dealt with his subject in accordance with a certain purified conception of the things to be portrayed. Shall we ever be able to decide for certain whether or not that is legitimate art? This only we know, that the very greatest men do not idealise—or, at least, not consciously. Edmund

Kean was moved as by an unseen spirit on the stage. Passion, and not conception, was his master. That was realism of a sort. Shakespeare left no room for any qualification of absolute realism in the simple direction to "hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature." But then, what is realism? We are none of us mirrors. The clearest-sighted of us change everything we see, more or less, in the very process of seeing. Dickens's critics always insisted that he exaggerated the comic, the odd, and the grotesque characteristics of men and women—but Dickens denied the accusation with an earnestness, and a certain indignation, which were undeniably sincere. If other men did not see those things in life, *he* did. So on this question we seem to reason in a circle. As a rule, I think, we may accept as legitimate the art of the man of genuine talent who does not consciously idealise or exaggerate; but he who knowingly and by design plays tricks with Nature, or attempts to improve upon her for the sake of effect, is not a true artist. Macready would stand this test. He was genuine. It might be that art was greater in him than inspiration, but he studied nature and fathomed passion conscientiously, and the figure he presented was that which he saw in the mirror.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S new book, which contains some fine poems already familiar to the readers of this magazine, is favourably noticed by the leading journals of criticism. The author has revised "*Isles of the Amazons*," and made some considerable alterations and improvements in the text. "*Songs of the Sunland*" will greatly advance the new poet in the estimation of that section of the reading public which still studies the beauties of poetic thought and fancy in poetic form. A self-taught man, Mr. Miller is a remarkable example of the force and power of true genius.

It is singular that, notwithstanding the cultivation of post-prandial oratory in this country, so few public men are masters of the art. The Press Fund dinner, at which one would naturally expect a special display of neat and elegant talking, was a singular failure in this respect. Mr. Froude was in the chair. Fresh from an American platform-tour, one would have expected some oratorical cultivation in a man so original in thought, and so egotistical in style. He spoke like a second-rate minister of a second-rate church. He was nearly as solemn as Mr. Newdegate himself, who said he "rejoiced" at Mr. Froude's success, in such lugubrious tones that you could only

wonder whether Monseigneur Capel, who sat near him, had not put a spell upon the hardware member. And Anthony Trollope—one might fairly have looked for something pleasant and racy from the author of "The Last Chronicles of Barset." No, he was as tame as the Brattles in "The Vicar of Bullhampton." Were they really afraid of their audience, these famous men? Lord Lansdowne said he was; but he spoke well. Mr. Froude patronised everybody, and critics in particular, but he spoke badly in every respect. The finest speech of the evening, the most modest, the most telling, the speech which everybody applauded to the echo, was that in which Lieut.-Colonel Birchall returned thanks for the army and navy. I have room to publish it in full. The gallant officer said:—"On behalf of the army and navy I beg to thank you most sincerely for the recognition of these services which you have accorded."

Two more theatres: one at Camden Town, the other at the top of the Haymarket. Capitalists and theatrical managers evidently believe in the cry that "the drama is looking up." Nevertheless, I fear that Mr. Tom Taylor's experiment at the Crystal Palace will not advance his scheme of a State Theatre. Why do not the noblemen and gentlemen who take theatres combine together and invest their capital, and employ their taste and leisure, on some great and worthy effort, apart from the State?

DR. HEBRA, the distinguished dermatologist of Vienna, has just made a discovery that explains one of the miracles of the Old Testament. It is that the leprosy of the Bible was scabies, and that Naaman's cure by washing in the Jordan was due to the amount of sulphur which the water of that river contains, whereas those of Pharpar and Abama, rivers of Damascus, contain hardly any sulphur.



